DECEMBER 1929
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Making Air History

FLYING solo, Capt. Frank M. Hawks hurled the Lockheed Monoplane "Texaco No. 5" across the continent and back in less than 37 hrs. flying time, making non-stop records both ways.

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TEXACO

CAPT. FRANK M. HAWKS

Left New York June 27 at 4:12:51 A. M. (E. S. T.) Arrived at Los Angeles June 27 at 11:23:23 P. M. (E. S. T.)
7 hours for rest, refueling and adjustments.
Left Los Angeles June 28 at 6:37:47 A. M. (E. S. T.) Arrived at New York June 29 at 12:16:03 A. M. (E. S. T.)
The plane, a Lockheed Air Express.
Motor, a 425 h. p. Pratt & Whitney "Wasp".

East to West Record 19 hrs. 10 min. 32 sec.
West to East Record 17 hrs. 38 min. 16 sec.
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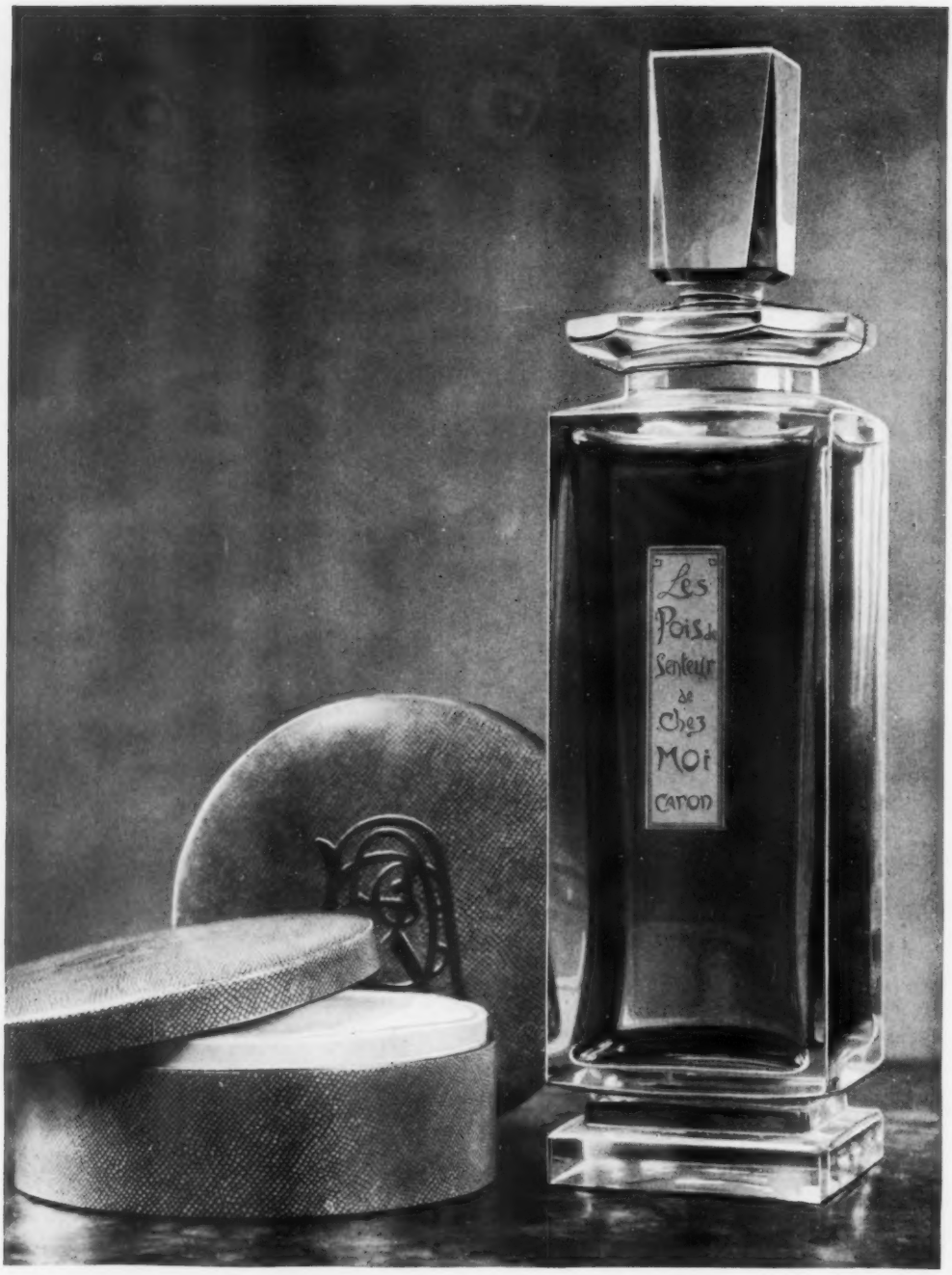

PARFUM ET POUDRE

LES POIS DE SENTEUR DE CHEZ MOI

CARON PARIS

VANITY FAIR
December, 1929

Vanity Fair is published every month by The Condé Nast Publications, Inc., Boston Post Road, Greenwich, Conn. Executive and Publishing offices, Greenwich, Conn. Entered as second class matter at the Post office at Greenwich, Conn., under the Act of March 3rd, 1879. Editorial offices, Graybar Bldg., Lexington at 43rd, New York, N. Y. Subscriptions for the United States, Canada, Porto Rico, Hawaii and the Philippines, $4.00 a year in advance.

Vol. No. 33, No. 1

B. ALTMAN & CO.
GENTLEMEN'S
OUTFITTERS

A GOOD COAT once found is not lightly put aside » » » Gentlemen are frequently called to account for too great devotion to their Altman overcoats » » » May we assure such men that the same quality is present in Altman coats today as in those bought ten years ago and still in use

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Strange . . . that the genius of a single family should have guided the smart world for a century in its choice of perfumes! Yet the reign of the Guerlain dynasty has been unbroken for a hundred changing years. The loveliness of the Empress Eugenie found its complement in the delightful flower odeurs created for her by Pierre Francois Guerlain. The gay rebels who shook off the Victorian yoke found their new daring incarnated in Jicky. The elegantes of today adore the sophistication of Shalimar.

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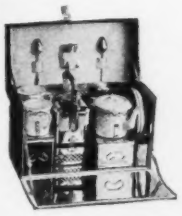
Christmas Suggestions



Tea Basket 71.00

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10.75-25.00

Shooting Seats
18.00-33.00

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3.50-32.00

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3.00-11.25

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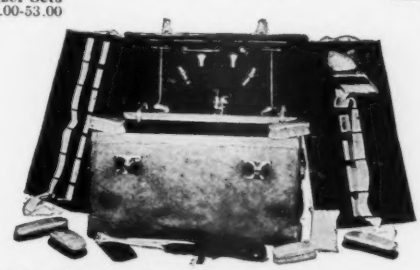
48.00-53.00

"Migrator" Case 27.00
Others 27.00-110.00

Fitted Dressing Case 103.00
Others 9.00-275.00



Cigarette Case 38.00
Others 1.75-50.00

Fitted Boot Trunk 175.00
Others 90.00-260.00

Pipes in Case 18.00
Others 14.00-45.00

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5.00-10.00

Fitted Bag 110.00
Others 110.00-250.00

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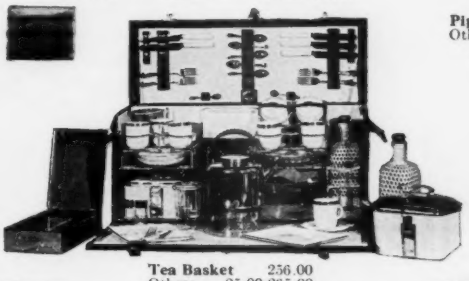

Silk Bandannas
1.50-4.75

Tea Basket 256.00
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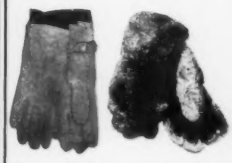
Cases 4.25-18.00



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3.00-9.00

Wool Half Hose
1.75-6.50

Wool Golf Hose
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Lisle and Silk Half Hose
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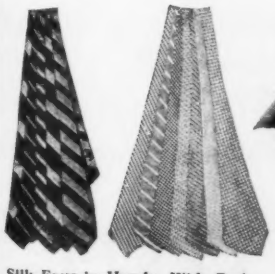
Bathrobe 17.00
Others 16.00-30.00

Silk Dressing Gown 38.00
Others 29.00-260.00

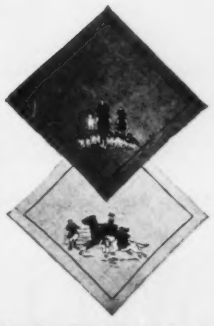


Silk Four-in-Hands, Wide-End Cravats and Ascots 1.75-6.00

Mufflers
11.75-18.00

Silk Pyjamas 46.50
Others 19.75-40.00

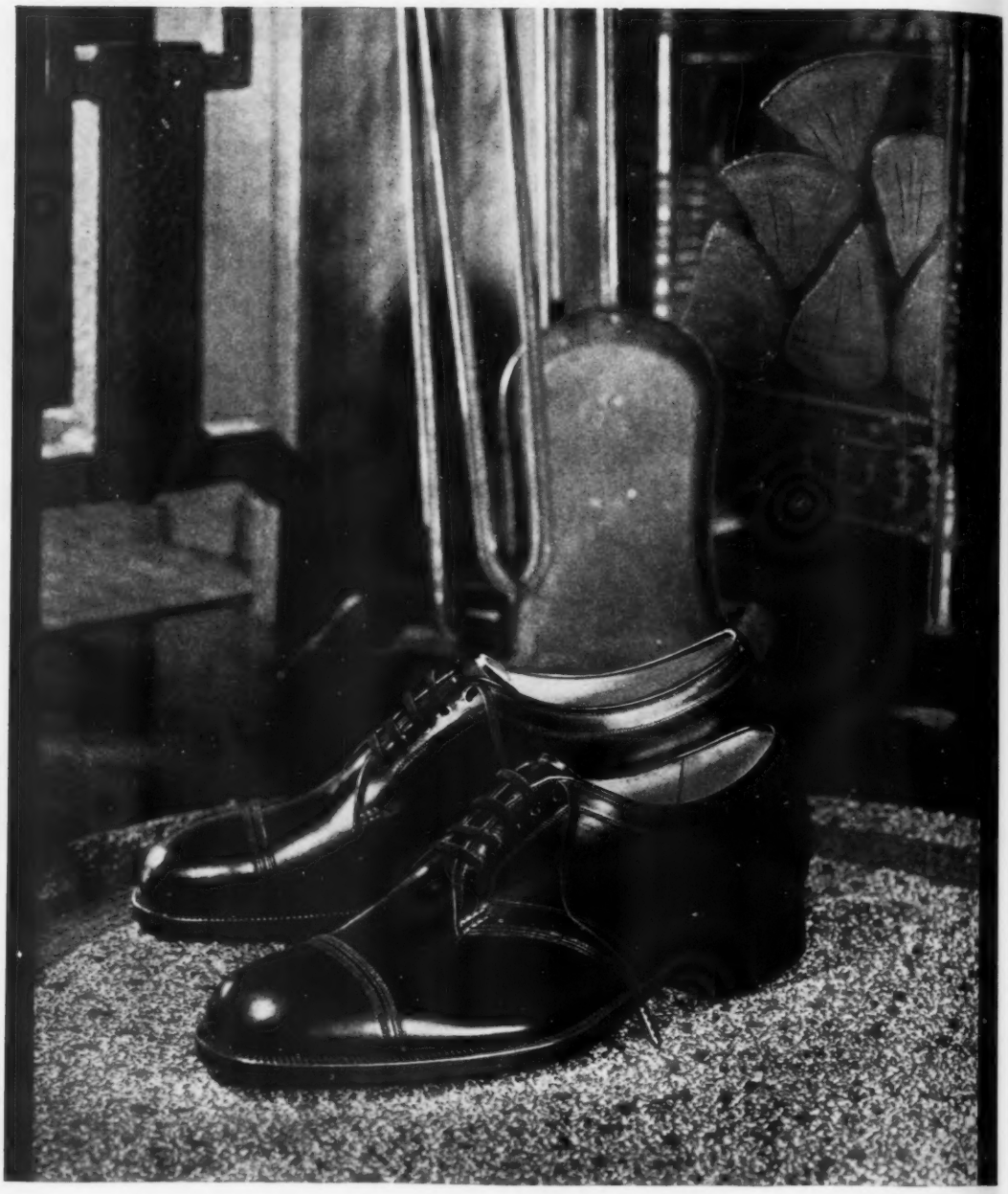
Sweaters 24.00
Others 14.00-40.00



Sporting Handkerchiefs 2.50
Others 2.50-6.50

For thousands of active people there is new-found resilient comfort in Walk-Over Shoes with the built-in Main Spring *Arch. Ask about them.

*REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.



Portrait in the Masculine

The man who owns these shoes probably would not take a stroll with a Pomeranian. He knows leather from handling a saddle. And he wears his tweeds well. The WARWICK blucher is styled in the English manner with comfortable depth from the throat downward. The sole extends characteristically in a substantial flare. Custom-like workmanship in either Black or Brown imported Calfskin. Priced at $10.

WALK-OVER SHOES

GEO. E. KEITH COMPANY, CAMPELLO, BROCKTON, MASS.

THESE ARE THE DAYS

when even the most rigid stoic will unbend a little . . . and feel the better for it. For at this time we of a rather realistic age still find pleasure in giving Christmas gifts . . . sincerest gestures of our affection and esteem.

Much may be asked of gifts of such significance. But above all they must bring the greatest happiness to those who receive them. For it is this happiness, given to others, that in its last analysis *is* Christmas.

In the collections at Marcus & Company you will find gifts of such convincing beauty that you will ask no surer compliment for those you would remember. There are exquisite bracelets and rings, necklaces, brooches and smart novelties, not only precious in themselves but rendered doubly precious by their workmanship. Some may be bought for as little as $5; there are others for as much as $100,000.

A *Stunning diamond and ruby bracelet set with two star rubies. The price is* $27,500. **B** *Superb blue star sapphire in a simple diamond pendant. The pendant (without the chain) is priced at* $30,000. **C** *A striking emerald cut diamond ring. The price is* $38,500. **D** *Brooch of antique Indian emeralds inlaid with diamonds. Priced at* $17,500.

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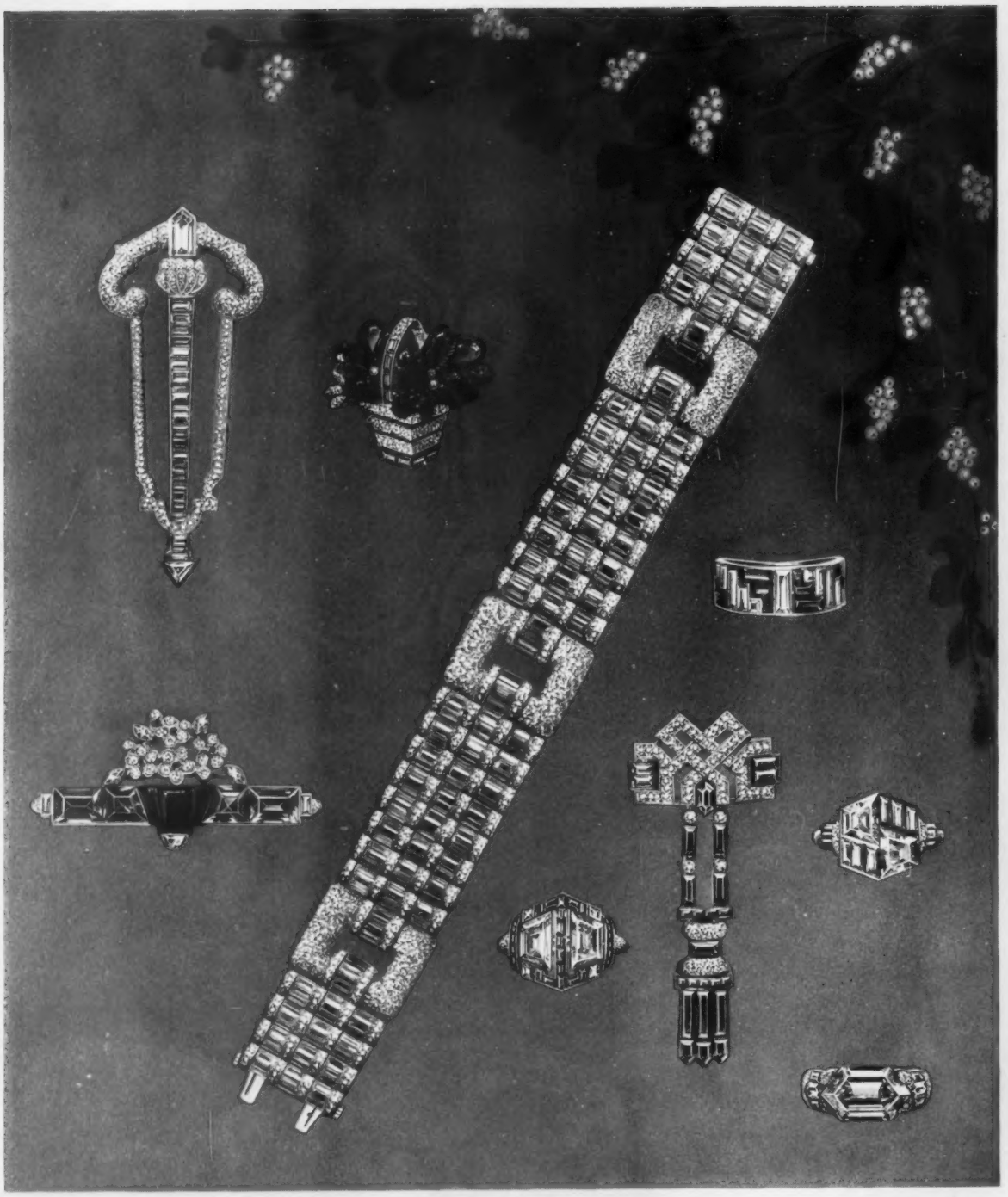


Jewels by J. E. Caldwell & Co.—each a distinctive creation of the house and a suggestion of the outstanding excellence of the present collection, which has never been excelled in the history of the establishment.

J.E. CALDWELL & CO

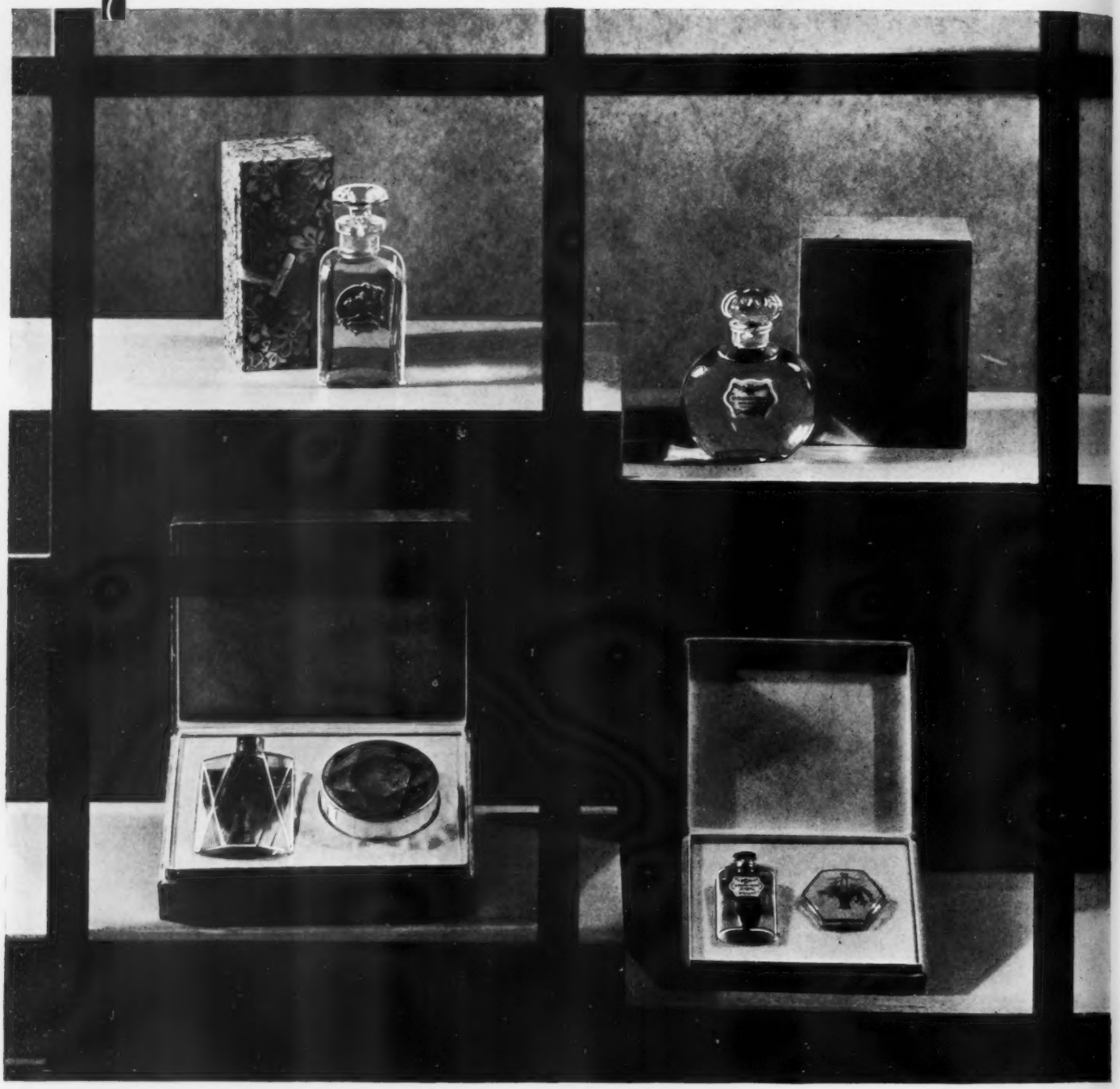
PHILADELPHIA

Soon on America's Riviera, a notably chic beach ensemble will bask in the bright California sun. Next month a trim, slim skating costume will glide and swoop over Dufferin Terrace rink at Chateau Frontenac. One of the smarter ski suits of the season will flash against the white slide at Lake Placid. A certain gorgeous pair of beach pajamas will be worn with great distinction at the Bath and Tennis Club, Palm Beach. To scores of gay play places, north and south, sports clothes will go, from Marshall Field & Company, Chicago, and with each will go the assurance of fashion rightness and satisfaction.

You are cordially invited to visit Field's . . . where paths of fashion converge and radiate . . . either for serious shopping or just to see what's new and smart.

MARSHALL field & COMPANY
RETAIL · CHICAGO

THE SMARTEST GIFTS SHOWN



LE PARFUM IDÉAL—a fragrance delicately sensuous, seductively mysterious, as lovely as a half-remembered dream. And most attractively boxed, in a coffret of flowered silk, $12.50. Other sizes $1, $1.75, $3.50 and $6.75.

AU MATIN—a Perfume and a Face Powder achieve an exquisite kinship through a bond of rarest fragrance—breath of flowers at dawn. In a charming silk-lined Gift Set, $10.

QUELQUES FLEURS—Houbigant's fragrant expression of eternal, modern youth. The Perfume that has enslaved the smart sophisticates of two continents. In an exquisite silk-lined gift box, $7.50. Other sizes at $1, $2, $4 and $15.

QUELQUES FLEURS OR LE PARFUM IDÉAL—a Gift of exceptional attractiveness. The silk-lined Chamois case including Perfume and the hexagonal single Compact, $3.00. Items separately, $3.50.

HOUB

P A

BY THE SMARTEST SHOPS

AU MATIN—ecstatic fragrance of the French modernes—breath of dawn's awakening flowers — latest creation of Houbigant—favoured in critical Paris. $10 the Modèle Originale. $18 the Grand Flacon. $20 the Grand Flacon with Atomizer.

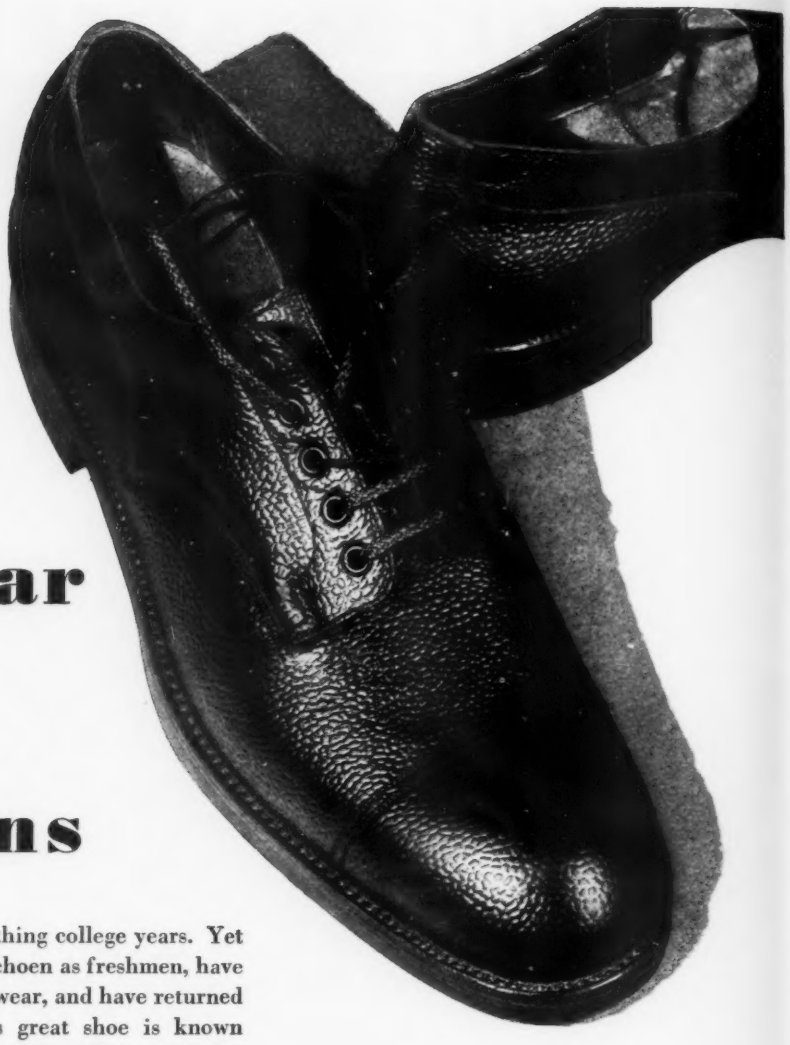
QUELQUES FLEURS OR LE PARFUM IDÉAL in the most luxurious flacon that ever imprisoned a fragrance. A Louis XV gold embellished bottle serves as a befitting shrine for the supreme perfumes Houbigant. Encased in an individual leather coffret, $25.

ESSENCE RARE—the world's most perfect fragrance—the ultimate in parfum elegance—the supreme gift! Enshrined in jewel-like splendour, $25 to $125 the flacon.

QUELQUES FLEURS OR LE PARFUM IDÉAL in a silk-lined Chamois case that plays treasure chest for these incomparable perfumes and for Houbigant's new gold-toned Triple Vanity containing compact powder, rouge and lipstick, $6.00.

IGANT

R I S



From Freshman year to Class reunions

THERE is no sterner test of shoe endurance than four seething college years. Yet college men in America have purchased the Lotus Veldtschoen as freshmen, have put it unsparingly through snow, rain, mud and constant wear, and have returned for class reunions wearing the identical pair ■ This great shoe is known throughout the world. It is literally a shoe within a shoe, shrewdly constructed with a double upper of Martin's brown Zug so that it may be *guaranteed* waterproof. The sturdy sole includes an all-leather insole, a layer of cork filler, and two layers of close-grained oak leather separated by tarred felt. The wear is almost unbelievable ■ In appearance, the Lotus Veldtschoen is ruggedly distinguished from the start. And through years of service it but gains in dignity. Honest soil and honest polish blend in the rich leather to produce the deep, warm color of an ancient violin. Such a shoe is at home in any company. Its true element is the outdoors. In the drawing-room its hint of the open country is welcome and refreshing ■ Comfort is not sacrificed for sturdiness in the Lotus Veldtschoen. The leathers are soft, pliable. The shoe fits snugly at the ankle. The rocker-bottom last prevents discomfort from creasing at the toe. No "breaking in" is necessary. This shoe provides its comfort from the *start* ■ With English hobnails added, the Lotus Veldtschoen is the finest golf shoe made. It never tires the feet and provides unmatched support for the full shots. The old guard among the British professionals have steadily worn this shoe for many years ■ There is a fine Lotus Shoe for every need or taste, town or country. Some of the leading stores which carry Lotus Shoes in this country are listed at the right. Mr. Douglas B. McIntosh, of Lotus Shoes, Inc., will answer inquiries of any one who has not a dealer near him. Lotus Shoes are priced from $14 to $20.

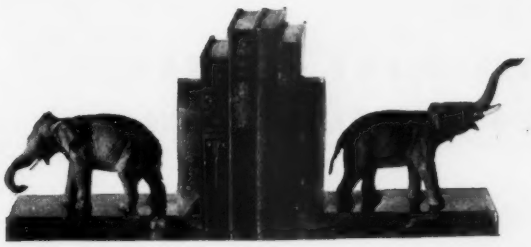
NEW YORK.....Abercrombie & Fitch Co.
NEW YORK.....Saks, Fifth Avenue
PHILADELPHIA, PA.....A. H. Geuting Company
BOSTON, MASS.....Jordan Marsh Company
BALTIMORE, MD.....N. Hess' Sons, Inc.
PORTLAND, MAINE.....A. H. Benoit & Co.
DETROIT, MICHIGAN.....R. H. Fyfe & Co.
KANSAS CITY, MO.....Rothschild & Sons
PORTLAND, OREGON..... Armishaw's
CINCINNATI, OHIO.....The Smith-Kasson Co.
BUFFALO, N. Y.....Wm. Eastwood & Sons Co.
ROCHESTER, N. Y...Wm. Eastwood & Sons Co.
BERKELEY, CALIF.....Garwood's Boot Shop
Telegraph and Durant Aves.
BERKELEY, CALIF..... Garwood's Booterie
Shattuck Ave. at Kittridge

LOTUS SHOES

Made in Northampton, England

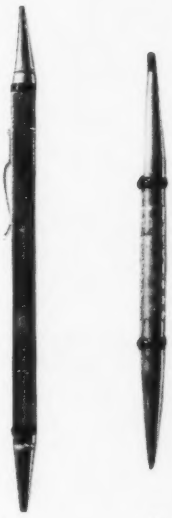
Distributed by Lotus Shoes, Inc., 130 West 42nd Street, New York City

MUSICAL ALARM CLOCK, imported. Plays a tuneful popular song. $10.00



BRONZE BOOK ENDS mounted on Brazilian onyx. Imported. $50.00

TOILET ARTICLE CASE of tan cowhide. Fitted abroad with articles of merit. $25.00



a *b*

a RULER PENCIL of sterling silver, imported. Telescope style. For red and black lead. $10.00

b STERLING SILVER PENCIL, imported. With a perpetual calendar. For red and black crayon. $6.50

GIFTS *for* GENTLEMEN

Exclusive and useful gifts for gentlemen may be selected with dispatch and ease from our comprehensive assembly of articles and dress accessories produced by the most capable makers of Europe and America

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ILLUSTRATED GIFT BOOKLET IN COLOR ON REQUEST

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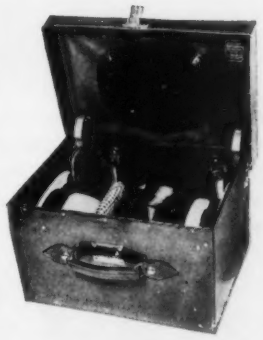
Outfitters to Gentlemen · Established 1886

MADISON AVENUE AT 46 STREET · NEW YORK

FITTED SUIT CASE of pigskin, 18-inch size. Exceptionally well constructed. $50.00

JEWELRY CASES of pigskin from England. Suede lined with provision for each article. Small size, $12.00 Large size, $15.00



HAT BOX from Hilhouse & Co. of London. All the hats are firmly fastened without straps. Nut brown cowhide. $85.00

ASH TRAY of Brazilian onyx. Diameter seven inches. The figure of the dog is bronze. $30.00

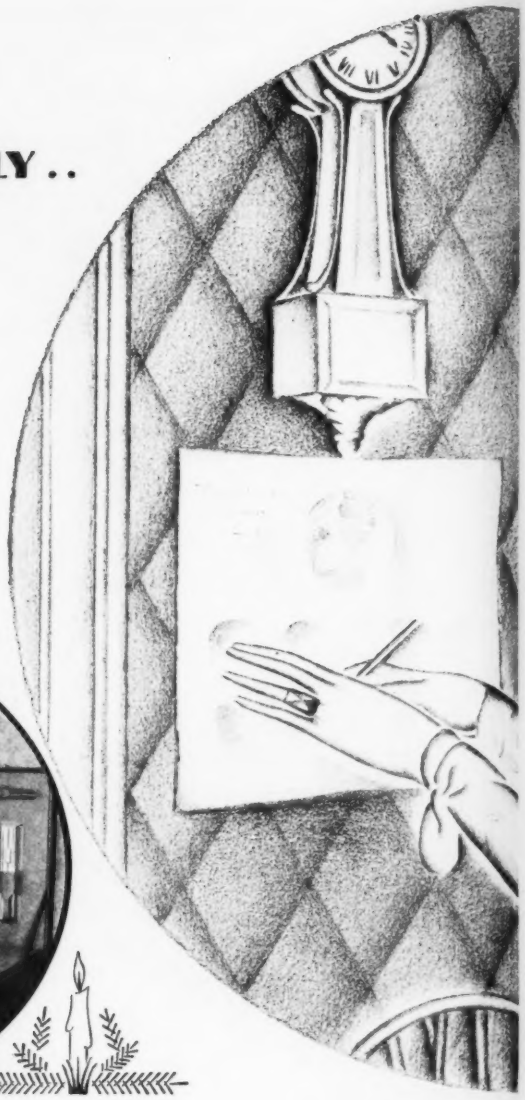
CIGARETTE BOX of imported antique design; brass; with matching ash tray, $22.00

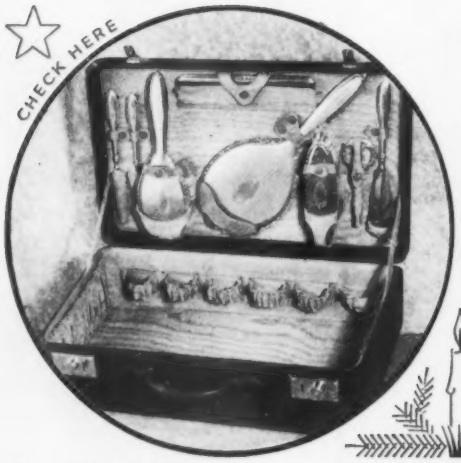
ASH TRAY of Brazilian onyx. Diameter seven inches. The figure of the dog is bronze. $30.00

You can be so helpful to Santa Claus.....!

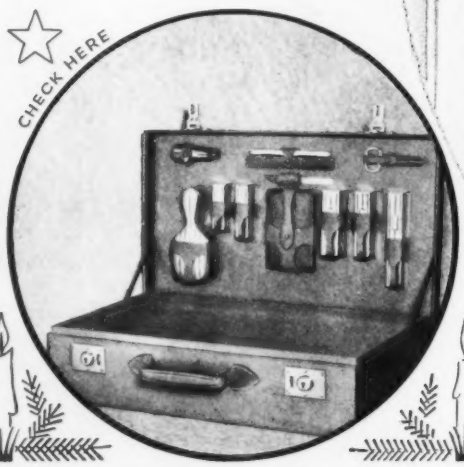
CHECK THIS ADVERTISEMENT CAREFULLY .. LEAVE WHERE ANY OF THE FOLLOWING CAN SEE IT...

Fond Parent,
Devoted Husband,
Sweetheart,
Brother, Sister



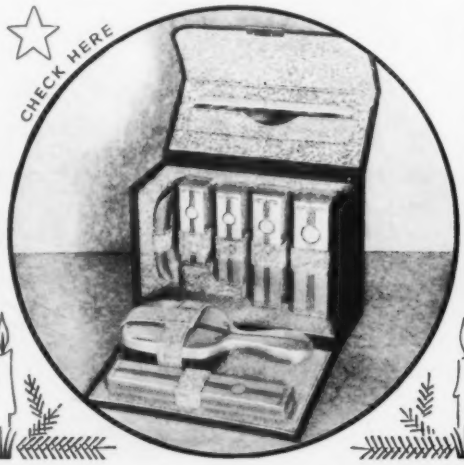


Globe trotter or merely a week-ender—you will love this bag. A solid silver dresser service, ample for all purposes, in the rich Lady Louise pattern, is fitted in the cover. The tan hoghide bag will serve you well on many a trip. A lavish gift . . . . . Complete . . . $100.



For men who want room to pack in, this is the bag. London Russet Steerhide—solidly built. Eleven sterling silver toilet articles—taking up almost no space at all—add to its usefulness. He will like Varsity, this simple silver pattern . . . . . Complete . . . $196

Give her this case and watch her eyes open with delight. What can be in it! As lovely a solid silver mirror as white hands ever held. A long-handled brush to match—and a comb. All in the Fedora pattern—a pattern she will never cease to love. Complete with three pieces . . . $82.



These compact cases are becoming more and more popular with men. Here we have ten silver toilet articles in the mannish Chevalier pattern—snugly packed in a not-too-large case. The leather is genuine brown sealskin with Iceland grain. It will wear like iron. Case and nine pieces . . $165.

Was ever silver so lustrous . . . so satiny? The International Silver craftsmen have accomplished this rich effect by intricate engine-turning and brocading. Every feminine heart will beat happily at the sight of this pattern. Other pieces to match. Mirror, comb and brush . . $90.00.

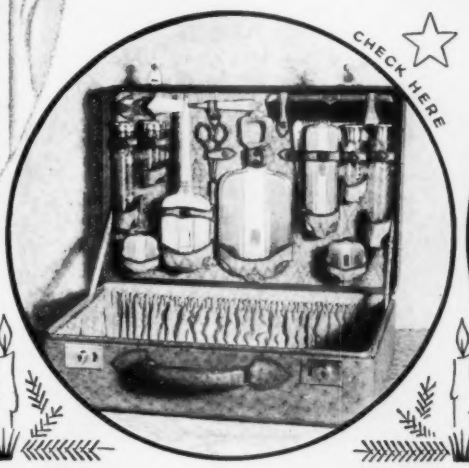
Dear Santa Claus:
I love the sterling silver gifts I have marked---Do you think I will find any of them in my stocking?

Name_____

Address_____

INTERNATIONAL STERLING

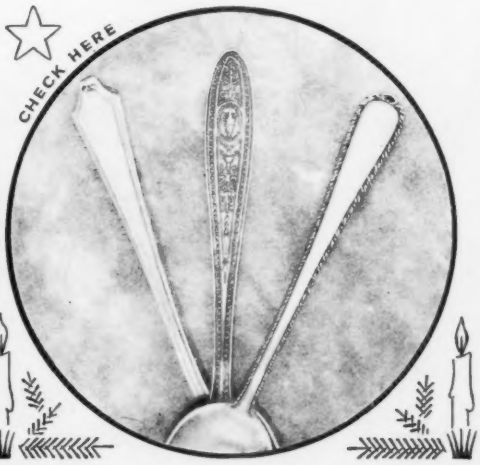
FINE ARTS DIVISION INTERNATIONAL SILVER CO MERIDEN, CONN.



As perfect a piece of luggage as you could wish for in a year of Christmases—of tan ostrich leather. Thirteen pieces of dresser silver are tucked inside its cover—all in the star-sprinkled Adrienne pattern—a lovely combination of brocade and engine-turning . . . . . Complete . . . $299.

Because many men have asked for a two-piece case, the International Silver Company has designed this new set. We trust the many men who called for it will find it on the tree. The silver design is Courtier—lustrous silver unadorned by scroll or line. Complete . . . . . $15.00.

Four solid silver toilet articles to stand on his dresser. Four handsome presents all in one. Mirror, hair brush, cloth brush and comb. The pattern is called Champion and its hand-hammered effect brings forth rousing cheers. Other articles to match. Four pieces . . . . . $65.



Have you thought of giving flat silver? Here are three of the most popular patterns you could find. Minuet on the left—of noble Colonial ancestry—lacy Wedgwood, and on the right dignified Pine Tree. Six teaspoons in Minuet are $11. In Pine Tree $11. In Wedgwood . . . . . $12.

Send for These Books . . Today

We will send you a beautifully illustrated book of new dresser silver patterns and traveling sets for 50 cents, a mere fraction of its cost. "Correct Table Silver—Its Choice and Use," the instructive booklet sponsored by Elsie de Wolfe, will be sent for 25 cents. Mail coupon today.

INTERNATIONAL SILVER COMPANY
Meriden, Connecticut

Please send me (*Check here*)

- "Correct Table Silver—Its Choice and Use" (25 cents) ☐
- The International Sterling Dresser Silver Brochure (50 cents) ☐
- *Or* The name of the nearest jeweler where I can see Dresser Silver Brochure and representative pieces of dresser silver. ☐

*Name*_____

*Address*_____

*City*_____ *State*_____

V. F. 12-29

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MARK CROSS
FACTORIES WALSALL & WESTBURY ENGLAND

Christmas Gifts that Last!

Everything we make is up to the "Mark" Value and excellence is retained—just as true friendship lasts through time and remains unimpaired.

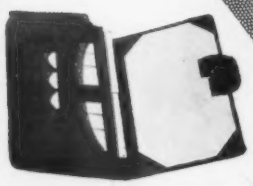
Mark Cross

Jewel box with attractive white jade mounting on cover. Crushed calfskin in delicate pastel shades. 9 x 6 inches. $28.00.

Suit case extremely lightweight for airplane or general travel. Black grained or brown smooth hide, unlined. 18, 20 and 22 inch: $25.00—$27.00—$29.00.

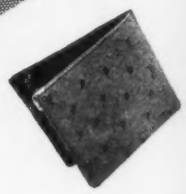
Travelling clock with 8 day plain dial Waltham Watch. Black or colored pin morocco case, $25.00 With 8 day radium dial watch, $29.50

"Compac-kit" for the woman traveller. Broncho hide in black, blue, green or tan. Toilet articles of beautiful colored pearl composition, $25.00. Shell on amber fittings, $22.00.



Writing case for home, travel or school use. Roomy stationery pockets. English morocco in colors, $7.50. Tan pigskin, $10.00. Crushed calfskin pastel colors, $12.00.

Fitted suit case for the woman traveller. Black or tan broncho hide with attractive colored pearl composition fittings. 16 and 18 inch. $40.00 — $42.00.



Bill fold, for the new currency. Two 14 kt. gold corners. Black pin seal $6.50. Tan pigskin $7.00. Tan ostrich $7.50.

Envelope purse, smartly made of black or colored grained calfskin, 9 x 5½ inches. Equipped with mirror and purse. $9.75. Tan Ostrich, $16.50.

Waste basket of attractive design. Walnut. $8.00.

Glove gift box for women, contains three pairs — slip-on washable kidskin and suede, also fancy capeskin. In gift box. $12.05.

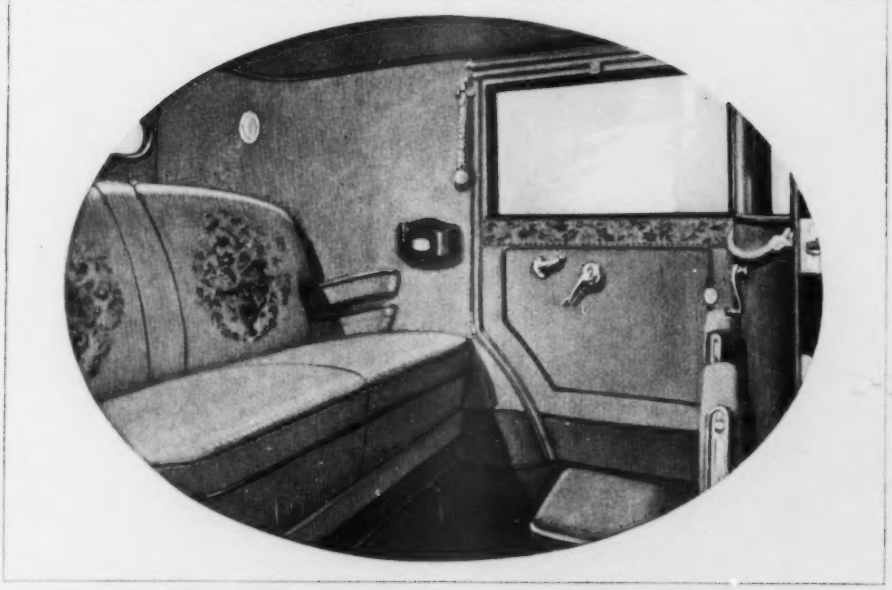
For men: one pair each mocha, pigskin and capeskin, in gift box $12.50.

Hand bag for the shopper or traveller. Black or colored pin seal, also tan pigskin. 9-inch, $26.00.

NEW YORK
404 FIFTH AVENUE
175 BROADWAY

Catalogue sent on request

BOSTON
145 TREMONT STREET



FLEETWOOD

Creates New Custom Bodies of Thrilling Beauty

While Fleetwood itself has never heralded the fact, a large and discriminating public has long acclaimed Fleetwood the leader in custom body design. ✧ Even in Fleetwood's long history of custom body triumphs, however, there have never been created custom bodies combining such rich beauty, with strength and durability, to the degree that these fundamental attributes are combined in the new bodies which Fleetwood is building today. ✧ The Fleetwood bodies now being built are, we believe, the highest expression of the art of the body designer and of the body engineer. ✧ In every major and minor detail which can add to comfort, convenience and safety, as well as to aesthetic satisfaction, these Fleetwood creations register a notable advance. ✧ It is also worthy of note that, due to the combined Fleetwood and Fisher facilities and resources, Fleetwood bodies are unusual examples of investment value in the art of coachcraft. ✧ Examples of Fleetwood custom designs are on exhibit at permanent Cadillac-La Salle Salons in New York, Chicago, Detroit and Los Angeles; and the display rooms of Cadillac-La Salle everywhere throughout America.

THE · PERFECT · ENSEMBLE

VITAL . . . IN YOUR SILVERWARE . . . AS IN YOUR PERSONAL WEAR

". . . I attended a dinner the other night. The silverware was new and looked expensive. But somehow it seemed shabby in its elegance."

Know why? Lack of pattern harmony. Mismated flatware and hollowware. Pots, urns and candelabra all a-jangle with the knives and forks. And even in the flatware itself the salad forks were in a pattern unlike that of the dinner forks. The "ensemble idea" so zealously guarded in dinner gowns and their accessories is equally important in the dinner silver service . . . And really, it is so easy (and not costly) to achieve through 1847 ROGERS BROS. Silverplate.

Start with the famous PIECES OF 8 (Trade Mark Registered) service in knives, forks and spoons in any of the smart 1847 ROGERS BROS. patterns (the price is but $43.50 for the complete service). Match with tea and dinner sets and decorative pieces. Every pattern runs through the whole range of flatware and hollowware.

You can see the new 1929 PIECES OF 8 sets at any silverware counter, or write to us for the new booklet, M-85, *"What the Well-Dressed Table Will Wear in Silverware."* Address Department E, International Silver Company, Meriden, Connecticut.

ON THE TABLES OF AMERICA'S FIRST FAMILIES SINCE 1847

Three-piece tea set $65.00. Bouillon spoon, "Eights" $9.65 (Legacy pattern shown)

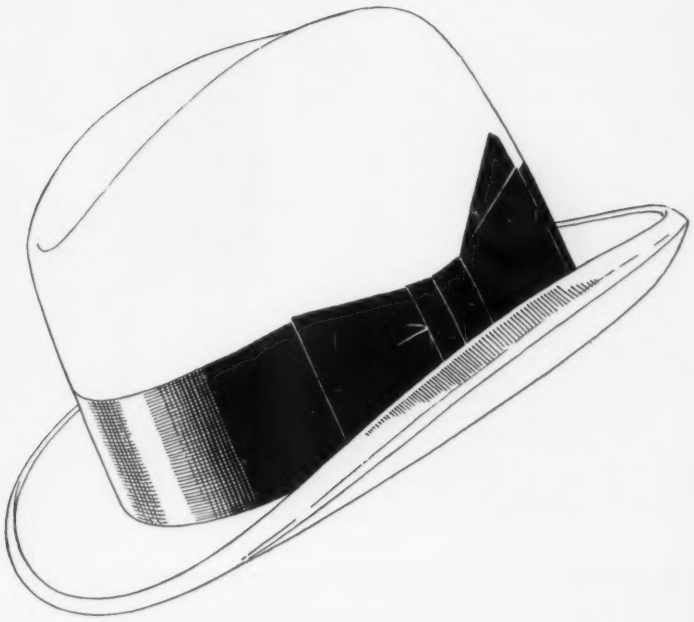
·1847 ROGERS BROS·

SILVERPLATE

INTERNATIONAL SILVER CO.

Salesrooms: New York, Chicago, San Francisco . . . Canada: International Silver Company of Canada, Limited, Hamilton, Ontario.

THE FINCHLEY HAT



FAVOURED BY GENTLEMEN WHO DEMAND INDISPUTABLE CORRECTNESS AND RESPECT EXEMPLARY EXECUTION. RENOWNED FOR ITS EXCELLENCE AND GRACE OF LINE AND MODELED IN THE MODERN AND REFRESHING MANNER ASSOCIATED WITH THE INSTITUTION WHOSE NAME IT BEARS.

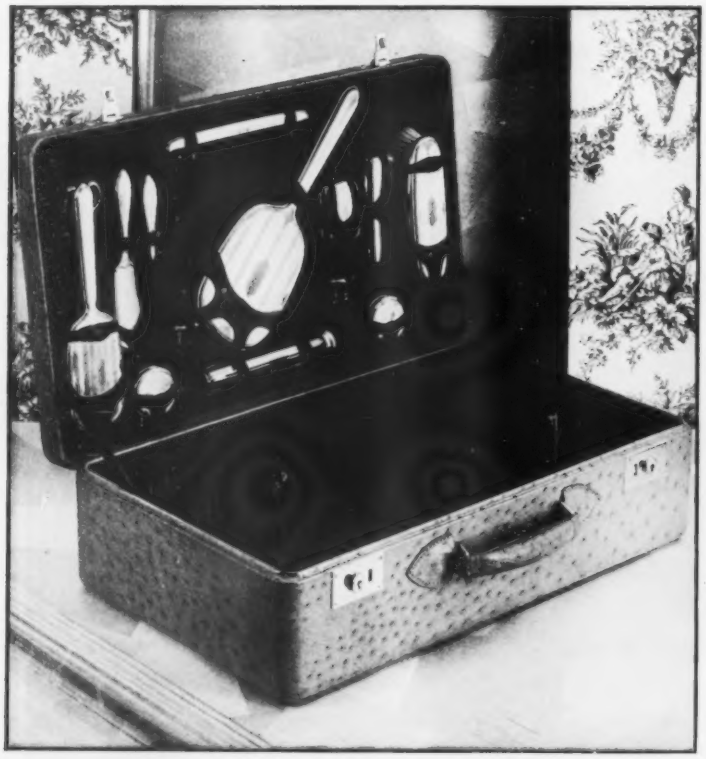
PRESENTED IN COLOURS SET-UP AND PERFECTED BY FINCHLEY.

TEN DOLLARS

OTHERS FROM SEVEN TO TWENTY

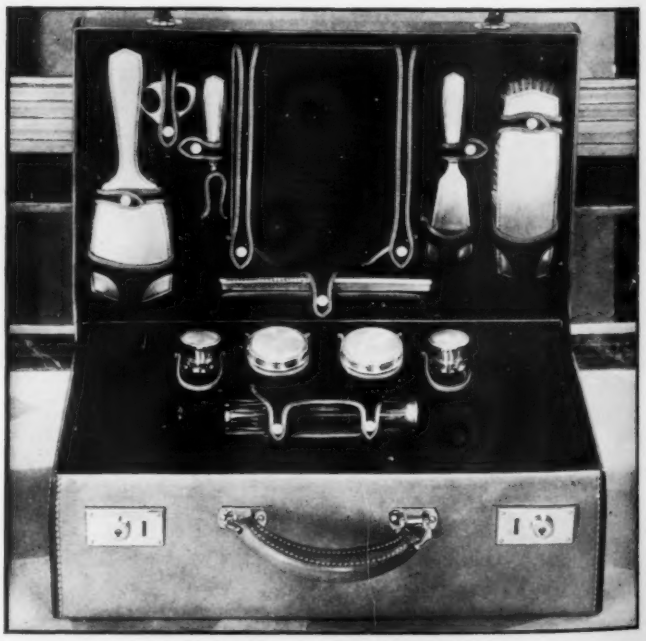
AGENTS IN THE PRINCIPAL CITIES OF THE UNITED STATES

Both wardrobe needs and toilet needs of the gentleman are provided for in this fine Gladstone bag, at right, especially designed for Pullman travel. A 24 inch bag of water buffalo leather, lined with cross Morocco grain in a pleasing shade of green. Thirteen sterling silver fittings, compactly arranged, in the smart design called Wall Street. All of the fittings are carried on the dividing panel in the center, leaving both sides of the bag free. Obviously this is a bag—and a gift—with few rivals. Completely equipped, $340 **Gorham**



Ostrich skin from South Africa fashions this luxurious traveling case, so compactly and so completely equipped in sterling silver. All of the fourteen toilet articles have been cleverly fitted into one side, leaving the case proper free for wardrobe space. And everything has been thought of—lotion bottles, cream jars, a tooth paste tube holder! Every article an exquisite piece of silver in this Heloise design! A supremely lovely gift, $365 **Gorham**

This extremely smart traveling case below shows consideration for every detail of a lovely woman's toilet. Its rich sterling silver fittings include, in addition to the usual articles, a mirror really big enough, squat little jars for creams and bottles for lotions. The 16 inch case is of London russet leather, smartly lined in black silk moiré. With eleven sterling fittings in the lovely Lady Daphne pattern shown in case illustrated, it is $160 **Gorham**



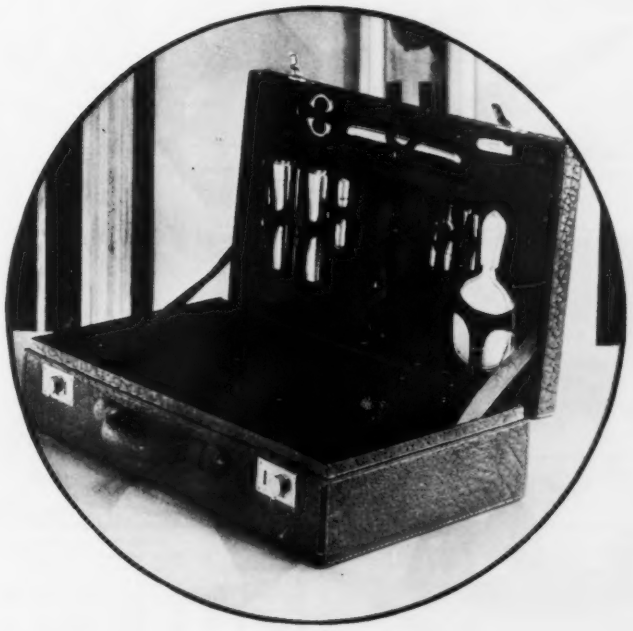
Now Gorham presents these new Handikit toilet sets for the gentleman, shown at the top and the bottom of this group. The very complete set at top has ten sterling silver fittings in a case of black seal, $125. The small case below of genuine London steerhide, equipped with a sterling silver brush and comb, is but $24. And still speaking of gifts, consider this exquisite dresser silver for some deserving lady. Comb, brush and mirror in the Interlude design, mirror of which is shown at right, $65. The three piece set of comb, brush and mirror in the beautiful Portia pattern, mirror of which is at left, is $90 **Gorham**

Distinguished Gifts

from $24 to $365

For your most important gifts—consider these unusual suggestions from the famous Gorham silversmiths, makers of that fine sterling which distinguished hostesses the country over have declared the "loveliest of all silver." The smart jeweler in your town has all these lovely things, or others very like them, all from the hands of the Gorham designers. Your jeweler will show you that whether you wish to spend much or little, the thrilling satisfaction and pride of sending these very unusual gifts bearing the distinguished mark of Gorham can be yours.

Any woman, howsoever fastidious, would be enchanted with this traveling case of dark green imported pigskin—with its luxurious sterling fittings. Hair brush, cloth brush, comb, mirror, nail file, scissors, shoe horn and button hook—in the lovely Queen Elizabeth pattern, $120 **Gorham**



Here is a traveling case a man will like, a sturdy case of genuine water buffalo leather, lined with genuine goatskin—and most important of all—equipped with nine carefully planned fittings, all of sterling silver. It stands among the true aristocrats of gifts. In this Crusader pattern, $180 **Gorham**

A Truly Fine Gift....

FILMO

personal movie cameras and projectors

OR ACCESSORIES FOR THE PERSON

WHO OWNS ONE

AFTER the gay, bright tinsel is packed away, what *one* gift will remain as *the* gift of them all? Will it not be the gift that fits in most perfectly with the receiver's hobby . . . those personal interests that bring pleasure through the year? Such a gift is the Filmo personal movie camera.

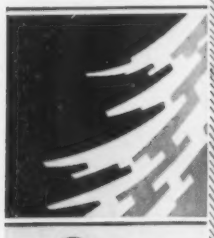
For mother and for father, whose interests center in children and family, Filmo preserves their most cherished memories in a living, never-ending story. For the follower of sports, Filmo fits his hobby to perfection, dramatizing for him the swift movement and the spectacle of outdoor life which perennially intrigues his interest. For the traveler, Filmo "writes" a travel diary, superb in its splendid detail, in its graphic action, in its accurate story-telling. To anyone, Filmo brings a movie library of whatever is nearest his heart.

Filmo is worthy to be this supreme gift . . . for Filmo is made by Bell & Howell, whose professional motion picture cameras have been used almost exclusively by the major film producers of the world for more than 22 years.

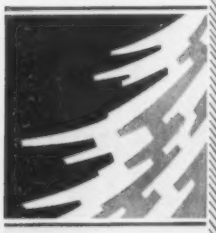
Does he or she already own a Filmo? Then the gift selection is more certain still. There are many accessories to add interest to personal movie photography. Some are shown here. There are many others offered by Filmo dealers, costing from a very few dollars to many.

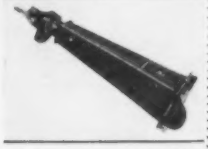
Ask your dealer to show you the various models of Filmo cameras, projectors and accessories or write today for literature. Or, if you'd like a Filmo yourself for Christmas, we'll be only too glad to drop the hint if you'll tell us who you prefer should give it to you.

Editing equipment for arranging movies in sequence and cutting out unwanted scenes. $40 and less.



For fine indoor photography. Halldorson Single or Twin mazda lights. Price range from $13.50 to $37.50.





Filmo Enlarger makes 2¼" x 3¼" "stills" from 16mm. film. Used with Filmo Projector. $28.50.

For movies in Kodacolor. Special 1-inch speed lens for Filmo 70 and Filmo 75, $82.50 complete.

Long distance photography. Four-inch telephoto lens for Filmo 70, $60; for Filmo 75, $55.

For excellent projection of your film, the Crystal Mirror or "Bub" North Screens. $15 and up.

Filmo 57-A Projector. *Insures brilliant, theater-clear movies. Absolutely no flicker. Automatic, runs itself. Equipped with 200 watt 4 amp. lamp. $190 with carrying case.*

Filmo 70-A. *The original and foremost personal movie camera. Two speeds. Interchangeable lenses. Spyglass viewfinder. Prices range from $180 and up with case.*

Filmo 75. *Built like a watch. Fits your pocket. Beautifully embossed metal case. Choice of three colors—black, silver, brown. $120 and up with leather carrying case.*

Filmo 70-D. *The master of all personal movie cameras. Seven speeds, three-lens turret, variable spyglass viewfinder. $245 up in Mayfair case with Sesamee lock.*

Filmo 57-G Projector. *Equipped for movies in Kodacolor, as well as in black and white. Has 250 watt 5 amp. lamp, variable voltage resistance and voltmeter. $275 with case.*

All Filmos
take 50 or 100 foot rolls of film

For black and white pictures, Filmo cameras use Eastman Safety Film (16mm.) in the yellow box—both regular and panchromatic—obtainable at practically all dealers' handling cameras and supplies. Filmo cameras and Filmo projectors are adaptable, under license from Eastman Kodak Company, for use of Eastman Kodacolor film for home movies in full color. Cost of film covers developing and return postpaid, within the country where processed, ready to show at home or anywhere with Filmo projector.

BELL & HOWELL

Filmo

WHAT YOU SEE, YOU GET

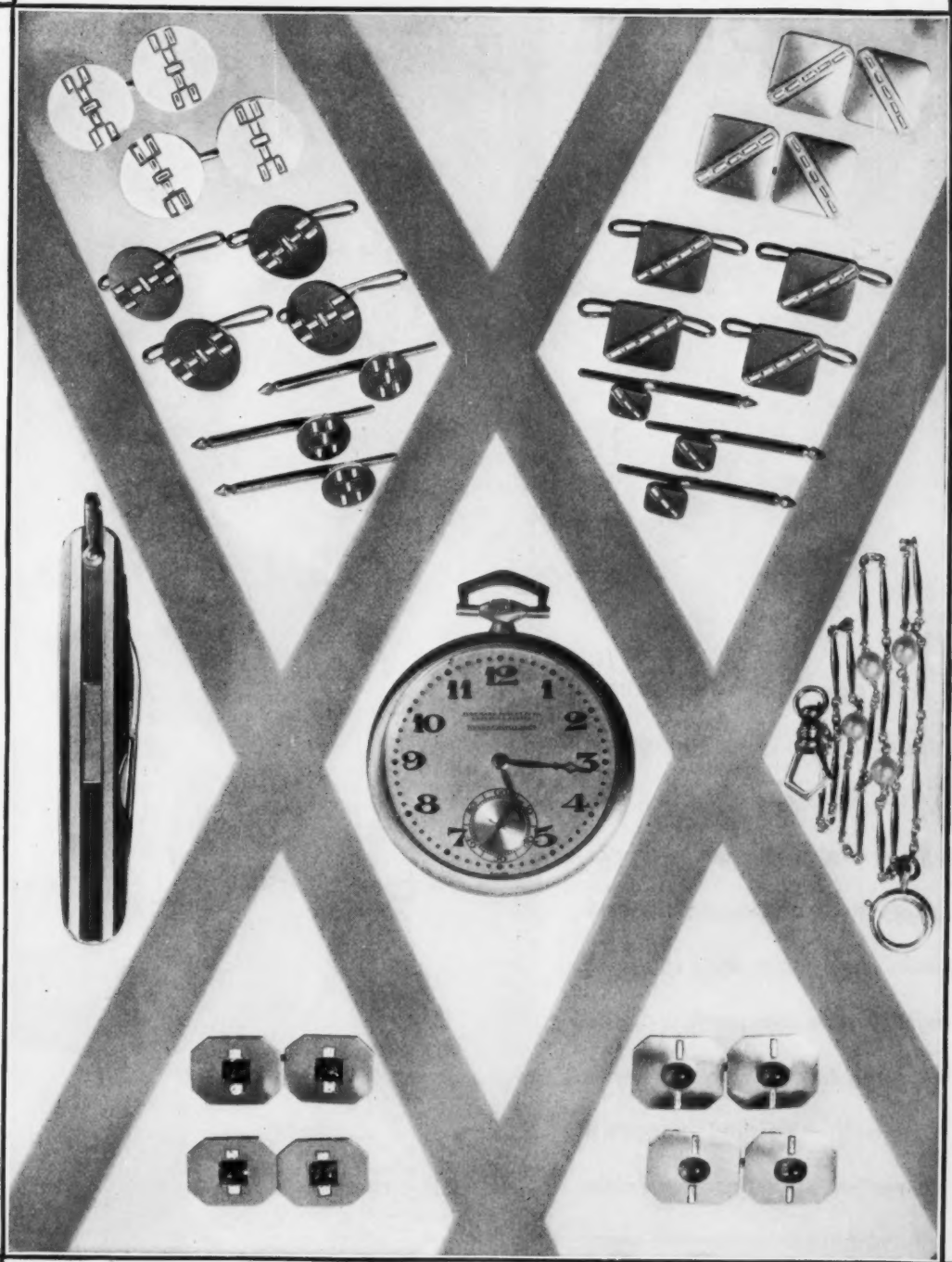
BELL & HOWELL CO., DEPT. L, 1832 LARCHMONT AVENUE, CHICAGO, ILL.
NEW YORK · HOLLYWOOD · LONDON (B. & H. CO., LTD.) ESTABLISHED 1907

FORMAL JEWELRY FOR MEN IS THE PERFECT TYPE OF GIFT

● dress set of cuff links, vest buttons and studs . . . all platinum, set with baguette diamonds. $1100

● platinum and gold striped knife with monogram panel...contains blade and file . . $38

● diamond and sapphire cuff links . . . all platinum . . $375



● dress set of cuff links, vest buttons and studs . . . platinum top, gold back, set with baguette diamonds . $825

● an unusually beautiful, all-platinum watch . . . wafer-thin . . . audemars-piguet movement. $675

● formal vest chain of platinum and pearls. $200

● cabochon emerald and baguette diamond cuff links . . . all platinum . $625

THE
BRAND ~ CHATILLON
CORPORATION

775 FIFTH AVENUE, *Savoy Plaza*, NEW YORK

THE MODERN

THIS age has been called the Age of Wonders. Man flies round the world, stays aloft for days and travels faster than sound. His ships and motor cars surpass themselves; he sings across a continent, and his pictures speak. And now the spotlight focuses on a device that is the symbol of the whole wonder-working, time-saving era—the Watch That Winds Itself. • Fashion adopts it for its accuracy as well as for its incomparable convenience. Its movement incorporates every principle of fine timekeeping and to that movement has been added the marvellous simple device for keeping it perpetually wound.

SPOTLIGHT FOCUSES ON THE WRIST

It operates by the normal movement of the arm and it cannot be overwound. • Its symmetry is a pleasure to see and a delight to jewelers. Can you imagine a gift to compare with it? • Your jeweler will be glad to show it to you and to show you also its Unqualified Guarantee. But should he not have it write to us and we will be glad to supply descriptions and prices. • In any case write for the illustrated booklet No. 4, entitled "From the Moving Shadow to the Self-Winding Watch", which tells briefly the fascinating story of timekeeping down the ages. • The Perpetual Self-Winding Watch Company of America, Incorporated, Four-Eighty-Five Madison Avenue, New York City.

THE WATCH THAT WINDS ITSELF

The Abbott MUFTI

for men who hate rubbers

Unless one prefers to be quaint the winter clarion "Dontforgetyourrubbers" can be eliminated from the domestic lexicon. ✦ Drier than Volstead, dignified as a Scotty, easy as an old friend, the Abbott Mufti takes the weather as it comes—unruffled. ✦ The Abbott Mufti is not only "bone dry" but has distinguished qualities of appearance. At ease wherever men foregather. ✦ The Mufti comes by its weatherly qualities naturally. It is literally a civilian edition of a preferred trench boot which made the duck boards of France somewhat more bearable. A trace of its military descent lingers in the restrained dignity of line, its comfortable "feel" and ability to go in and "take it" long after ordinary shoes have succumbed to heavy weather. ✦ And why not, since it embodies the same superlative qualities of craftsmanship and leathers found in Abbott "Sportocasins".

Bone Dry

The Mufti is really a shoe within a shoe. The patented double construction feature makes it completely impervious to moisture. Bone Dry.

THE

ABBOTT

COMPANY

Yarmouth Maine

ORIGINATORS OF AUTHENTIC FOOTGEAR FOR SPORTSMEN

Good Looking

Although designed for "heavy going" the Mufti is a gentleman's shoe from the ground up. Sturdy, handsome, watertight.

Finest achievement of the radio art

new Radiola Super-Heterodyne

IN COMBINATION WITH ELECTRICAL PHONOGRAPH

*RCA RADIOLA 67 COMBINATION—The new Super-Heterodyne, with RCA Electro-Dynamic reproducer and electric phonograph of the most advanced type. The complete home instrument; brings to you, at will, "Music from the air or record." $690**

*RCA RADIOLA 60—Beautifully designed table model of the Radiola Super-Heterodyne, the most selective circuit known in the radio art. . . $130**

*RCA RADIOLA 66—A new, improved RCA Super-Heterodyne with RCA Electro-Dynamic reproducer. Built with master craftsmanship throughout. The finest Super-Heterodyne ever offered at this price. $225**

*Radiotron equipment not included in these prices.

An exclusive RCA development—the Radiola Super-Heterodyne combines the super-qualities of broadcast reception that are sought by radio experts.

It is the instrument that is invariably chosen by those who demand the utmost possible fidelity and realism in the reproduction of music and the voice.

It is the only radio for the home that completely satisfies the lovers of fine music.

The Radiola Super-Heterodyne, with the famous RCA Electro-Dynamic reproducer, *combined with the very latest phonograph for the electrical reproduction of records,* is recognized as the finest achievement of the radio art.

"Music from the air or record" with all the realism of the Radiola.

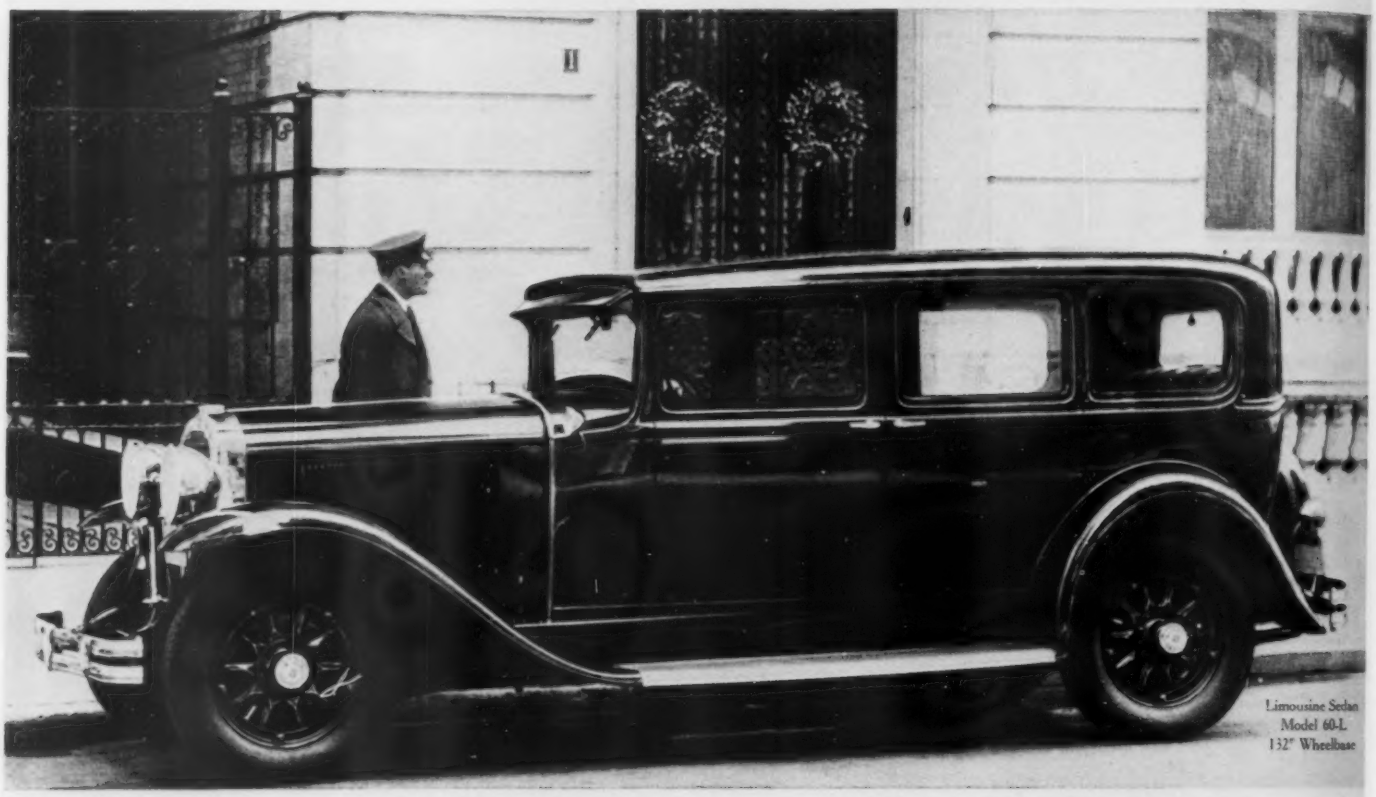
RADIOLA DIVISION
RADIO-VICTOR CORPORATION OF AMERICA

Buy with confidence where you see this sign

RCA RADIOLA

MADE BY THE MAKERS OF THE RADIOTRON

The NEW BUICK



Limousine Sedan
Model 60-L
132" Wheelbase

Choose the gift that will still be giving when another Christmas comes . .

A new Buick for Christmas! ✣ It will thrill the recipient as few other gifts could. It will comprise a triple gift of health, happiness and utility. And it will continue to pay dividends of Christmas joy month after month and year after year. ✣ Choose this gift which will still be giving when another Christmas comes. A new Buick. With all of the style, comfort and performance leadership which has made Buick the overwhelming choice of fine car buyers everywhere.

Buick Motor Company, Flint, Michigan ✣ Division of General Motors Corporation
Builders of Buick and Marquette Motor Cars
Canadian Factories, McLaughlin-Buick, Oshawa, Ontario

Buick

WHEN BETTER AUTOMOBILES ARE BUILT, BUICK WILL BUILD THEM

The "Niagara Flair"

$5.00

SINCE 1854
DANIEL HAYS
Superseam Gloves

HERE is a lined Capeskin glove that is neither heavy nor bulky, so accurately made that it fits the hand with a smooth and easy snugness. Lined with the finest wool cashmere, the Niagara is an ideal glove for those who must be out-of-doors on colder days.

A Daniel Hays Glove

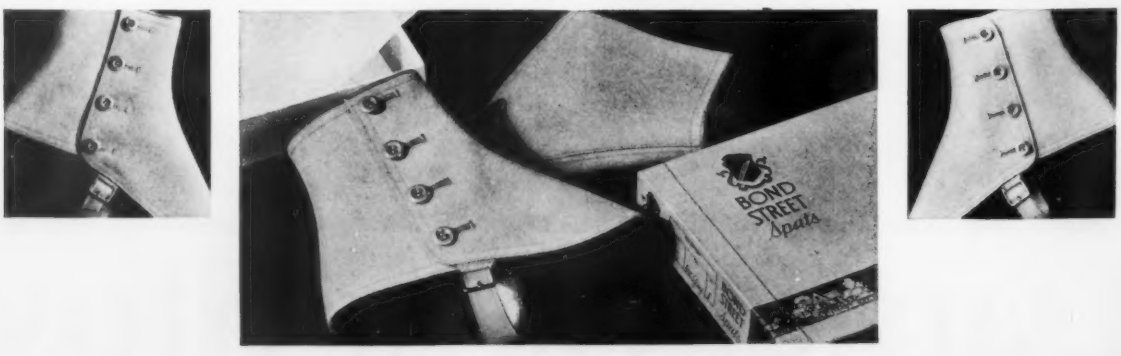
A GIFT
THE MAN WILL WEAR

MEN *are* difficult. In nine cases out of ten a man prefers apparel of his own choosing. Of course, he will wear anything *you* give him . . . for the day . . . dutifully. But you want to give him something he will be *glad* to wear . . . and wear becomingly . . . Something as correct, comfortable, and fashion-wise as BOND STREET spats.

BOND STREETS are styled in England by a famous designer, and are tailored from the finest materials obtainable, in correct and acceptable shades only. They are distinctly English in cut and workmanship and have all of the superior quality and smartness of the very finest imported spats.

The best shoe stores and men's wear shops sell BOND STREET spats. Ask for them by name and look for the BOND STREET label inside. The Williams Manufacturing Company, Portsmouth, Ohio, U. S. A.

BOND STREET *Spats*

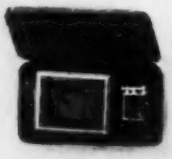


THE *CORRECT* ANKLEWEAR

Gifts For A Man

Expressing Correct New York Fashion

Rich plain shades in ribbed wool half-hose, per pair $2.00



Enamel Cigarette Case, with Lighter to match, hinged jewel box, $10.00

Initial Braces of imported French silk ribbon . . . $2.00

Square Mufflers of hand-blocked imported Foulards . . . $5.00

Pajamas of heavy-weight silk with edges piped in contrasting colors . $15.00

Toilet Case of rubber-lined red morocco with ebony fittings . $12.00

Wrap-Around Satin Lounge Robe, silk-lined, shawl collar, cuffs and sash of harmonizing satin $60.00

Neckwear Carrying Case of fine pigskin, richly silk-lined $12.00

Neckwear of richly Jacquarded Satin $2.50
Novelty Tie Rack of fine Pigskin . . . $2.50

Patent Leather Mules with leather lining $4.50

JOHN DAVID

Fashions For Men

Broadway at 32d Street
1268 Broadway
338 Madison Avenue
125-27 West 42d Street
Exchange Place at New
62 Broadway, Below Wall
Nassau at Maiden Lane

Fifth Avenue at 43d Street
Cortlandt St. at Church
Broadway at Warren

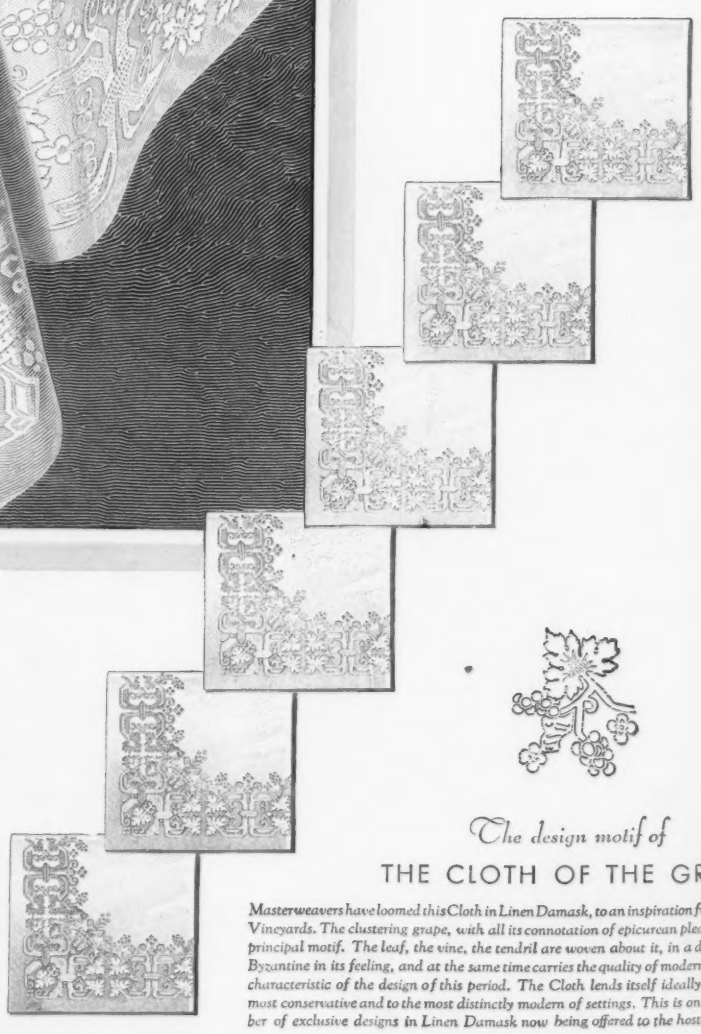
Two Shops In Brooklyn
Court Street at Remsen
Fulton Street at Smith

AT THE TABLE... *the Graciousness of* LINEN DAMASK

LINEN DAMASK, spread upon a table, visualizes exquisitely the quality of graciousness that distinguishes hospitality. A mellow charm suffuses the fundamental correctness of Linen Damask for the table, yet all the opulent resources of contemporary design enhance this charm with subtle harmonies. For generations, a consummate artistry of the loom has characterized the Linen Damask cloths and napkins that have come from the hands of Irish and Scottish craftsmen. Among women to whom the appointment of the table is an essay in the art of personal expression, Irish or Scottish Linen Damask is a primary requisite.

In White, or Pastel Tints. Moderately Priced

A charming booklet on correct table settings—"We Dine on Linen Damask"—will be sent you on receipt of ten cents to cover mailing cost. Address Irish & Scottish Linen Damask Guild, 260 West Broadway, New York.



The design motif of

THE CLOTH OF THE GRAPE

Masterweavers have loomed this Cloth in Linen Damask, to an inspiration from Spanish Vineyards. The clustering grape, with all its connotation of epicurean pleasures, is the principal motif. The leaf, the vine, the tendril are woven about it, in a design that is Byzantine in its feeling, and at the same time carries the quality of modernity which is characteristic of the design of this period. The Cloth lends itself ideally both to the most conservative and to the most distinctly modern of settings. This is one of a number of exclusive designs in Linen Damask now being offered to the hostess of taste.

LOVELY LINEN

DAMASK TABLECLOTHS & NAPKINS

impressively correct

GIVE HIM A STETSON FOR CHRISTMAS AND LET HIM SELECT IT HIMSELF

A man can never have too many hats . . . the Stetson Gift Card received on Christmas morning gives him his choice of the best hats made

* * *

For your father, husband, brother, or friend, here is a gift to bring certain happiness on Christmas Day, and for many days thereafter.

The Stetson Gift Card may be secured from Stetson dealers . . . that is to say at the better stores. The hats are priced from $8.50 upward. Pay the dealer for the grade you wish to give, and the card will be sent for you. The recipient will present the card and choose his Stetson himself.

Stetson hats are the first choice of those who are most careful about their appearance, of those who dress primarily for ease and comfort, and of those who select each article for its excellence and wear.

Stetson has been making hats since 1865 . . . hats that are recognized everywhere as the finest that can be made . . . hats that are worn by the best-dressed men the world over. John B. Stetson Co., Philadelphia.

STETSON HATS

KREMENTZ GIFTS - *for him*
the Christmas problem solved

Krementz Links up to $5 a pair, in gift box.
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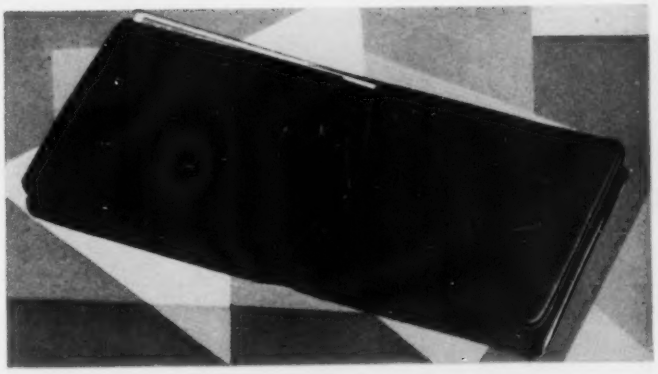

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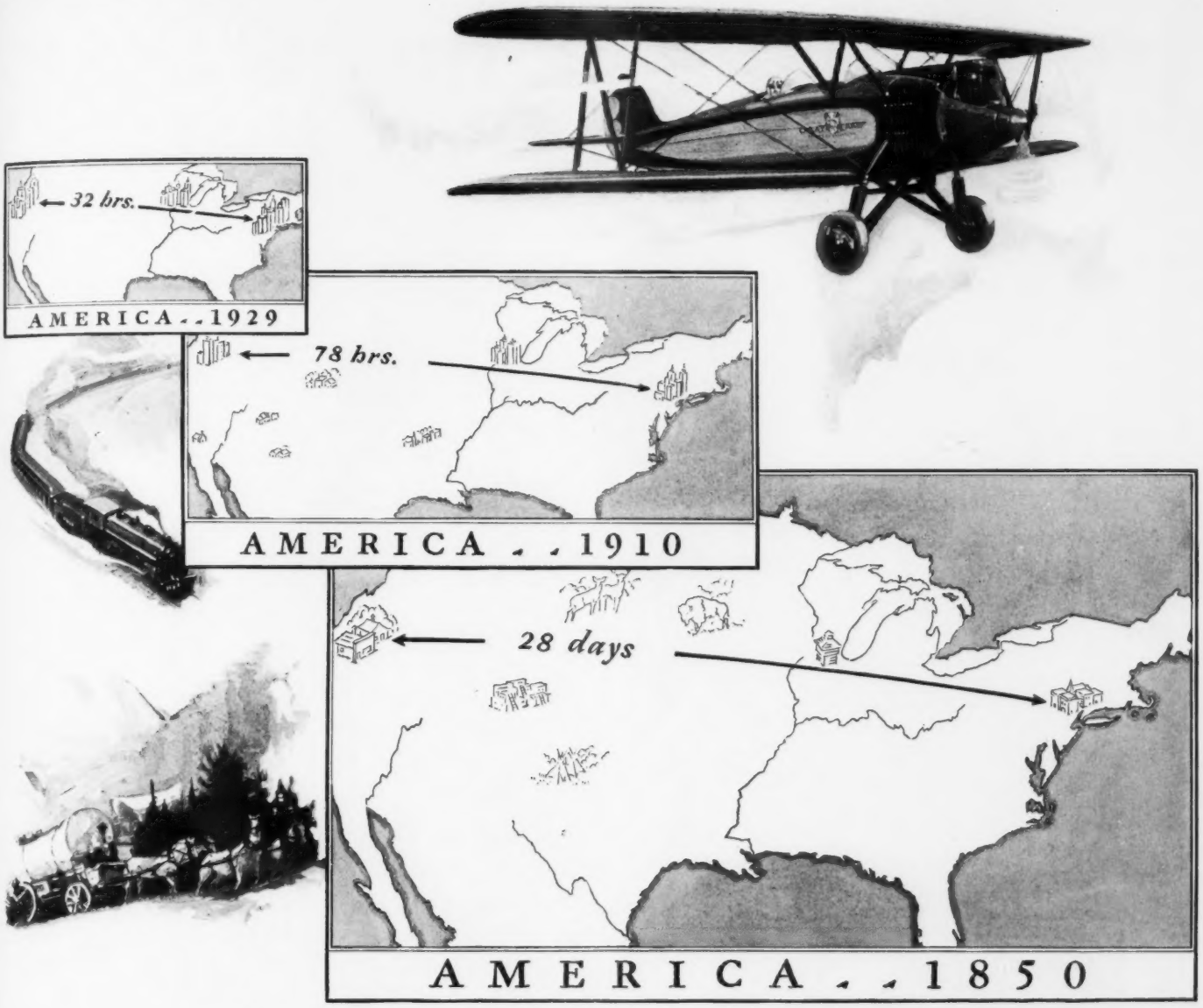

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Shopping for Discoveries

It's lots of fun to discover a shop your friends know nothing about—to find a new hair-dresser—or run across some dainty novelties for bridge prizes.

The Shoppers' & Buyers' Guide is full of just such surprises! Drive up to the door of any of these shops—or write them—and find out for yourself what discoveries are lurking inside.

If you identify yourself as a Vanity Fair reader, you can be assured of courteous and satisfactory attention!

THE DOG DIRECTORY

A Hundred Earls . .

The daughter of a hundred Earls couldn't look down her nose at you as he does—she hasn't that much nose. Who'd ever think this richly-frilled aristocrat had ancestors who ran sheep—cousins who do it now, three thousand to a dog, ewes and lambs in one corral, rams tucked into another!

When this lordly Collie waves his tail—his master and his mistress and the servants all spring to attention. When he puts that slender nose on your knee—you feel as though a king were making friends. But sometimes he lies with his head on his paws and looks into the fire—and shuts you out. Perhaps he's thinking of the misty mountains where collies used to guard, like God, those foolish woolly things that had no minds. . . . That's why he isn't always gay; he *thinks*. That's why it's well to give him some responsibility, even when he's been bred with such disdainful length of nose and all that gorgeous ruff. Let him have a flock of children to round up—or errant tennis balls—or just your slippers. Then tell him he's "good dog" and watch him shine . . . that's collie-heaven, to know you've done your job.

But if you'd rather have a smart young Schnauzer on a long green leash—or a wagonload of St. Bernard with paws like snowshoes—or an English bull who looks a criminal and lives a saint . . . go to it. As long as he's a dog, he'll do you good. Just whistle through these pages, and he'll come. When writing to advertisers identify yourself as a reader of Vanity Fair.

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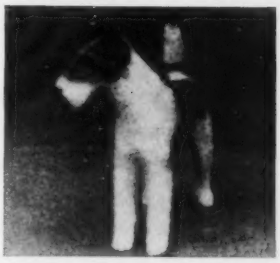

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International Champions at Stud Fees—$50 each
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Their Grand sire is Champion Majong Ming Sing. Pedigree shows many other popular Champions. I Guarantee these pups first class in every way; furnish all papers for registration; immune them against distemper and guarantee safe delivery. I expect to have three litters of Irish Terrier pups ready January first. Sired by Champion Ruff. Their dams show ten champions in first three generations of only fourteen parents. Here is something unusually fine.

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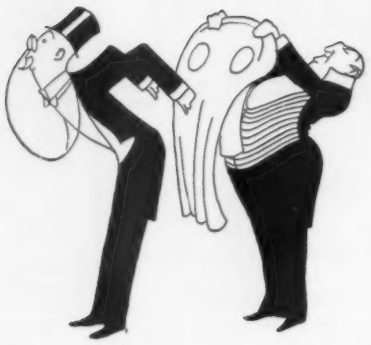
VANITY FAIR does not sell dogs, but will suggest reliable kennels where purchases may be made.



Mr. Tyler wears a top hat

Why does Mr. Tyler wear a top hat? He doesn't *have* to. Fact is, he'd feel more comfortable in a cap.

But a top hat *does* something to Mr. Tyler. It gives him poise . . . a sense of appearing at his best. It enables him to swagger . . . makes him feel a little bit superior . . . raises him above the rest of the crowd.

And Vanity Fair is like that hat. It does something to you. It bucks you up . . . gives you that warm little feeling of *bien-être* . . . makes you feel intellectually taller.

For Vanity Fair tells you the exciting things you have to know. Latest news of the theatre, talking cinema, the world of art and letters. What's happening in sports, fashions and aviation. Humor . . . satire . . . caricatures. Inspiration for a thousand hours of dinner table conversation.

Of course you'll want it regularly. If you'll mail the coupon in the corner with your check for five dollars, it will save you a small fortune in money, and a monthly trip to the news stand . . . and keep your head above the crowd . . . for two full years. You couldn't ask more than *that* of five dollars!

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Caricatures:

The newest masters of the subtle art of ridicule. . . . Covarrubias, Luks, Benito, Barton. Captions that annoy and delight you.

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Who's dancing at the current shows and clubs . . . the new steps . . . who is foremost in the ballet, the interpretative, the modern dance.

Talking Cinema:

New techniques . . . new stars . . . new producers . . . what will they do to the legitimate? . . . the screen? Every noteworthy development followed in Vanity Fair.

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The world's most brilliant essayists and satirists . . . writers of two continents. All that is clever, amusing and modern in contemporary thought and letters.

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Modern art and its masters. How to appreciate it, how to enjoy it. All the new, the best of painting, sculpture, etchings, and lithographs.

Music:

The classic, the jazz, the modern. The new composers, conductors, critics.

Fashions:

The mode for the man who considers it necessary social grace to be well-groomed. Women's sports clothes.

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What's America doing? What are the new airplane routes 'cross continent? The makers . . . owners of private planes . . . sketches and articles on the new planes for pleasure and transportation.

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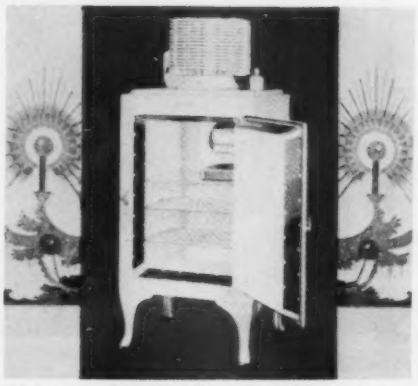
Really, you can't blame her. Who wouldn't drag her friends out into the kitchen to show off her new General Electric? There it stands, gleaming white, strong as a safe, incredibly quiet . . . the envy of all who see it.

For a gift that gives all-year usefulness, that safeguards health, the General Electric is really ideal. It makes a generous supply of ice cubes and, of course, freezes those luscious desserts which every hostess enjoys serving.

When you buy a General Electric you are choosing the one and only electric refrigerator which has an *all-steel* cabinet. It is rust-proof, warp-proof. Its doors are finished with trim black Textolite edges, an attractive contrast to the whiteness of the cabinet. The all-porcelain chilling chamber and the inside corners of the cabinet are rounded so that they are most easy to clean. And the graceful legs leave plenty of broom-room underneath.

And the General Electric is the only refrigerator which has all its mechanism mounted on top in an hermetically sealed steel casing . . . out of the way, dust-proof, needing no oiling . . . leaving the greatest cabinet area for food storage . . . and allowing the heat to rise above the cabinet—not up through it. It has an accessible freezing regulator and it creates no radio interference.



Prices on the new all-steel models now start as low as $215 at the factory.

When you are deciding on the gift that will best serve the whole family, consider the sound value which the General Electric offers. The operating cost is but a few cents a day and not a single owner has paid a dollar for repairs. No other refrigerator approaches this record. Conveniently spaced payments can be arranged.

Write to Electric Refrigeration Department of General Electric Company, Hanna Building, Cleveland, Ohio, for Booklet Z-12.

GENERAL ELECTRIC

ALL-STEEL REFRIGERATOR

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JUST how does the Gillette Fifty Box qualify as the ideal Christmas gift for a man? Here's how—on these eight counts:

It is practical . . . Man, famous for his practical mind, insists on useful gifts.

Yet he probably wouldn't buy this for himself . . . From long habit, he is used to getting his blades in packs of five and ten. This will be a new and refreshing idea for him.

He'll be sure to use it . . . Blades are a daily necessity in every man's life. The Gillette Fifty Box is the most convenient way to have them.

It is personal . . . It's all to himself, for his own intimate, bathroom use.

It is good looking . . . Packed, as you see, in a strong metal box, velvet lined, with a spring-hinge cover. Blades are enclosed in brilliant Cellophane.

It is truly generous . . . With fifty smooth, double-edged Gillette Blades in easy grasp, a man can look forward to more continuous shaving comfort than he has probably ever enjoyed before in his life.

It will last well beyond the Christmas season . . . For months his mornings will be free from all thought of buying Gillette Blades.

It is reasonable in price . . . Five dollars buys this *ideal* gift. On sale everywhere.

GILLETTE SAFETY RAZOR CO., BOSTON, U. S. A.

Gillette

Gillette

Five Dollars

GIVE HIM SHAVING COMFORT IN ABUNDANCE WITH THE FAMOUS FIFTY BOX OF GILLETTE BLADES

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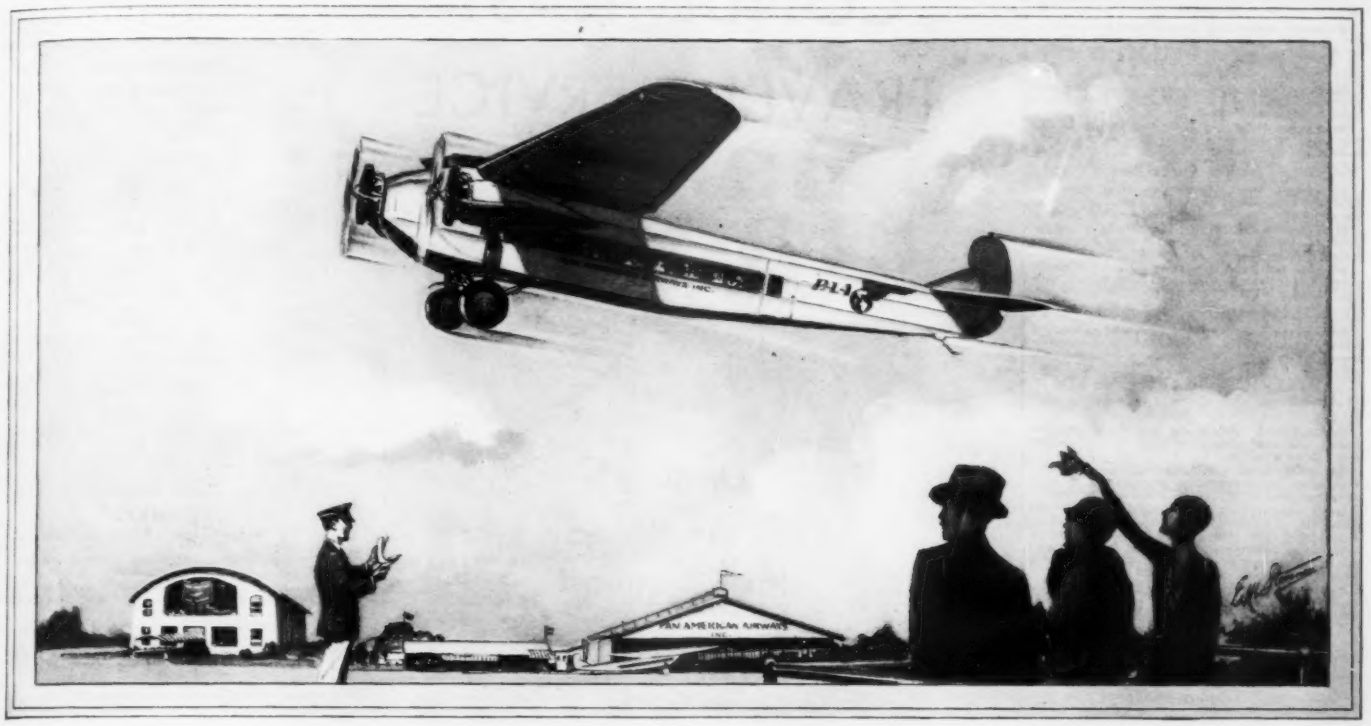

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To HAVANA · NASSAU · LATIN AMERICA

New all-luxury service from your home city to the Indies, Central and South America

EXTEND your southern trip this year. Board one of the nation's most luxurious trains at the nearest railway center. Continue on a Pan American Airliner from Miami or Brownsville, Texas. In no greater time than you usually spend for your winter trip, visit Havana, Nassau, the West Indies, Mexico or Central America.

Watch the miles of tropic islands, deserts and jungles unfold in amazing panorama. No matter how well you think you know the tropics, delightful surprises await you.

Daily service from Miami to Nassau. Seven airliners daily to Havana. These increased schedules have been made to satisfy a growing demand for trips to two of the most popular winter resorts in the western world.

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Pan American Airways now carries passengers over routes covering 12,000 miles—the most extensive air transport service in the Western Hemisphere. For the first time in history, North, Central, and South America are linked by speedy and luxurious service, comparable with that offered by America's finest trains.

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39 hours to Havana and Nassau (direct connections from Boston):
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43 hours to Havana and Nassau:
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from **CHICAGO—**
(44 hours to Havana; 45 to Nassau) and principal cities of Michigan and Ohio:
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Floridan . . . . . Lv. 2:45 p.m.
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A Slice of the World for Christmas!

Don't you wish you had the money sunk last Christmas for things the mode threw out overnight—things you got, and things you gave? Why not hint you'd rather have a trip this winter? Why not give trips yourself?

The Riviera—diamond bracelet on the smart world's wrist—Vogue come to life . . . Canada—where the cake's all frosting, and you come back from skiing like a roaring lion on his Saturday off . . . Deserts—trimmed with cowboys in your own Southwest, or sheiks in North Africa . . . Havana—race-mad, dance-mad, Paris set to tango rhythm . . . Japan—where art begins with a coolie's bowl and ends with a flick of a fan . . . Bermuda—still as a sea mirage, till the sun shouts up for golf . . . California—land of superlatives, true if you'd double them up . . . Hawaii—with the million-dollar breakers pounding up on Waikiki Beach . . . South Africa—magnificent enchantress with diamonds in her hair.

Give Aunt Jane the one she's always sighed to see. String half a dozen together and call them a winter off for that daughter of yours. Pile them all in a glittering heap and charm the chief check-signer into taking the two of you on a world cruise . . . Travel's the only *sauce piquante* that never loses its tang! Look through these pages today for some tempting travel suggestions. You'll find just the trip you want all ready for your Christmas list!

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Hollywood Plaza. The most convenient hotel in Hollywood. Attractive, modest and homelike, with excellent cuisine. Reasonable rates. Write for booklet.

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Huntington Hotel and Bungalows. Open all the year. One of America's finest resort hotels, overlooking the San Gabriel Valley. A Linnard Hotel.

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El Encanto Hotel. California's most delightful hotel and bungalows. On the Riviera overlooking sea and mountains. Excellent cuisine. Golf. Riding.

El Mirasol Hotel and Bungalows. "Most unique hotel in America". Offering quiet home atmosphere and privileges of golf and country clubs.

Miramar Hotel and Bungalows. Situated on Pacific Ocean. Garden spot of California. Golf, Tennis, Riding. Country Clubs. Exclusive residential section.

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The Ahwahnee. Open all year. Commanding a matchless panorama. Already world-famed for distinctiveness. Riding, tennis, fishing. $10. up. American plan.

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The Willard. "The Hotel of the Presidents"—convenient to everything worth while in the Nation's capital. Delightful atmosphere. Unexcelled cuisine.

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Hotel Pancoast. Direct ocean front. Social rendezvous of America's Riviera. Ocean bathing, golf. J. A. Pancoast, Prop., L. B. Sprague, Mgr.

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Augusta

Forrest Hills-Ricker Hotel. Golf; grass greens in mid-south all winter. Opens December to April. Special December-January rates.

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New St. Charles. In the heart of the city. Noted for refinement and real service. Always recommended to ladies traveling alone. Reasonable rates.

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Bethel Inn. Noted for its individuality and perfect appointments. The rates are reasonable. Nine-hole golf course on our own grounds.

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Lafayette Hotel. A delightful tourist hotel where friends meet friends enroute, and enjoy excellent service at fair rates. European Plan.

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Hotel Alexander. At the "Gateway to the South". New, complete, distinctive. 175 rooms, each with bath. Bachelor Floor.

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Peckett's-on-Sugar Hill. Quaint old English hostelry. Delightful equipment, cuisine, and clientele. Open 9 mos. Winter sports Dec. 20 to Mar. 1. Bkit.

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NEW YORK

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Eighteen Gramercy Park South. New residence hotel exclusively for women. Overlooking Park. Helpful service to out-of-town guests. Moderate rates.

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Hotel La Salle. Thirty East 60th Street. A dignified quiet place of residence for permanent and transient guests. Centrally located.

Hotel Lincoln. 1400 rooms, modernistic decorations. Thirty stories of sunshine. Rates $3. to $3.50 per person. Eighth Avenue, 44th to 45th Streets.

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Carolina Hotel. For comfort and good times. Famous for 5 D. J. Ross golf courses, outdoor sports, delicious meals. Dancing, etc. Now open.

New Holly Inn. With Pinehurst's superb facilities for outdoor sports in ideal climate. Sunny, restful rooms. Exceptional cuisine. Opens Dec. 19.

Pine Needles Inn. Quiet, exclusive, Old English type. Private D. J. Ross golf course, Pinehurst's unsurpassed sport facilities. Opens Jan. 25.

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Sedgefield Inn. Now open. A delightful midsouth center of social and sporting activity. Golf, riding, tennis & motoring objectives. Booklet.

OHIO

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Hotel Gibson. On Fountain Square. 1,000 rooms with bath. Beautiful Florentine Room, Roof Garden. Ballroom. Unexcelled cuisine. Wire reservations collect.

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Adelphia Hotel. Nearest everything. Roof Garden. Caters to families. Children half price in all restaurants. Every room with bath $4 to $5 a person.

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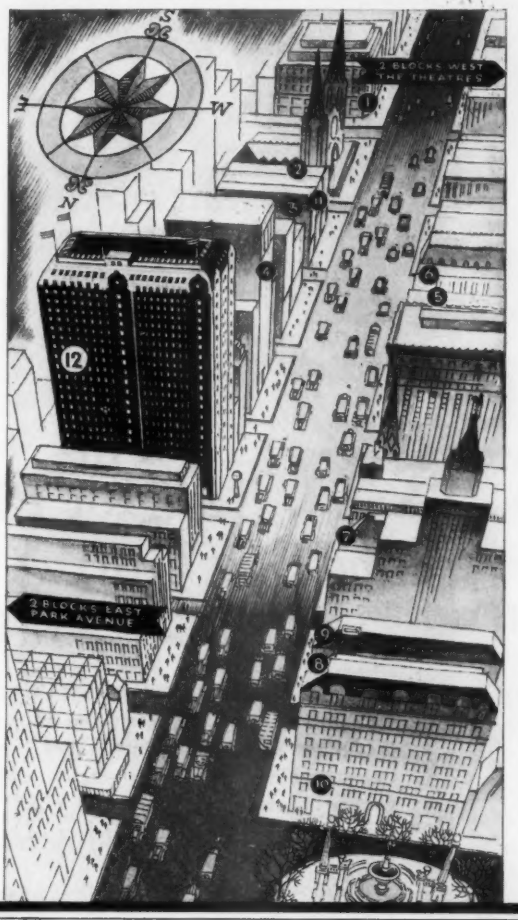
FIFTH AVENUE at 55th ST., NEW YORK



Unquestioned hub in the gay wheel of smart New York's activities is the Hotel St. Regis. It centers where Fifth Avenue is important . . . the exclusive shops, the authoritative galleries, the right clubs. Within the hotel, the nightly brilliance of the Seaglade . . . the exquisite calm of the Salle-Cathay for more formal lunching and dining . . . the secluded charm of St. Regis residence-suites with full call-button and floor-secretary service. Thus, is the St. Regis sought by the city's discriminating visitors . . . a long-established graciousness founded by smart New York itself. Rooms, due to doubled facilities, at rates hitherto unavailable.

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12 . . HOTEL ST. REGIS

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Miami Beach, Florida

The remaining few among the fastidious inner circle who have delayed securing preferred accommodations at Miami Beach this season, will be interested to know that a limited number of reservations are still available at the Pancoast for December and March. The possibilities of disappointment may be lessened by telegraphing today. : : : :

American Plan, Dec. 1 to April 15
European Plan, April 15 to Dec. 1

J. A. PANCOAST, Owner-Proprietor — L. B. SPRAGUE, Manager

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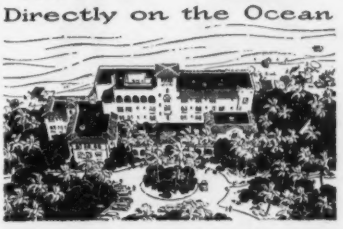

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One of America's foremost resort hotels . . . . facing glorious Tampa Bay . . . . sun bathing and every recreational feature.
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Aren't you a little bored with conventional Christmas shopping . . . ? Isn't the injecting of Christmas cheer into a wintry pinched-nose atmosphere palling a bit . . . ? Wouldn't you like to rebel into originality and do your Christmas shopping at a third of the price in fascinating tropical bazaars . . . or to spend Christmas day in the laughter-loving music-throbbing, flower-strewn West Indies? It's simple . . . it's different . . . it's cheaper via Cunard than staying home . . . It's getting out of the old time-worn rut into the novelty and generosity of sun-splashed islands . . . Cruises of 8, 9, 12, 16, 18 and 26 days . . . to fit everyone's purse and everyone's time . . . on Cunard transatlantic liners that have set travel standards in comfort . . . inimitable service . . . cruise management.

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Dec. 18, 1929	s. s. Carinthia	16 days	200
Dec. 21, 1929	s. s. Franconia	16 days	200
Dec. 26, 1929	s. s. Caronia	8 days	175
Dec. 27, 1929	s. s. Carmania	9 days	175
Jan. 6, 1930	s. s. Carinthia	16 days	200
Jan. 16, 1930	s. s. Caledonia	26 days	275
Feb. 15, 1930	s. s. Caledonia	26 days	275
Mar. 15, 1930	s. s. Caledonia	18 days	200
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See Your Local Agent

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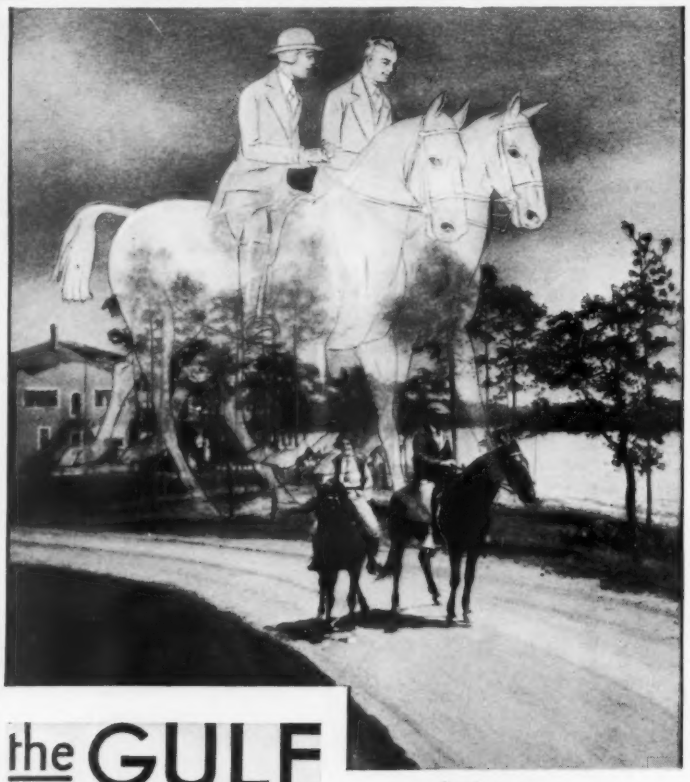

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The . . . . . Tang of Pines and Salt Gulf Air...

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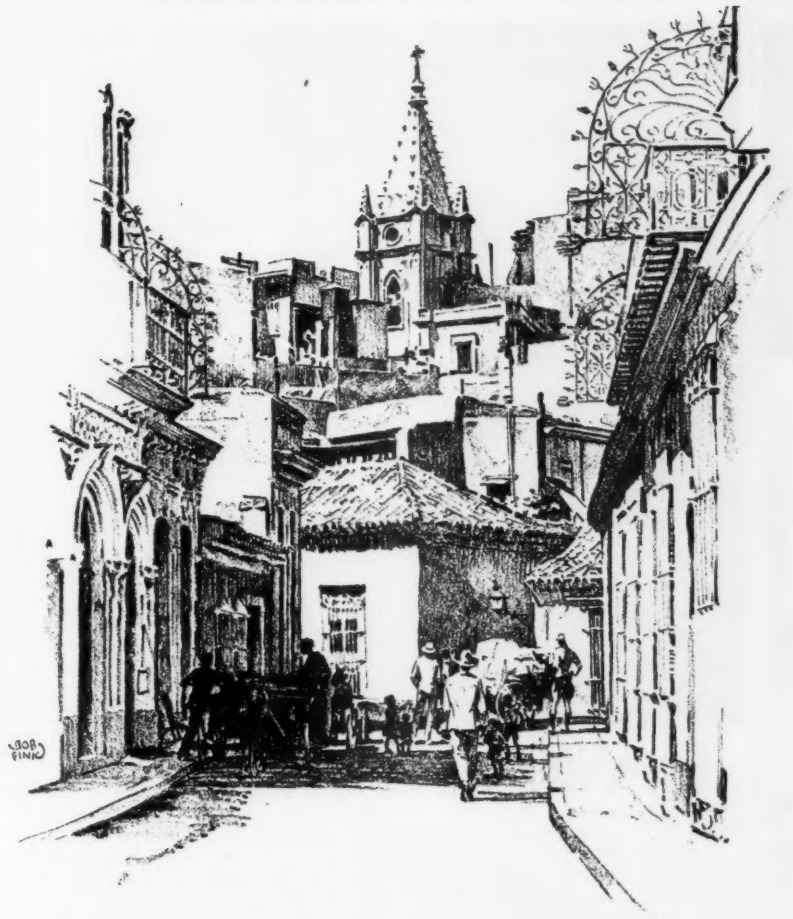

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These Centuries-Old Surroundings for Your Winter of Modern Gayeties

THIS year, enjoy a *different* vacation! Havana is so near at hand—so easily reached—that no American need suppress his longing for foreign travel. Here is a city that's foreign in every respect: foreign as no other city is—for here is the dash and verve of Paris—sports and pastimes of the Riviera—liberties of Monte Carlo — languorous peacefulness of the tropics — with the ancient cathedrals, slumbering plazas, grey-walled fortresses and gorgeous castles of Old Spain as a background! ¶Vacation in Havana offers greater diversity of interests and benefits than travel in any other country. Lovers of the fine arts find much to study and admire in its architecture, music, its customs and its color. Hundreds of miles of motor highways disclose an awe-inspiring panorama of unrivalled scenery—palm covered mountains — groves of strange tropical fruits—sugar and coffee plantations and tobacco fields—quaint, primitive villages—ancient colonial towns that proudly bear the scars of Spanish rule and pirate raids. (You can bring your car at surprisingly little expense). ¶Needless to say, Cuba offers tourist accommodations deluxe and facilities for every summer sport and pastime that's known to the sophisticate, for Havana is the winter sports and social rendezvous of two continents. Social interest of the world centers in the brilliant afternoon and night life of the new Havana. ¶Those who seek longer life and better health find the elusive ultra-violet ray at its strongest and greatest effectiveness in the perpetual sunshine of Cuba, for Cuba is nearer the equator than any point in North America. Its air is clear and filtered and cloudlessness prevails throughout the winter. Travel has been simplified for American tourists. No passports are required. Let your winter vacation tour include The Smartest City in America.

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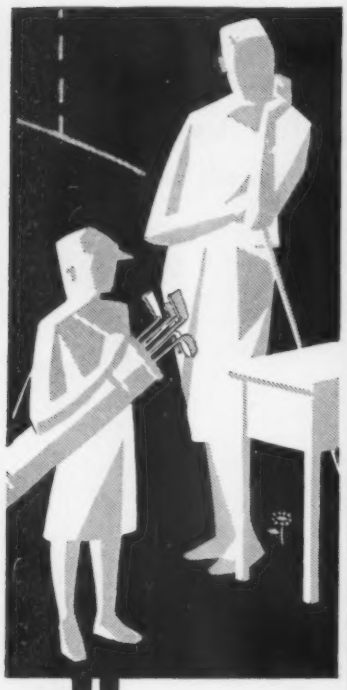
For full information—Any Cuban Consulate—Any steamship or airplane passenger office—Any travel agency, or the Cuban National Tourist Commission, Havana.



all winter, California golf

You know how good you feel when the weather is *right*.

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HAWAII » Starlight Skies and Tropic Moon Gild Winter With Enchantment

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The lure of a climate free from extremes has made the Island Paradise unique among winter resorts. Eager sun-seekers have established a Winter season beginning in Fall and running through Spring. Tonight, little groups of the advance guard are lolling on palm-fringed shores or sporting in starlit waters. Voices that have echoed at Deauville and Cannes blend with soft Hawaiian cadences on broad lanais overlooking the sea.

There is so much to do in Hawaii, so much to see, that even the lengthened season hardly provides time in which to absorb its myriad delights. Each of the major islands has its own attractions, its distinguishing charms. Over all, major and minor, hovers an atmosphere of primitive beauty, of idyllic enchantment.

Make your plans now. No matter where you live the miracle of modern transportation has brought Hawaii to your doorstep. From the four gateways of the Pacific, splendid liners as proud as any that float make the journey in from four to six days, according to the ship selected. Sun-smoothed seas know no season. The voyage becomes a blissful interlude of rest if you wish, or if you prefer, a period of enthralling diversion.

And remember, Hawaii is part of the United States. There is no bother of passports or other formalities.

Hawaii Tourist Bureau

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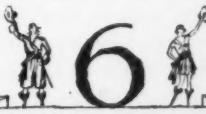
Enjoy the balmy climate and the matchless beauty of the tropical isles of the Caribbean.



6 *Pleasure Pirate Pilgrimages*

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NO TIPPING
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[Instead, a service charge of 10% is added to the check for the benefit of your waiter.]

IN THE GRILL: Dave Bernie and his Hotel Lexington Minute Men.

801 ROOMS: Each with private bath, [tub and shower]; circulating ice water, mirror doors, clothes closet.

341 with double beds. One person $4.00 . . . two persons $5.00.

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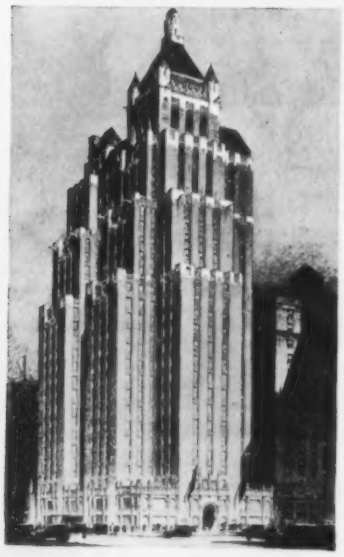

THE LEXINGTON

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Frank Gregson, Manager
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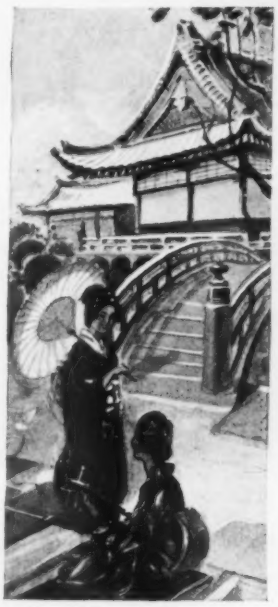
JAPAN

WHERE EAST MEETS WEST IN GOLDEN HOURS OF LEISURE



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Juarez, Old Mexico, and

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. . . invite you to tarry awhile in this land of sunshine and Senoritas . . . a land of shirt-sleeve golf where the 19th hole is just six minutes across the border . . . where every outdoor sport is yours to enjoy now this winter.

From El Paso over a new highway you may visit the largest caves known to man . . . Carlsbad Caverns, a National Monument . . . viewed by 70,000 persons this year. Three hours from El Paso in the high Sacramento mountains you may enjoy snow sports at Cloudcroft in winter, play golf on the world's highest course in summer . . . visit real ranches where guests are welcome.

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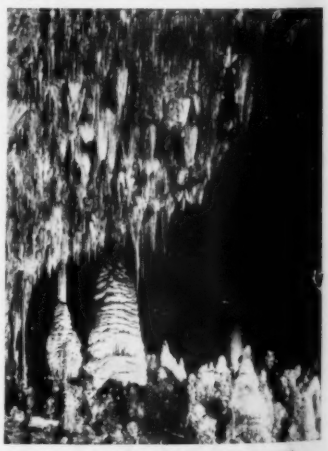
Here in metropolitan El Paso (a city of 117,000 population with a $29,000,000 building record this year) is your logical headquarters for viewing the Scenic Southwest.



"King's Chamber, Carlsbad Caverns"

Gateway Club, 324 San Francisco St., El Paso, Texas

Please send your new booklet: "El Paso in the Land of Better Living," to:

Name_____

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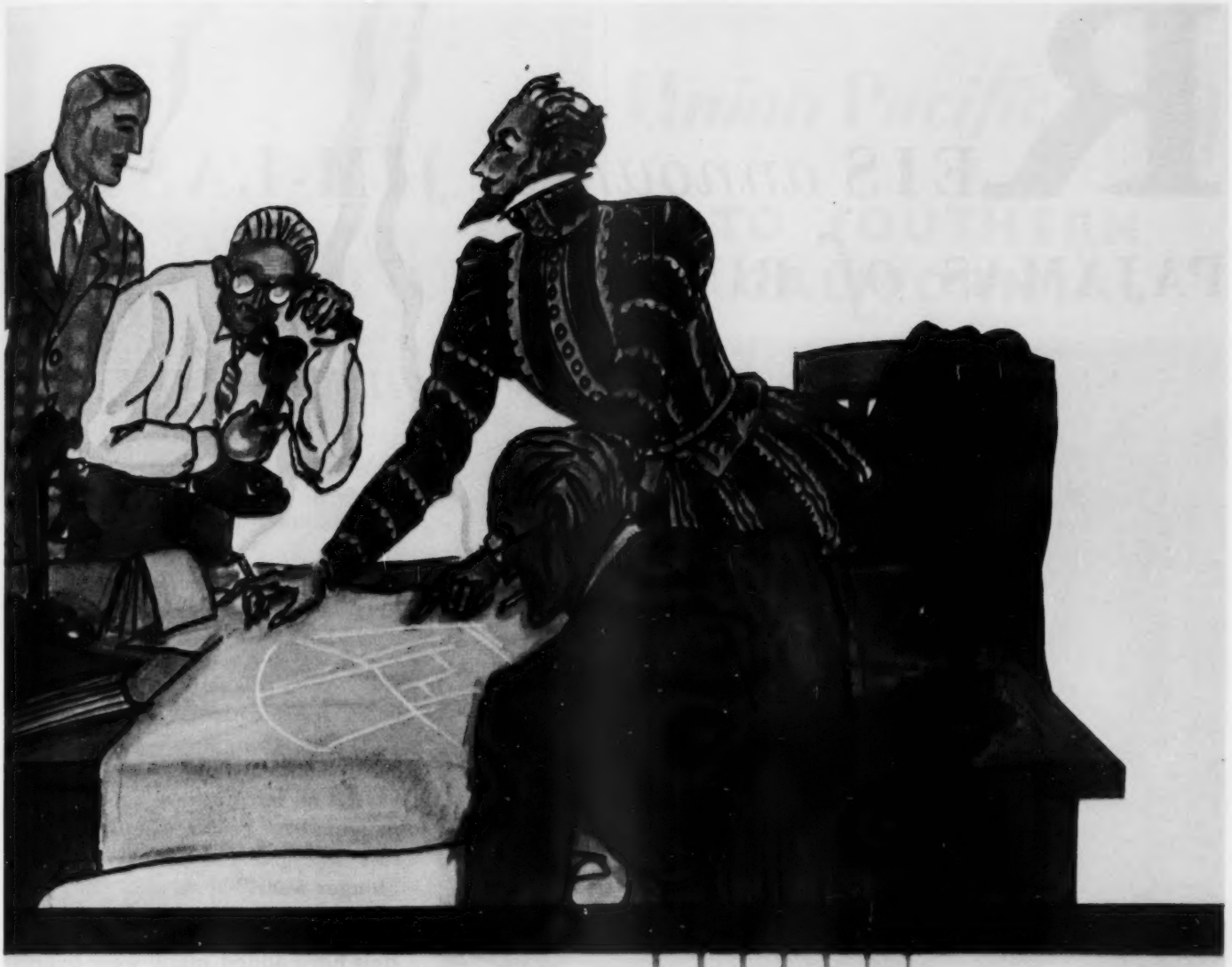

IF you (too) have noted the Tremendous Strides made by Big Business in the past few months—if you have remarked the Bold Solutions of Major Problems, and admired the Efficiency of the Head Men in Straightening-Out, Expanding, Declaring, Taking-Up, Cleaning-Up, and Arriving-At—then you have witnessed the profound effect of the instantaneous welcome given a new cigarette—a cigarette which will make no man see clearer, think straighter, sleep sounder or act bolder—but a cigarette which tastes, to wise people, a lot better. That helps any conference, somehow.

BROWN & WILLIAMSON TOBACCO CORPORATION, *Louisville, Kentucky*

Blended PUFF-BY-PUFF

P.O. RALEIGH CIGARETTES, P.O.
BROWN & WILLIAMSON TOBACCO CORPORATION

Twenty Cents
PLAIN OR TIPPED

31

DISTINCT GRADES of rare fine tobacco (from Turkey, from Virginia, and from Kentucky) are blended in Raleigh so subtly that every puff is an *experience* in taste—and rolled so cleverly that every puff is identical in balanced blandness with every other puff. That's why, for brevity and music, we say it is blended "puff-by-puff."

REIS *announces* JIM-LASTIC PAJAMAS *of* BURTON'S *Irish Poplin made in U.S.A.*

Reis — America's leading makers of men's underwear and sportswear — have now interested themselves in the sleep-comfort of a nation and have added to their already distinguished line pajamas of Burton's Irish Poplin — made in U. S. A.

Reis tested this fabric in the washtub and tested it in university laboratories; tested its strength and its fastness of color; rubbed it and scrubbed it and gave it far more severe handling than pajamas ever receive—and from each test emerged the same verdict: — "longer wear."

To the sturdiness of the fabric itself Reis have added many wear-improving knacks of stitching and tailoring — methods discovered during their years of experience in making men's underwear.

The result is a pajama which Reis believe will outwear any you have ever owned. If you are interested in cutting down the annual cost of sleeping apparel, visit any good man's shop or department store and take home with you tonight several suits of Reis Jim-Lastic Pajamas.

Reis Jim-Lastic Pajamas are shaped in at the waist, in just the same manner as the coat of your business suit. Each suit of Reis Pajamas has the patented Reis Jim-Lastic Belt which provides exceptional comfort. Reis Pajamas of Burton's Irish Poplin, made in U. S. A., can be had in most popular shades. Collar attached, V-neck or slip-over styles. All colors guaranteed fast. Price $5.00. Robert Reis & Co., No. 2 Park Ave., New York City.

Other Reis Jim-Lastic Pajamas $1.95 to $10.00

BURTON'S IRISH POPLIN
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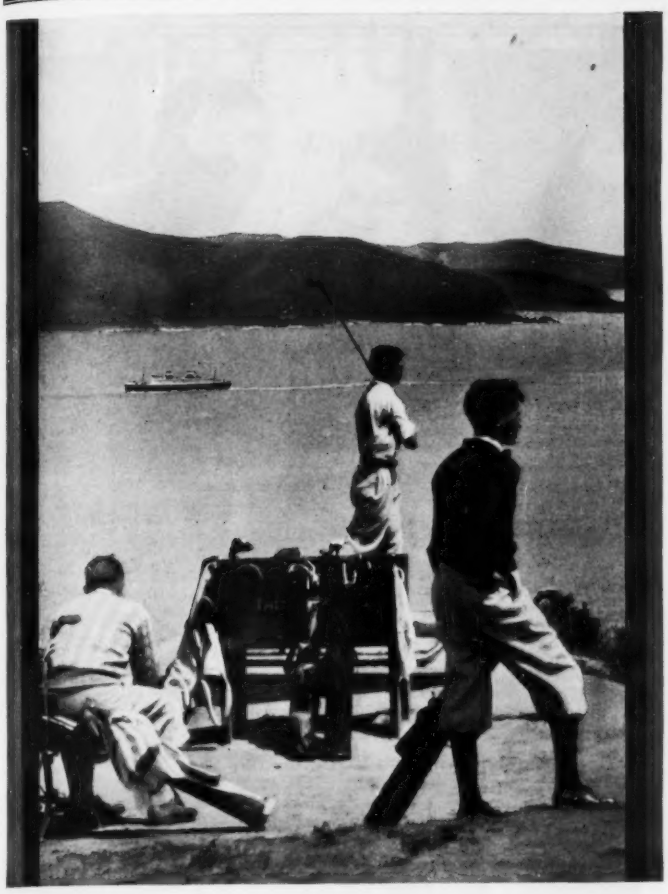

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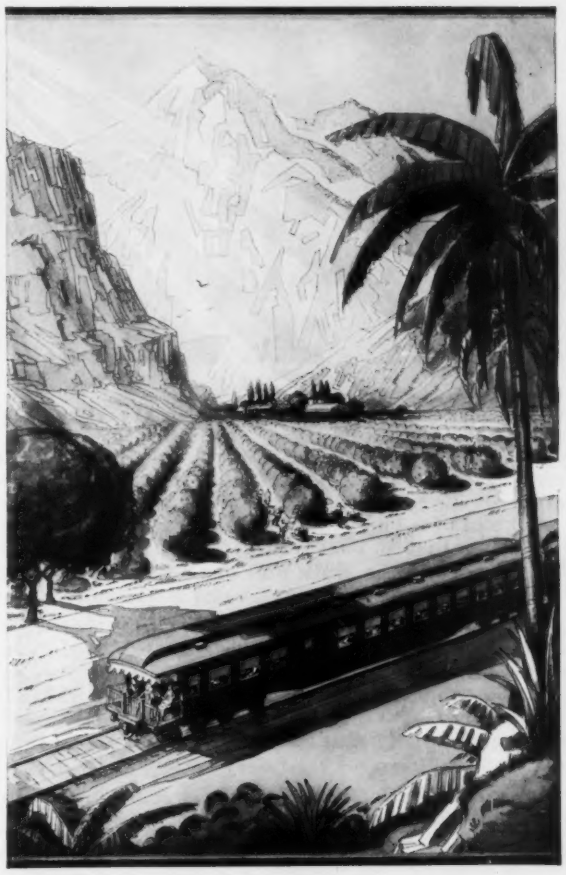

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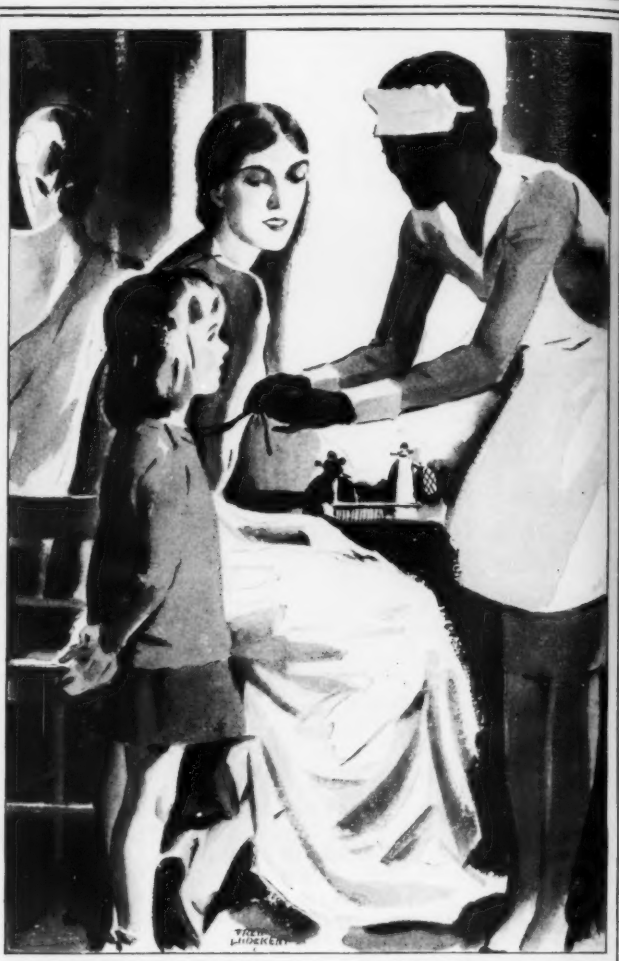

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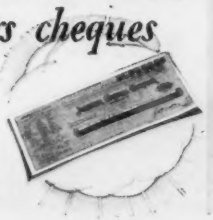

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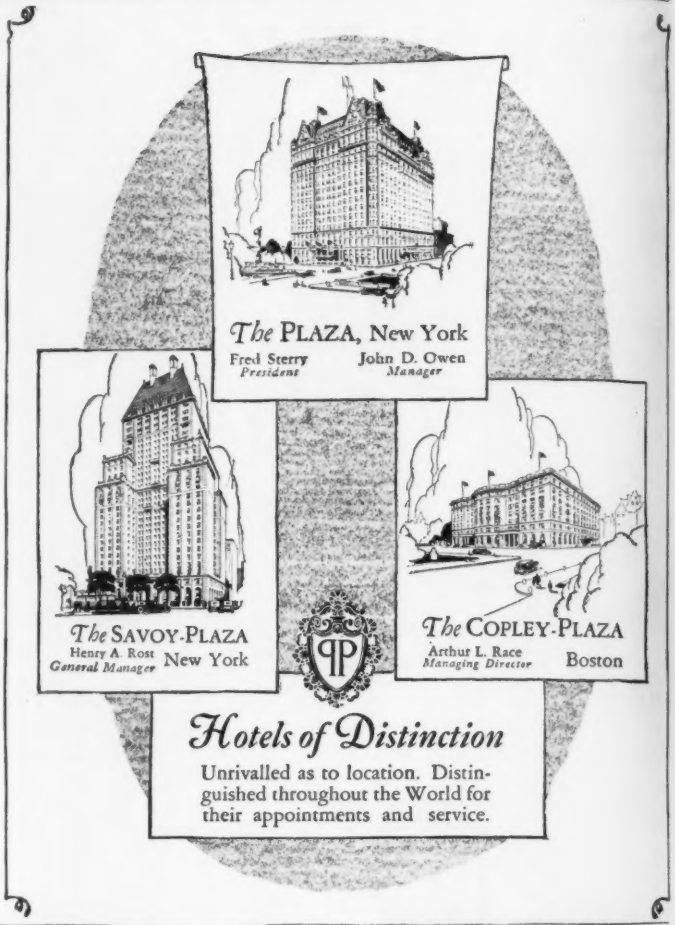

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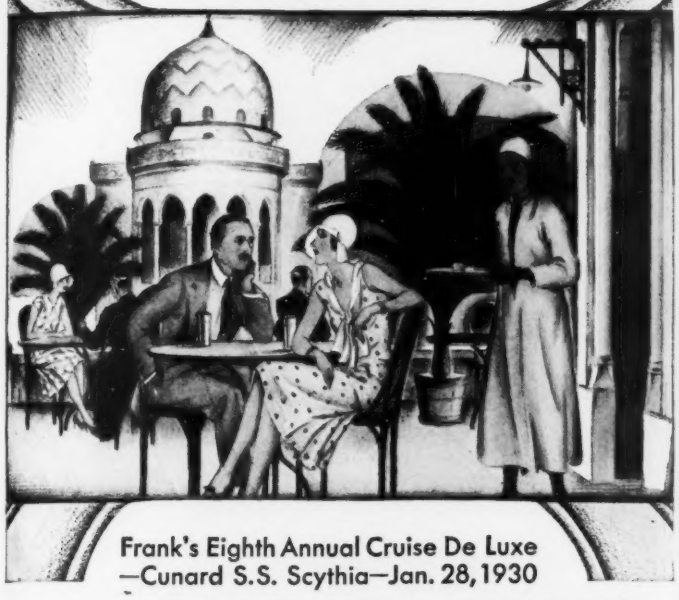

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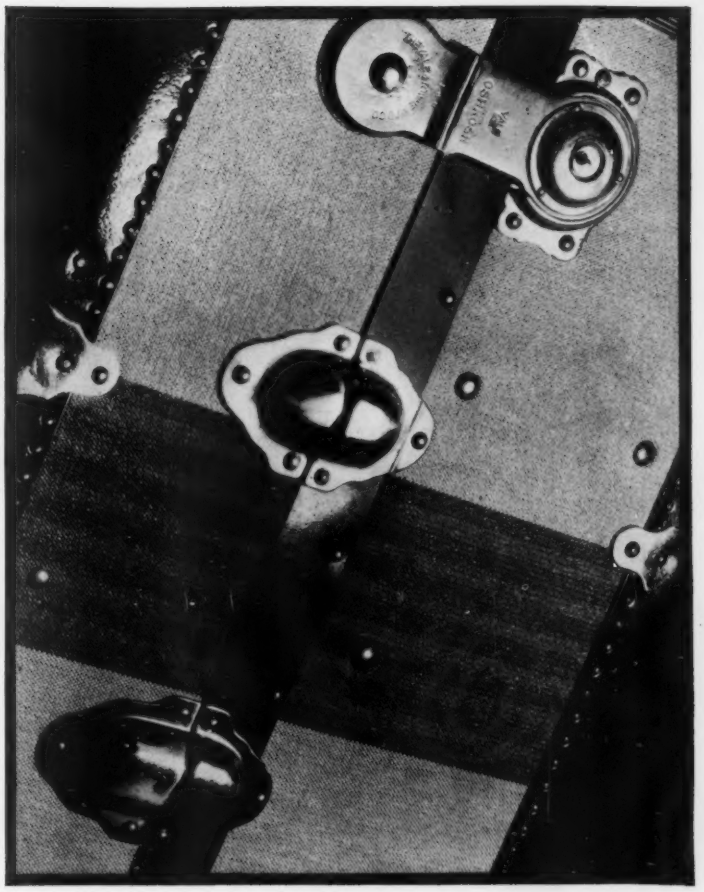

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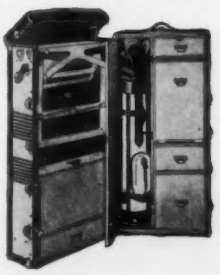

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in

VANITY FAIR

how to throw away an entire afternoon

fascinating suggestions which this christmas vanity fair cover presents for the scissors

■ Perhaps the most novel feature of the new parlour game "Cover" is the fact that it requires no paraphernalia other than one issue of this magazine *(Vanity Fair)*, a pair of scissors, and a little ingenuity and patience. By following carefully the rules which are given below, the reader will not only succeed in wasting two or three valuable hours which might otherwise have been devoted to sleep, but also will mutilate his issue of *Vanity Fair* so badly that he will have to purchase another. In addition, he will probably cut his finger.

The origin of this game is one of peculiar interest. In the old days, it seems, people used to buy a magazine for the purpose of "reading", a quaint practice of the early Nineties; and in those simple times the Cover was used merely to go outside the inside of the magazine. The first decorated cover appeared on *Harper's Young People* in 1891, and consisted of a girl's head. After considerable thought, someone at last evolved the idea of putting *two* girls' heads on a cover.

■ In the meantime, however, the staff of *Vanity Fair* had not been idle. For years it had been experimenting day and night in tearing and twisting and pasting and clipping in its search for a novel cover-idea; and at length the efforts were rewarded. The December issue of *Vanity Fair* was rolled up, a cardboard halo was slipped down over the top. This halo was adjusted to look like the brim of a hat, and one of the swellest Santa Clauses you ever saw, natural as life and all, was disclosed in the twinkling of an eye. By bending this hat-brim at various rakish angles, moreover, this Santa Claus could be made to assume a veritable gamut of expressions ranging from delight, surprise, passion, or bloodlust to a realistic expression of sheer weariness only surpassed by that of the onlooker. This game is called "Cover"; and in order to bore the reader even further, a few simple rules are offered as follows:

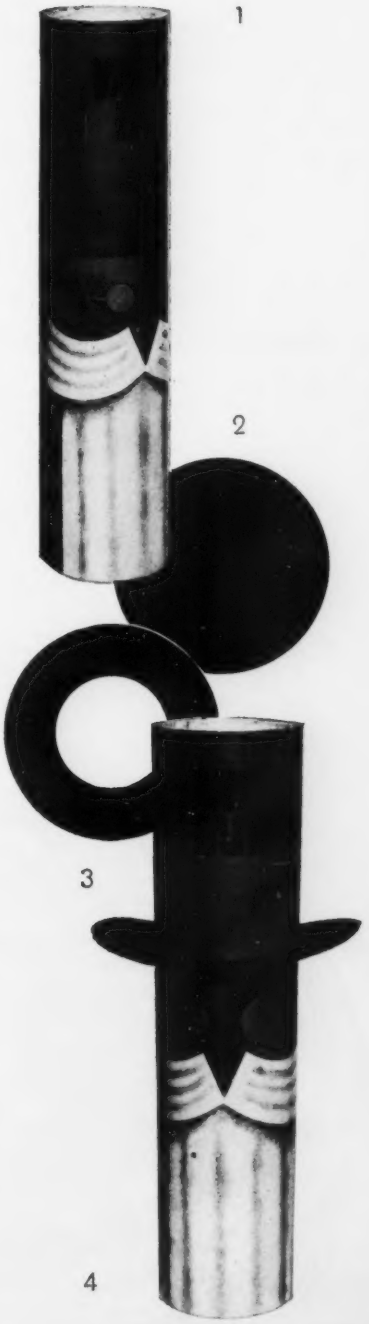
As the first step in playing this game the reader will take a December issue of *Vanity Fair*, and, by grasping the binding firmly in the left hand and the right hand, roll up this issue into a hollow cylinder similar to that shown in *Figure One*. After the magazine has been rolled carefully in this fashion, the reader will set it upon the desk, whereupon it will unroll and fall perfectly flat, thus concluding the first step of this experiment.

If *Vanity Fair* has failed to provide you with a halo ready made, the reader will select some flat white substance, such as a piece of cardboard, the back of a calendar, or the bosom of a dress-shirt. But if the reader has artistic leanings, red will be found a more becoming colour for the halo. Therefore the surface should be made a deep vermilion and the best results may be obtained by dipping the index finger in a bottle of red ink, and covering the entire white surface carefully, using the finger as a brush. Then on the surface, red or white, he will trace a circle 6½ inches in diameter. (I'm just taking it for granted that he will.) In order to make this circle accurate, it is perhaps wisest for the reader to cut out *another* circle 6½ inches in diameter and lay this second circle upon the flat white substance, tracing around the edge with a sharp pencil. After the first circle has been drawn in this fashion the second circle may be thrown away, and the reader will cut out the first circle with a sharp pair of scissors. *(Figure Two.)*

In the centre of this large round piece of cardboard the reader as his next step will cut out another circle 3¼ inches in diameter *(Figure Two* again, only smaller); and by removing this smaller circle from the middle of the larger circle, provided of course these directions have been followed to the letter, the resulting object will resemble *Figure Three*. Then the fun starts. Boy, O boy!

■ Laying this cardboard "halo", as it might be dubbed for the nonce, upon the desk, the reader will now lift the above-mentioned issue of *Vanity Fair*, which in the meantime will have unrolled and fallen flat on the desk once more. Laying down the cardboard halo the patient reader will roll up the magazine again, lay it down to lift up the halo, lay down the halo to roll up the magazine, roll up the magazine to lay down the halo, lay up the halo to roll down the magazine, and finally sit on the floor, pull the ring down over his own head, and burst into tears. The result should look like Santa Claus. *(Figure Four.)*

To be sure, space does not permit us to record here all the fascinating possibilities of one of these completed Santa Clauses, such as bending up the snap-brim of his hat, turning the whole thing upside down in some ludicrous position, or covering the top and bottom of the cylinder and filling it with chocolate-covered almonds; yet this article could not be considered complete without noting in conclusion the most fascinating possibility of all. By grasping one of these finished Santa Clauses in the left hand, and lifting *off* the hat-brim with the right, the magazine will unfold again and fall on the desk; and as a result the reader will be the owner once more of the latest issue of VANITY FAIR.



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VANITY FAIR

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The Passing of the Lights of Love . . . . . Paul Morand
A Journey Into Egypt . . . . . Robert Hichens
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Dead Pictures on the Walls . . . . . D. H. Lawrence
Business Men and the Theatre . . . . . Gordon Craig
A Vision of Don Juan . . . . . Claude Anet
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HOYNINGEN-HUENÉ

LILLIAN GISH

VANITY FAIR

"THE UNITED STATES OF EUROPE" • BY WALTER LIPPMANN

■ *M.* Briand is probably the most sophisticated idealist who ever set out to remake the world. When he launched the movement at Geneva this last September for what is popularly known as the United States of Europe he had none of the air of the lonely pioneer. He spoke as the Prime Minister of France to the Premiers and Foreign Ministers of Europe, and the circumstances which traditionally attend the birth of great ideas were missing. He proposed a closer union of the European states; and not a single vegetarian, psychoanalyst, single taxer, esperantist, or exponent of the endowment of motherhood stood up and made a speech. This in itself was a triumph. Those who have attended meetings to promote the progress of mankind will appreciate the sheer genius with which *M.* Briand managed to bring forth so radical an idea without summoning up every other radical idea that is clamoring to be born.

■ He had, to be sure, certain advantages. He was the French Prime Minister, and whatever else the world may think of the French Prime Minister it will never think of him as a soft-headed idealist. Then the French Prime Minister does not have to shout; he has only to whisper, to insinuate, diffidently to suggest an idea, and it will be heard whenever decisions are taken in the affairs of men. *M.* Briand made the most of these advantages, and from the start, therefore, he had the very convincing air of a man who was confident, skeptical, and unhurried. Thus, too, he was able to see quite clearly what he was doing. He was able to see that he was planting a creative idea and that he was not proposing a concrete project. He offered nothing definite, and therefore avoided footless debates about matters that cannot be made definite for years and decades and generations. He conducted himself with the soundest wisdom and with a profound understanding of the nature of historical events. He acted on the assumption that Europe will inevitably move away from separated nationalisms but that no man can now foresee exactly how the inevitable will come to pass.

If we ask ourselves what "the United States of Europe" really means, we shall find, I think, that today it simply means the reaction against separated nationalistic sovereignties. It does not mean that Europe is about to elect a Senate, a House, and a President, and get into an argument as to whether the sister of the Vice-President of Europe takes precedence over the Speaker of the European House of Representatives. There is nothing even remotely in sight which suggests the possibility of an attempt to make a European imitation of our political system. The United States of Europe is not, at present, a project of government; it is rather a symbolic phrase which helps to make self-conscious all the different efforts to overcome the consequences of political and economic nationalism.

These consequences have become increasingly menacing in the last ten years. The war broke up the Austrian Empire and dismembered the Russian. It left Europe with twenty-six separate sovereignties, thousands of miles of new frontiers, and in practically every country it raised to power the nationalists and the super-patriots. For ten years the nationalists and super-patriots have had their way. They have built tariff walls and have broken up railroad systems; they have tried out every variety of subsidy, privilege, and discriminations, always of course for the greater glory of each of the twenty-six sovereignties. The results have now become evident. There has been produced a surplus of nationalists and a surplus of unemployed; much flag-waving and poor dividends. Out of it Europe has obtained neither prosperity nor peace.

■ In the meantime across the Atlantic the American nation has presented the most stupendous spectacle of widely distributed prosperity in all human history. Mr. Smoot undoubtedly thinks that this is due to the American tariff. But Europeans have become convinced that in very large part it is due to American free trade. There is a whole literature about America written by Europeans in the last ten years. Some of it is flattering and some of it is not. But all of it has one common conclusion. It is that America has inaugurated a new industrial revolution upon the principle of mass production, the principle that is to say of low prices, high purchasing power, and great productivity. There is no magic about it. At last the Europeans do not think there is any magic about it. They see quite clearly that mass production can be organized only in a large territory containing a large market. It cannot be organized in the separated European states. Therefore unless Europe is to forego the advantages of the new industrial revolution—a sacrifice which would mean its economic and cultural decay—it must open up a market to its industries at least as large as the American market.

Those who believe with *M.* Briand in the greater unity of Europe do not need, then, to count upon vague idealism. The logic of a technological revolution is with them, and in the end nothing can stop it. There is no force so irresistible as the force of a new technical invention. The barriers of race, religion, caste, and nationality dissolve before it; no matter what their opinions, men will use the most effective tools available, and they will find a way of making their opinions conform to the conditions which the use of their tools demands. The Church tried but failed to stop the rise of capitalism; the feudal lords and peasants tried but failed to stop the rise of power manufacture; the nationalists may try, but they will fail to stop the industrial revolution of which America, as it happens, is demonstrating the possibilities to mankind. The nationalistic phase, whatever may be its future in Asia, has passed its zenith in the western world, and the Tenth Assembly of the League of Nations may be used by historians as a convenient date to mark the beginning of a general recognition that the era of nationalistic states is drawing to its close.

■ It may be well, perhaps, to pause here and explain that nationalism, as I am using the term and as it is understood in Europe, has no necessary connection with love and loyalty to a man's birthplace and his people. Nationalism is the name of a political theory: the theory of separate, self-sufficient, and anarchic states. It had no currency in Christendom much before the Fifteenth Century and it may well have lost most of its vogue by the end of the Twentieth Century. It is one of the possible creeds of patriots just as the teaching of John Calvin is one of the possible creeds of the religious. But nationalism is not the only possible creed of patriotic men, and nationalism may very well go out of fashion, become obsolete and cease to be credible, as have so many other creeds in which men once fervently believed. There is no reason to think that the era of nationalistic states is the final form of human society.

There is on the contrary excellent reason for thinking that in the scale of historical time the nationalistic state is an episode. We who live under the spell of nationalism are likely to feel that *M.* Briand has broached a very novel idea. But as a matter of fact this separation of Europe into independent sovereignties is a comparatively recent thing; back of it lie long centuries in which men were conscious of belonging to the Roman world and then to Christendom. The unity of western civilization was never perfect, but its disunion has never been complete. The

great tradition of unity has not been lost, and only a fanatic or an ignoramus here and there would deny that the heritage of western man is in all its governing ideas and richest associations a common heritage.

M. Briand's idea, therefore, is not sown in an uncongenial soil. A response to it is certain, not only because Europe can find no security if nationalism is not abated, and no adequate prosperity, but because the people of Europe, in spite of their wars and their super-patriots, know that they are not merely Frenchmen and Germans and Spaniards but that they are Europeans as well. His appeal is not merely to reason and expediency, for these are fragile, but to necessity and memory, and these are durable.

● It is probable that the spectacular rise of the American power has stimulated somewhat this underlying feeling of European unity. But the notion which has sometimes been expressed that the unifying tendencies of Europe can be organized and directed into a political and economic challenge to the United States of America is fantastic. There may be Europeans who talk in this way. But they are dealing in illusions.

This will become evident as concrete projects are brought forward for debate. They are bound to deal with such matters as currencies, railroad rates, post offices, telegraphs and telephones, passports, patents, tariffs and commercial regulations. Twenty-six governments will have to make voluntary agreements, and these agreements, of which some already exist, will constitute the actuality in terms of government beneath the imaginative phrase: "the United States of Europe". The purpose of these agreements must inevitably be to make trade more free in Europe, and from this freedom non-European powers are bound to benefit along with the European powers.

Those who are looking for a menace conjure up the picture of one common tariff for the continent of Europe which would impose heavy discriminatory duties on American goods. They underestimate the difficulty of making a common tariff for twenty-six states. The history of customs unions in the past, such as the German customs union which preceded the Empire, shows that if separate states are to agree on a tariff they can agree only on a relatively low tariff. For what likelihood is there that Spain, Portugal, Scandinavia, the Succession States, Switzerland, or the Balkans, will agree to a high tariff against American automobiles for the sake of the German and French and Italian automobile industry? Or that the industrial nations will make food dear for themselves by a high tariff against American farm products? To make a common tariff in Europe is a wholly different matter from making a tariff for the United States of America. There the decision has to be made by sovereign states whereas here it is made by a majority vote in a legislature.

● As for a common military and diplomatic front, that is even more unlikely. For in order to achieve such an advanced form of union, the European governments would have to surrender not only their identity as separate sovereignties, but the separatist forces—the nationalist parties—would have had to suffer a complete rout. Close political union in Europe cannot be made by nationalists. It can be made only by men of liberal and internationalist spirit. Thus the very process of attaining political union would tend to eliminate the elements which might make such a union aggressive. A federated Europe, if and when it arrives, would in the nature of things resemble the Swiss political federation; on no other conceivable basis could so much diversity be brought together. And the Swiss federation is the most conspicuously neutral and unaggressive political entity in the Western world.

As a matter of fact these matters lie so far in the future that they are not within the range of practical statesmanship. For while Europe may go steadily forward towards the establishment of freer trade on the continent, the establishment of anything like a federal superstate in Europe must wait upon the solution of at least two major questions to which no one, I believe, now has any answer. What is to be done about the British Empire and what is to be done about Soviet Russia? The apostle of the Pan-European idea for the last decade has been Count Richard Coudenhove-Kalergi; his view is that Britain and Russia are not part of "Europe". This seems to me a strange idea. Britain and Russia have been part of every great European war. They have to be consulted on every major question in diplomacy. They are tied economically to the continent. It is true that Britain is also an American, an African, and an *(Continued on page 124)*

etchings by andré dunoyer de segonzac

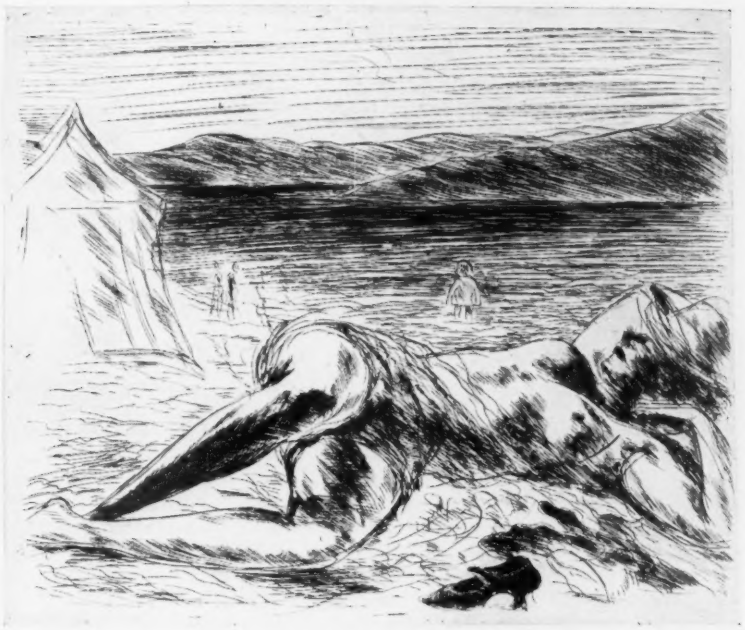
A NOTE ON M. SEGONZAC WILL BE FOUND ON PAGE 66

THE GULF AT SAINT TROPEZ

business men and the theatre

BY GORDON CRAIG

a celebrated pioneer of stagecraft suggests that a change of leadership would benefit the drama



BAIN DE SOLEIL—BY SEGONZAC

■ More and more intelligent people among us are wondering what it is the Theatre thinks that it is trying to say and do. They will have wondered this for years.

It is foolish to attempt to make money out of the Theatre; I mean by that, foolish to attempt to make a great deal of money. I do not mean that it is foolish to try to make a play succeed, and therefore pay—I mean again, it is folly to look upon a theatre as though it were a money-making possibility. The making of a little money cannot possibly be called "money-making". To open a big store is possibly a sound way of making money—I do not know; perhaps to own advertizing newspapers is another way to make plenty of money; but it seems to me that in order really to "make money," as it is called, you must be a banker, or form a company to exploit gold mines, or something that is really serious stuff to bother about.

As for this attempt at money-making in theatres, it is contemptible, a silly little affair. No man with a scrap of pride could possibly call himself a serious business man and yet piffle with the Theatre, as do so many little business men today.

Very well, then, this being so, it means that to look seriously at the Theatre, you must look at it as a non-business proposition. It will, in the course of five, ten, or twenty years, pay for itself—but any of us can make a thing pay for itself, and do it splendidly—it requires no astute business man to do that.

But there are times in a theatre, as in every other undertaking, when cash is needed, just to start the engines going. At such times, silly little people, who have never known what it was to be able to lose a copper without going down on their knees to hunt for it, fling up their arms in the air and scream out that terrible sums of money are being risked upon the new venture which such and such a theatre is about to make. This creates a panic in the minds of other little men who were about to put in fifty or sixty thousand dollars.

Now something like this happened on the day when the great English actor, Henry Irving, was in need of capital to re-start his engines, in 1898. Someone panicked. You would suppose, would you not, that the greatest actor of his age, having from 1871 to 1898, that is for twenty-seven years, upheld the Lyceum Theatre, single-handed—you would have thought that such a man, the moment he expressed a wish for a little fuel to go on with, would have got it in a flash. No such thing happened and the Lyceum was turned into a Limited Liability Company: its address . . . London.

From that day onward, Irving slowly died. He died betwixt a sense of shame and an appalling sense of laughter that such ridiculous little people existed in the English world. He knew, and I know, and I believe that many of those who read me will know, that the Theatre must not be directed like even the best of shops; and no shop-man must be allowed to get hold of the Theatre, because it is impossible for him to make it a paying concern, in the proper sense of the words.

In London, a number of the smallest business men, with the very smallest notions in their heads, have somehow got hold of a number of theatres, and like children who buckle swords round their waists, they keep tripping over these same theatres. And now the Theatre, all over the world, is in an awkward position—a position it would never have got into if these amateurs in art and business had not pushed their way in.

What is needed to restore the Theatre is for the artists to be once more allowed to enter their own house and put it straight. These little parasites, these imitation business men who are running and ruining the theatres in Europe and America have to be frozen out—and it is you who have to help to do it. Unless, of course, you like the stuff that they give you.

■ It was with this thought in my mind that I began to write this. I thought to myself, "They don't like it; they hate this cheap stuff that is being given them, and they don't know who it is that is doing it. They think it is the artists, and I must tell them that it is the business men who are doing it." And I thought to myself, "Yes, these people—they like so much all that is very serious, and they like so much the other extreme, all that is quite silly; but they do not like that cheap thing in between, that semi-serious, 'artistic,' stuck-up, prosy affair, which the 'artistic' managers of London, New York, and the rest of the world, are putting over on to them—and making them pay for—and all out of sheer vanity."

Now I will let you into a secret. The other day, I wrote an article in which I mentioned the name of one of these men—an "artistic" manager of London—who is a good little business man, but nothing else at all, believe me—and in this article I was rather sharp with him, because I don't like being pushed out of my own house, and I don't like to see my fellow artists being pushed out by the thousand; and so I told him what I thought of him.

Imagine my astonishment on receiving from him one of the most pathetic letters that man has ever penned. It said to me, in effect, "Don't be hard on me—I *am* an artist. Of course I won't say I think a lot of myself as an artist, but still there isn't another like me in the world. Suppose they come and take my chorus, my music, my sceneries, do you suppose then they can manufacture any sort of Revue that would be like mine?"

And at the end, *(Continued on page 122)*

this community business

BY ALDOUS HUXLEY

a lone individualist views the creed of death to the one for the good of the many

● The two countries in which the attentive traveller will hear the word 'community' most frequently pronounced are India and the United States. It is a case of extremes meeting. The ancient civilization, coeval with that whose remains are dug up at Tiryns and Troy, joins hands with the newest of modern civilizations. Progress turns out, as usual, to have been in a circle, or at best in a spiral.

I am by temperament extremely anti-social, a born anarchist whose profession fortunately permits him to indulge his congenital dislike of contacts and co-operations to his heart's content. I therefore deplore the contemporary reaction against individualism and towards what I may call groupism. I am a protestant against the current community-worship. I have the gravest mistrust of that 'spirit of social service' which our educationists are forever trying to instil—only too successfully, I fear—into the minds of their defenceless charges. If I were a millionaire, I should endow great schools and universities, where the young should be brought up as non-co-operators and enemies of society, ferociously independent. But I am not a millionaire; and even if I were, my endowments, as I know too well, would be perfectly useless. They could not stay the tide; it sets too strongly against individualism. The whole force of contemporary circumstances is marshalled against the individual; Fate itself, the Genius of our Age, the Spirit of Modern History, are all on the side of the group. Community-worship and the spirit of social service are merely the expression in idealistic terms of a brutal state of facts. Whether we like it or no, the great majority of us must sacrifice our individualities to organized society. There is nothing for a born anarchist to do but, with the best grace possible, to accept the existing order of things. Not, however, without an occasional protest to relieve his feelings. Hence this article.

A recently published volume by *M.* Alphonse Séché, *La Morale de la Machine*, contains what is, so far as I know, the best and briefest summing-up of contemporary tendencies which has yet been made. So excellent, indeed, is the summing-up, so gruesomely true, that the book positively made my flesh creep, when I read it. *La Morale de la Machine* is, for me, the Writing on the Wall—definite, inescapable and terrifying.

"Our age," says *M.* Séché, "is entirely dominated by the will to power of the machine." The mechanization of industry has directly or indirectly affected every human activity. Of the effects of mechanization on society at large I shall not speak in this place; for my theme is the individual. Suffice it to say that, in the purely political, economic and social spheres, the machine has been, on the whole, a beneficent agent. Mechanization, it is true, has greatly enhanced the horrors of war; but this must not blind us to the fact that it is a force tending in the long run to produce universal peace. It has raised the economic condition of the working classes. Its complicated existence is demonstrating the absurdity of political democracy as a system of government and is everywhere gradually imposing (in some countries has already imposed) a more rational and efficient system. These are benefits for which we should be duly grateful to the machine. But in this world it is impossible to get something for nothing. Everything must be paid for, either on the nail or by instalments. What society has gained by mechanization, the individual is losing.

● The individual pays not merely for mechanization, but for any advance in social organization. "In the hive," says Maeterlinck, speaking of the most perfectly organized society of which we have knowledge, "the individual is nothing, possesses only a conditional existence. His whole life is a total sacrifice to the innumerable and everlasting being of which he forms a part." Human society has not yet risen to those heights of organized perfection attained by the bees; but it is rising. Modern mechanized society is probably man's nearest approach to the hive. Hence the price paid by the individual for the existing social order is higher than the price paid by the individual for any social order of the past. Mr. Babbitt sacrifices more to his Community at Zenith than the Hindu sacrifices to his caste. For if the machine brings many gifts to its slaves, it also demands of them unprecedented sacrifices. "The morality of the machine," says *M.* Séché, "is the most imperious of moralities, because it is more than a merely materialistic morality; it is a mathematical morality, a morality of cogs and wheels, of driving belts and cranks and moving pistons, a morality subjected automatically to the will to power of organized mechanical force. You do not argue with a machine; either you don't set it going; or else, if you have set it going, you must submit yourself to its rhythm and accept all the consequences." Once started the machine demands (under threat of economic ruin) that it shall never be unnecessarily stopped, never thrown out of its stride. Production and yet more production—that is the fundamental law of the machine's being. The necessary corollary to this law is consumption and yet more consumption. But this production is a production according to a changeless formula fixed by the machine. The members of a mechanized society may not choose how they shall produce nor what they shall consume. The machine murders phantasy and suppresses personal idiosyncrasies. Its slaves must work in the way (the, for most, modern workers, senseless, monotonous and imbecile way) which it finds suitable to its mechanical needs; they must consume the standardized objects it has created. An enormous propaganda is ceaselessly proclaiming the rightness and beauty of this hideous state of things. With the result that those who are not actively engaged in helping the machine to produce things and eliminate persons are looked on disapprovingly. "The modern man," says *M.* Séché, "does not work for himself, does not live for himself; he works for society," (the mechanized society whose watchword is production) "he lives to insure the movement, the equilibrium, the activity and prosperity of the national, the human community. . . The community-sense has penetrated us to such a point that a young and healthy individual leading a life of leisure seems to us abnormal, even immoral. . . Obscurely, we feel that he is depriving the community of a force." The two characteristic gospels of modern times—the gospel of work and the gospel of social service—have been imposed on us by the machine. They would be excellent gospels, if the words 'work' and 'service' were broadly enough interpreted; but, in this machine-ridden age, 'work' means economically productive work and 'service' is service of an immediately and obviously useful kind. And yet the healthy young individuals who, in ancient Athens, in mediaeval Italy, in old Japan, were idle gracefully and with refinement, rendered enormous services to qualitative civilization. And the drunken and disreputable Villon, young Teresa in her cloister, old Socrates the professional conversationalist, were quite as genuinely world's workers as Mr. Ford. This, however, the machine cannot admit.

● "The law of the machine," to quote *M.* Séché once more, "is not based on rights, it is based on a categorical imperative. It cannot put up with disobedience. Does the machine tolerate that a crank or a piston should not work? It is equally intolerable to it that the activity of the individual should be exercised outside the order of its morality." And again. "The machine is at the service of the community, not of the individual, however much of a genius. By standardizing work, by making international economic co-operation possible, even indispensable, the machine has acclimatized in us the community-sense." By turning necessities into con- *(Continued on page 158)*

STEICHEN

muriel kirkland

a young actress who contributes a portrait of authentic charm to the extremely entertaining comedy, "strictly dishonorable"

● On the opening night of *Strictly Dishonorable*, there was felt by the audience not only the excitement of a brilliant new play, but the added interest of a splendid performance by Muriel Kirkland as the southern girl, *Isabelle Parry*. Trained in Stuart Walker's Company, Miss Kirkland appeared in *Cock Robin* a season or so ago, and so is comparatively new to New York. Discussion has been considerably brisk as to whether she could play the rôle of a southerner with such authenticity if she were not really from the South; *Vanity Fair* is able to announce that Miss Kirkland was born in Yonkers and brought up in New Rochelle, and that her successful portrait of a southern girl on the stage is, therefore, the triumph of a piece of acting, pure and not very simple.

the passing of the lights of love

how the emancipation of women has brought about the vanishing of the great courtesans

BY PAUL MORAND

■ In ancient as well as modern times, the fame of the priestesses of Venus has been due to their intelligence rather than to their immorality. If their names and careers are still remembered, it is not solely because of the physical charms they once possessed. "We have mistresses to delight the spirit," said Demosthenes, speaking for the majority of the Greeks. And this "delight of the spirit" comprised the pleasures of the mind.

There is no doubt that pre-Christian Greece raised courtesans to the highest position they have ever held. This was partly because the absence of religious prejudice permitted pleasure without remorse, but it was also due to the fact that the profession of courtesan was the only one that women could practise. It therefore attracted the most gifted among them, for feminine energy and ambition naturally adopted it as a means of expression. And, the Greeks having accepted the validity and usefulness of a profession to which they attached great social importance, it came about that certain Greek courtesans were women of superior virtues (if we exclude from the last word the connotation it has in the singular). Obviously the virtues that could charm the foremost leaders of Greece and attract philosophers like Socrates were by no means contemptible. We have every reason to believe that women like Aspasia, Lais, Nais, Theodote, and Phryne, who were so successful in keeping both their protectors and their position in the upper ranks of society, must have been as skilful in the game of wits as in that of love.

The Greek schools for courtesans and the perfection to which their pupils could lay claim have been highly lauded. I believe that this is literary and historical license and that, as a matter of fact, the courtesan gained most of her knowledge through experience with men. It would follow that the art of charming and dominating illustrious citizens was not a secret possessed by Greek women alone, and one which disappeared with them. The psychologist would find the same traits in the adventurous women of every period. For, their success springs not so much from their beauty and their expertness in love as it does from their culture and intelligence.

■ It is doubtless from ancient Greece that the word courtesan derived the connotation of aristocracy which it has kept through the ages. The courtesan is essentially the woman who "courts" the great, from whom she expects favours. Beneath her is the prostitute, subjected to transient lovers. The courtesan chooses where the other accepts. Thus, one can question whether *The Courtesan* is the proper title for Van der Meer's celebrated painting. It represents a charming and luscious damsel whose bosom is confined in a lemon-yellow bodice. She is reaching for gold with one hand, and not defending herself with the other against the attempts of a young rake who has seized her round the waist. This sort of familiarity is not the way of a courtesan.

One might also object to *A Courtesan's Destiny*, the title which the French have given to Hogarth's famous series; in English it is known more accurately as *The Harlot's Progress*. This series obviously tells the story of a prostitute—one of those erring sisters whose sad existence John Cleland described in his *Memoirs of a Woman of Pleasure*. Cleland's *Fanny Hill*, like Hogarth's *Polly*, is a strayed lamb who is pounced upon by a procuress as soon as she arrives in London, and who is immediately spirited off to a "sink of iniquity" in the Flesh Market, that horrible district inhabited by the London street girls of the eighteenth century. Her whole career is a story of slavery.

■ One must distinguish between these slaves and the true courtesans, whose traditional characteristic since Greece has been that of refinement. Venice, a rich and cultured city, has always been one of their favoured haunts. The other sort were also to be found there, even on the steps of St. Mark's and they carried on high revels, as one learns from the books of M. Charles Diehl on the Venetian republics. The courtesans, however, became very powerful. On one occasion, the Senate deported them, but it had to bring them back —"in order," says an historian, "to provide for the safety of virtuous women and to keep the nobles occupied, for fear they might begin plotting innovations against the State." This remark suggests the social importance an established government attached to courtesans, and explains the political influence which they later acquired.

■ The whole period between antiquity and the Renaissance was unfavourable to the type of women we are discussing. Manners were coarse; society was shaped and dominated by religious and military elements; there was no room for refinement. Rabelais is filled with picturesque words which are not intended to describe ladies who cultivated the fine art of seduction, but which rather apply to brazen harlots, the slaves of the street and the prey of transient lovers. He calls them *chippies, leeches, second-hand boots, pawn tickets, tops,* among other things. All these terms reek of want, and the gutter. There is nothing elegant, nothing enduring.

Courtesans reappeared with court life *à l'italienne*. It was *(Continued on page 126)*

STAMP-COLLECTOR HOT AFTER AN 1856 TASMANIAN

A PEWTER BARON IN ECSTATIC MOOD

PROSPECTIVE BUYER DISTRUSTING A NUDE

WHATEVER IS SOLD, THAT

WILL MRS. KLUSH COLLECT

BUT ALL OTHER FANCIERS FADE BEFORE THE CARAT-CATCHER!

CACTUS-COLLECTOR WITH

A GRAND OPUNTIA TUNA

covarrubias proves that, collect you never so briskly, a diamond bracelet is the most fun

collectors, average and mean

STEICHEN

ANDRÉ DUNOYER DE SEGONZAC

presenting the painter whose passion for colour and the land of france marks all his canvases

■ André Dunoyer de Segonzac is with equal intensity a Frenchman and a painter. It would be hard to imagine an art more Gallic in temper, more masculine or more powerful and assured than that of this forty-five-year old incomparable in French art. His passion for painting is inextricably involved with his love of France, and his delight in everything French has made his landscapes even more memorable than his still-lifes and the few figure pieces that have begun to appear. Every day that he paints, he covers his entire canvas; the next day he paints entirely over it, and he never touches the work without conveying evenly to every inch of his picture his mood of that day. Segonzac has just been to America where there are all too few examples of his work. He has done 360 etchings and illustrated seven books

james joyce's what-is-it?

BY DAVID CORT

an open-minded preview of the great irishman's forthcoming book, a titan's revolt against language

■ "Eins within a space and weary wide space it wast were wohned a Mookse. The onesomeness wast alltolonely, archunsitslike, broady oval, and a Mookse he would a walking go (My hood! cries Antony Romeo) so one grandsumer evening, after a great morning and his good supper of gammon and spittish, having flabelled his eyes, pilleoled his nostrils, vacticanated his ears and palliumed his throats, he put on his impermeable, seized his impugnable, harped on his crown" (and so on). *Work in Progress*, by James Joyce.*

■ Consider the signature. If the above were swimming into our ken under the trademark of Frank Sullivan, we could joyously surrender ourselves to glee. If its author were Gertrude Stein, it might be met with cheerful catcalls. The unenlightened probability, however, would claim it as the freak of an epileptic linotype machine or a maniac with enough cash to get his ditherings into print. But alas, the signature is that of the man who is probably the most important, by any measure, practitioner of modern English, Mr. James Joyce of Dublin and Paris, author of a conventional shorthand of immense tragedy in the short stories in *Dubliners*, of a passionate hymn of youth and growth and naked revulsion from Catholicism in the novel *Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man*, of some lovely poetry in traditional forms in *Chambermusic*, and of the stupendous maze, *Ulysses*.

For the sake of anyone who may chance on these lines without the advantage of knowing or caring who James Joyce is, a few facts may be enumerated. *Ulysses*, his last book, published in 1922, is the Domesday Book and the Talmud of every young writer of consequence in Europe and America. Joyce has published nothing since then until now. He has been working consistently on the tremendous effort from which the above is quoted and from which *Shem and Shaun* brings into book form three fragments, two of them based on the fables we know under the names of *The Fox and the Grapes* and *The Ant and the Grasshopper*. Mr. Joyce is an artist's artist, his books have never made publishers' fortunes. His present work, thus far titled *Work in Progress*, and to be, when completed, about half the length of *Ulysses*, would seem to any reader solidly, continuously and *en bloc* the purest gibberish. For long passages not a recognizable article or preposition peeps out. The example quoted here is among the most reasonable passages. But the point is that during those seven years since *Ulysses* Mr. Joyce has been perfecting a new language in art. Now for the first time in book form we can see the strange, dislocated idiom of this new lingo.

For these reasons Mr. Joyce's experiment has in the literary world a paramount news value. The initial guffaw sinks into an uncertain silence. Whatever Mr. Joyce elects to write must now command serious attention.

Remember that this is the last recorded state of a man who has been on occasion an artist of the first rank, who has played the game of words by the same rules as, but for higher stakes and better than any of his contemporaries. It would seem to be a serious and considered state. The temperament of the man as it is scrawled across all his work denies the possibility of a gigantic hoax, even if that were not already eliminated by the fact of the imposing amount of work that Mr. Joyce has put into it.

■ This edition is introduced with a preface by a grammarian who tries to show Joyce's chief devices in building up his word-structures, inserts an irrelevant explanation of Eskimo infixes and concludes with some rejoicing at Joyce's "interest in words". All this can be discarded as trivial and misleading. There are available, however, more pertinent and suggestive analyses of Joyce's intention. *M.* Marcel Brion suggests that *Work in Progress* represents a carrying-over into human life and human language of the modern scientific conception of time, as seen in the fact that if one could move away from the earth at a speed faster than that of light, the events of history would unroll backwards before one's eyes, and if one could shoot through space at an infinite speed, one would see everything almost simultaneously. Briefly, Mr. Joyce shuttles back and forth incessantly at this infinite speed. In practice this means that Menelaos, Edmund Crouchback and Franklin D. Roosevelt are the same person; Troy, Bruges and Schenectady, New York, the same place; and everywhen the same moment. In practice all this cataclysmic activity means simply that you can say anything in any order. It would appear to dispense with all the unities and any known system of artistic control of material. What unities are substituted I am not competent to say. However, these conceptions of time, universality, omnilinguality, and the like, are extremely interesting, and a supremely valuable book might be written incorporating them into an intelligible art.

Might be, that is. For Mr. Joyce has not engaged himself to any such enterprise. He has, rather, chosen to conform the texture of his work to its content, and so we have not only three men from the beginning, middle and end of time spoken of, but we have their names fused into one name, their languages fused into one language. This is of course the logically correct way to do it. But let us attempt to read the result. The intention sounds altogether admirable, but the peculiar thing about literature, that distinguishes it from every other art, is that it must be *read*. Thus, our investigation into *Work in Progress* must naturally take the form of reading it.

■ Let us begin with an easy example: "Sis dearest, Jaun added, with voise somewhit murky as he turned his dorse to her to pay court to it, melancholic this time whiles his onsaturncast eyes in stellar attraction followed swift to an imaginary swellaw, O, the vanity of Vanessy! All ends vanishing! Pursonally, Grog help me, I am in no violent hurry. If time enough lost the ducks walking easy found them." Mr. Stuart Gilbert in his admirable essay, *Prolegomena to Work in Progress*, has set about interpreting an extended passage from *Work in Progress*, from which the foregoing is a selection. In order to give the novice a handhold on Mr. Joyce's prose, he analyzes this set piece in some detail. We take the liberty here of quoting some of his clues to the quotation given above:

VOISE.—His voice, grown rather hoarse, suggests "noise".

SOMEWHIT.—A trifle less than "somewhat".

DORSE—He turns his *back* on her to pay court to his voice.

ONSATURNCAST.—*Upwards* (towards the planet) *plus* "uncertain" (timidly).

STELLAR.—The allusion is to Dean Swift's Stella; in the following sentence VANISSY (Vanessa) continues the motif.

SWELLAW.—He swallows down an impediment in his throat, looking towards a bird that is not there, a projection of the "bird" allusion in "swift". Swellaw, thus spelt, may also suggest celestial ordinance.

PURSONALLY.—He has been complaining that he wants more money; Jaun is the sort of man who never has enough of it.

IF TIME . . . THEM.—A variant of the proverb *Chi va piano va sano*. If Mr. Time-Enough lost his ducks, Mr. Walking-Easy found them.

In its most elementary form, this gives you the idea. The words here are for the most part recognizable. Well, Mr. Joyce has written a book, and the question is: what will its life be in the great world; is it possible to predict what will be its *(Continued on page 132)*

*In addition to serial publication in the magazine *Transition*, Joyce has permitted the publication of three semi-detached fragments in a volume entitled, *Tales Told from Shem and Shaun, Three Fragments from Work in Progress*, all of which have been published by The Black Sun Press, Paris.

portraits executed in wood by the celebrated russo-french sculptress now visiting america

sculptures by chana orloff

the letter

BY DJUNA BARNES

wherein friendship and loyalty all but droop beneath the hot winds of rivalry, but true love, as usual, conquers all in the end

● All that winter, Berlin had talked of nothing but the charm, the ineffable grace and beauty of the little Viennese dancer, Vava Hajos. She had, at the beginning of the theatrical season, flashed upon the public in a whirl of tinted drapery as fleeting as a dying man's breath upon a mirror, through which her limbs shone with the cloudiness of a memory. Her head was a mass of exultant yellow hair, curling with a languid yet bright ferocity up from the nape of the neck, flaring above high arched brows. And the slow *rallentando* of her dance, that drew her feet across the stage as if they were held faintly captive by some fragrant, phantom web, had driven not only all of fashionable Berlin mad, but all the provincial solons and merchants who crowded into town that season.

● As they streamed from the theatre where she was playing, the cold, frosted air glittered with their admiring comments. Her mouth, they cried, was as warm and scarlet as a poppy, the last, dying flutter of her hand a triumph of expression and beauty. "No other hand," they insisted, "has ever waved farewell with quite that *largo*. And the utter harmony that dwells in every long line of her body . . . the shoulders, so small, yet seeming wide and flat, the firm, tiny cylinder of the torso, tapering into hips that melt with the felicity of sleep into the lower leg and ankle, which in turn divinely concludes in a foot from which her very life seems to spring!" As bright as birds, the poems of praise fluttered nightly into the air above the gesturing hands and high, excited shoulders of Vava's worshipping public.

Four of the richest, most noble and ardently covetous eyes of all that besought her were those of the two friends, the Baron Anzengruber and the Vicomte Virevaude. Their ambitions in regard to her were definitely elaborate, for each was wealthy enough to retard the rhythm of even that matchless dancer a little by the weighty tribute of pearls and square-cut emeralds. Their passion for her was nothing short of insane. They paced their respective *salons* in a lashing torment of ifs, buts and maybes, that wore their shoe-leather to wafers, and their emotions to a shrill of intensity of despair; for, added to their mutual love-sickness was the almost intolerably dra-

that was never mailed

matic fact that these rival swains had been bosom friends since childhood. They had shot marbles together on the same baronial floor, they had been thrown from the same horse in the *Bois*—for their families had always visited each other every year. Achieving manhood, they had suffered mutual losses on the Bourse, and had speculated with mutual satisfaction in the better Rhine wines. They had learned each other's language together, the Baron giving *freund* for the Vicomte's *ami*. They had hunted in Africa together, had shared fortune and adversity alike . . . . and, when the years began to tell on them, they had drunk glass for glass of healthful waters at their favourite spa. Their loyalty had become a legend, their friendship a noble structure founded upon the rock of truth.

And now, Vava Hajos had come into their lives. And where, before, they had marched companionably arm-in-arm, they must now tread softly, being careful of each other's toes; where all simplicity had dwelt, there was born, now, a doubt, a question. Across the tranquil path of their friendship the dread shadow of rivalry had fallen. They loved the same woman.

Strictly speaking, the Vicomte had an advantage of forty-eight hours over the Baron in the matter of Vava. He had seen her first, and had broken down under the acute enchantment of her beauty to the extent of five dozen of those famous German roses that seem always to be wilting upon the stem for their country.

Drunk with love, the Vicomte had staggered home that night to light ecstatic candles to Vava's loveliness. Pacing his floor, he tried frantically to think of ways in which he could make himself worthy of this little unknown, this little dancing miscellany of gold and ivory and drifting tulle whose magic was so accurate, so unutterably potent; for there was something in the rhythmic break of Vava at the hips that spoke of deeds done darkly and long ago, before her father and mother had thought twice.

The Vicomte walked his rooms until the dawn. And, on the following night, took the Baron to the theatre with him, that he might look upon the exquisite girl. Skeptically, the Baron went—but when he saw Vava, a dizziness came upon him, and his heart pounded so wildly that he shook as though with laughter . . . . but he was not laughing.

● In the entr'acte, they sat in the *Zelten* over black coffee and cigars and talked of her, and their praise was wild, lyric, rococo. Afterward, they sat out the night together before the Baron's smouldering logs, and it was almost dawn before the Vicomte realized that his friend was not talking about Vava for friendship's sake, but because he was as enamoured as himself.

Then began a charming *tête-à-tête*. They acknowledged their *(Continued on page 134)*

● Chana Orloff, the author of the wood sculptures shown on these two pages, is probably the most important sculptress living today and in the first group of sculptors of either sex. She has refined, beyond mere caricature, the significant emphasis of her stylized exaggerations; she has elegance of line, and her underlying impersonality is almost cruel and thoroughly Slavic. Madame Orloff is in America for the first time, her visit coinciding with a comprehensive exhibition of her work at the Weyhe Galleries in New York

a domestic mystery

BY HENRI DUVERNOIS

a husband is frenzied and a home all but shattered by a sorrow only a woman can know

● "Has Madame come in?" Paul Gensonnet inquired of the maid who opened the door.

"Yes—just this minute, sir," she answered. "She is in her room."

Paul walked past her, up the stairway of his house—the house that he was so proud of, whose cheerful walls and long, lighted windows gave him always when he entered it a sense of security and happiness. Its delicate gaiety of colour and shadow made him think always of Lucienne, his wife, who had planned it. He was glad that she was at home. He was always glad when she was at home. And it was with a deep delight—for he was a simple man—that he hastened toward the door of her room, to surprise her with the fact of his own presence. He would open the door a little . . . and startled, she would turn, and would pretend to be annoyed.

"Stupid!" she would exclaim, "you gave me such a fright!" But then she would smile, with that slow tenderness always to be found in her eyes when she saw him, even when she tried to be angry.

So, walking with the utmost care, he opened the bedroom door with infinite slowness . . . and he saw his wife looking at herself in the long mirror that blandly hung above her dressing-table. She still wore her coat and her hat with its long, drooping feather that hid half of her face, her marvelous face; but that face now wore none of the contentment which might reasonably be found in a lovely woman who sees her own reflection. She was, in fact, a picture of tragedy.

In the shaded light of the room, she drooped like a flower—a woeful collection of curves in beige *marocain*. From the shadows in which her husband stood hidden, he watched her; and it was a stranger whom he looked upon, one of those remote, mysterious creatures who had, before his marriage, managed to give him such a poor opinion of himself, had inspired in him so great a fear of women. All the mystery, all the terror of all the women he had ever failed to please seemed now to dwell electrically in the small, alarming figure of his wife.

Looking at her, he saw a statue of grief, clad in a sable coat and a beige *cloche* with a drooping feather. Her melting blue eyes seemed hard now, almost black, and in the corner of the charming mouth, usually so ready to laugh, there were little creases that spoke of trouble. Was she, he wondered in dismay, thinking of him and of his unworthiness? Was she perhaps always like this when she was alone with her disillusionment? . . . But no. Something must have happened, something of which a poor husband might well be afraid. A drama! Well, so it goes, reflected Paul bitterly—one is married for three years, one lives in a rosy dream, as if roses were eternal . . . and then, one falls suddenly into a blackness horrid with doubt and suspicion. He felt that, if he should speak, his voice would crack with the doubt that was suddenly upon him. For these eyes of Lucienne's were darkened not merely by discontent, but by tragedy. She looked like a woman who has found out something which she would rather not have known. He moved toward her. . . .

"Darling!" he cried.

Lucienne scarcely started. She turned from the mirror as if with regret, as one abandons a terrible but fascinating thought to resume one's daily life in all its banality. She tried to smile, but it was a poor, wretched smile, one of those smiles children struggle to achieve just before they burst into tears.

"Ah, it's you," she said. "I didn't hear you."

"Are you ill?"

"No! Why should you think I am ill?"

He took her in his arms. But he held an inert Lucienne, who kept her forehead resolutely bowed, of whom he saw only her hat, that dramatic hat, whose very plumes looked like weeping willows.

"What on earth is wrong?" he said. "What's the matter with you?"

"I'm all right—there's nothing wrong."

"Darling, something *is* wrong. Tell me—quickly!"

● She freed herself from his embrace, and remained mute. He pleaded with her; scolded her; pleaded again. But it appeared that the melancholy which occupied Lucienne was too acute to be explained. Life, she told him in a slightly hostile tone, had its sorrows. One was not on earth only to eat and drink, to dance and to behave like a performing dog. There was nothing resembling a farce about life, unfortunately! She, for one, could not be blind to the sorrow that was in the world, and in spite of herself, there were hours when sadness had its way with her.

Paul had surprised her. In fact, in one of those moments when it would be better for each to keep to himself, and not try to penetrate the other's secrets. . . .

"Secrets!" cried her husband, in dismay.

"Yes," she insisted sorrowfully. . . . "Secrets."

"But, Heavens above!" Paul exclaimed. "I think I have a right to know. My own life is an open book to you, and I shan't allow you—"

She took off her coat and hat, and appeared before him, divinely blonde and resigned. He took her firmly by the shoulders.

"Now—I want the truth," he insisted.

"Never!"

"I warn you that if you persist in keeping up this dreadful, senseless mystery I shall clear out—I shan't come home for dinner!"

She gave a gesture of mingled impotence and—indifference. What could she do? She hoped that he would understand . . . she was anxious to be alone, so that she could weep at her ease.

● "I'm going, Lucienne, and I shan't come back before midnight. . . . You are letting me go full of suspicion—do you hear? I am justified in suspecting anything and everything. What is this sorrow I have intruded upon, that you would have hidden from me if I hadn't surprised it? You refuse to speak? You refuse! Very well—good-bye!"

"As you please!" she said, icily.

When he had closed the door she resumed her melancholy thoughts.

In the street, walking along with the feverish and yet uncertain step of a man who doesn't, after all, know where the deuce to go, Paul met Mme. Descommetants, Lucienne's best friend.

"Please go to see her!" he begged. "Something has happened at home—It's outrageous! It seems that we've turned the last page of our happiness. In my opinion Lucienne has a lover, and this lover has just deserted her, or else he is going abroad, or he's on the point of dying. . . ."

"But my dear Paul! You who—"

"Yes, my dear, we who seemed to be so happily married. But perhaps you can do something with her. . . . I give it up!"

Being kind hearted Mme. Descommetants was grieved, but, being curious, she hurried. She found her friend in tears, and besieged her with questions. First Lucienne kissed her repeatedly, in a sort of nervous excitement. Then, finally, she yielded.

"I'll tell you—only you," she said. "You'll swear not to tell a soul?"

"Of course I won't *(Continued on page 148)*

STEICHEN

margalo gillmore

the former theatre guild player, miss gillmore, has the chief feminine rôle in the new york production of "berkeley square"

high life and livers in the reign of e

BY HAROLD NICOLSON

a circumstantial rendering of the plush delicatessen of a swell sunday in the time of europe's first gentleman

■ The age of Edward VII will, we may presume, live in history as an age of comfort. *It was not.* It was an age of fevered luxury; and at the same time it was an age of peculiar human ineptitude. People in those Edwardian days possessed false values and they endeavoured, fortunately without success, to impose these values upon their children. The whole glittering decade—the first decade of our century—passed in an atmosphere of plethoric friction. It is time that the jade and lobster of the Edwardian epoch were exposed.

In the first place, people ate excessively, and competitively. No age since that of Nero can show such unlimited addiction to food.

A man, under King Edward, was called by his valet at eight thirty. Valets then were silent but hostile men who would arrive bearing in their left hand a neat brass can of shaving water, and in their right hand a neat brass tray of tea, toast, and Marie biscuits. The Edwardian—his blinking, plethoric eyes above his pink silk eiderdown—would munch the biscuits and sip the tea. He would then adjust his teeth, adjust his hair, adjust his Afghan dressing robe, and slouch, plethoric, along the passage to the bathroom. If he were staying from Saturday to Monday in a rich house (and all houses in the Edwardian epoch were rich), he would find in the bathroom the scented smell of his predecessor's indulgence (*flacons* was the word they used) which contained the *Hamam Bouquet* of Mr. Penthalicon. The guest would pour this unguent into the bath from which his valet would already have removed the stains, the soap-suds and the other *disjecta membra* of the former occupant. The water would be tepid. Edwardian water was always tepid. His predecessor had left his signet ring in the soap-dish. Through the smell of *Hamam Bouquet* would gradually pierce the smell of lavender bags and *Sanatas*. Disgusted and dyspeptic, the Edwardian would proceed with his bath. He shaved in it.

■ When he returned to his bedroom, along the red pile carpet which marked the unending symmetry of the corridor, he would find that the windows had been slightly opened, and that his clothes had been laid ready for him upon the chintz settee. Taking a *Régie* cigarette from his *Fabergé* case he would contemplate these clothes with satisfaction. If he were a good Edwardian his shirt and collar would be all in one. A white shirt, somewhat frilled and tucked on the breast, ended in a stiff little upturned collar. Hard, expectant, circular,—that collar would shortly encase his neck. Alternatively a Piccadilly collar of equal rigidity would be waiting for him on the dressing table. Black clothes: a grey silk tie; a neat turquoise pin representing a pheasant walking slowly from left to right; a white cambric handkerchief; a dab of eau-de-cologne; his purse; his card case; the smell of *Euchrisma* as he brushed his hair. Then he descended, down red pile staircases, to breakfast.

■ Only the really improper Edwardians had breakfast in their rooms. The others met, on that Sunday morning, in the dining room. The smell of last night's port had given place to the smell of this morning's spirits of wine. Rows of little spirit lamps warmed rows of large silver dishes. On a table to the right, between the windows, were grouped Hams, Tongues, Galantines, Cold Grouse, ditto Pheasant, ditto Partridge, ditto Ptarmigan. No Edwardian meal was complete without Ptarmigan. Hot or cold. Just Ptarmigan. There would also be a little delicate rectangle of pressed beef from the shop of *M.* Benoist. On a further table, to the left, between the doors, stood fruits of different calibre, jugs of cold water and jugs of lemonade. A fourth table contained the porridge utensils. A fifth, coffee, and pots of Indian and China tea. The latter were differentiated from each other by little ribbons of yellow (indicating China) and red (indicating, without *arrière pensée*, our Indian Empire). The centre table, which was prepared for twenty-three people, would be bright with Malmaisons and toast-racks. No newspapers were, at that stage, allowed.

The atmosphere of the Edwardian dining room at nine thirty was essentially daring. A pleasant sense of confederacy and sin hung above the smell of spirit lamps. For, had they not all been brought up to attend family prayers? And had they not all eluded that obligation? It was true, of course, that the host and hostess, with their niece, had (at nine) proceeded to the family chapel and heard the butler reading a short collect for the day. But the guests had for their part evaded these Victorian obligations. This corporate evasion gave to the proceedings an atmosphere of dash. There was no insincerity in the bright gaiety with which they greeted each other, with which they discussed how he or she had slept. "A little kedgeree, Lady Maude," "Oh, thank you, Mr. Stapleton."

Evidently it was all going very well.

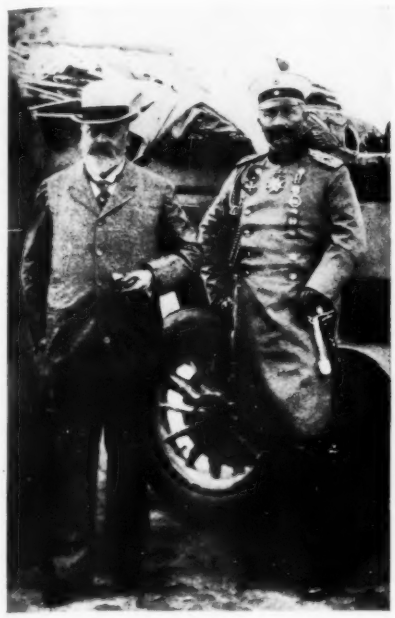
EDWARD VII AS PRINCE OF WALES

Edwardian breakfasts were in no sense a hurried proceeding. The porridge was disposed of negligently, people walking about and watching the rain descend upon the Italian garden. Then would come whiting and omelette and devilled kidneys and little fishy messes in shells. And then tongue and ham and a slice of ptarmigan. And then scones and honey and marmalade. And then a little melon, and a nectarine or two, and just one or two of those delicious raspberries. The men, at that stage, would drift (I employ the accepted term) to the smoking room. The women would idle in the saloon watching the rain descend upon the Italian garden. It was then ten thirty.

If the house possessed no private chapel the guests would then "assemble in the hall". There would be footmen fussing about in cockaded top-hats and long buff overcoats with gold buttons. A degree of jollity would be extracted from the process of deciding who would drive to church in the wagonette, who in the landau, who in the victoria, who in the brougham. And who should walk. The latter category seized umbrellas and capes. People jingled off, clasping their prayer-books and the half-crown for the offertory. From the side door the children, wide-eyed and washed, would appear with their governesses. They crossed the park to the church beyond the lodge.

■ With fervour would these Edwardians sing the psalms and the hymns, with reverence would they listen to the stories from the Old Testament. The smell of leather and wet mackintosh would permeate the damp little church. Every now and then an um-

edward VII



EDWARD VII AND EMPEROR WILHELM II

A FRIENDLY GREETING

A STUDIO PHOTOGRAPH

brella would tumble from a pew. The final benediction descended upon rows of bowed heads. The ladies' hats were rich with artificial flowers; the heads of the men were rich with the smell of *Euchrisma*. They walked back to luncheon under dripping trees.

The half hour before luncheon hung a little heavy on their hands. The women would repair to their rooms and deal with their hair and faces. The men would gather in the library where they would shortly be joined by the curate or, as the case might be, the house chaplain. A shy little man this, not knowing all these London people, not very certain how to modulate his voice. The younger men would come in later, having changed into tweeds. There were silver vases of white roses, and cut glass vases in which the roses were red. The hostess, passing from group to group, would flick irritable emerald-laden fingers at these flowers, tugging them into different shapes. They would pass in to luncheon. The curate, hanging behind, would hang behind.

■ Edwardian luncheons were strained and bright. There was a theory that the good hostess should "draw her guests into conversation". This entailed a process of flinging conversational flies across the vast table and not waiting to see if the fish rose. "Colonel Westmacott, you simply *must* tell us about the Zambesi" and "Oh, Clara! Is it *really* true that dearest Evie has got to go to Nauheim?" There was a buzz of general talk. It would only be a buzz.

After luncheon they walked round the park. They did not visit the stables. Since the introduction of motors, the stables had become Victorian. The elder members of the party would drive over to Stonehenge in an open Daimler. They appeared, aged and flustered, in motoring veils of watered silk. Colonel Westmacott, in a tweed cape and spats, stumped off with Lady Moira to visit the quarries. Captain Fairfax took Miss Sinclair for a drive in his de Dion. Professor Steinholtz slept.

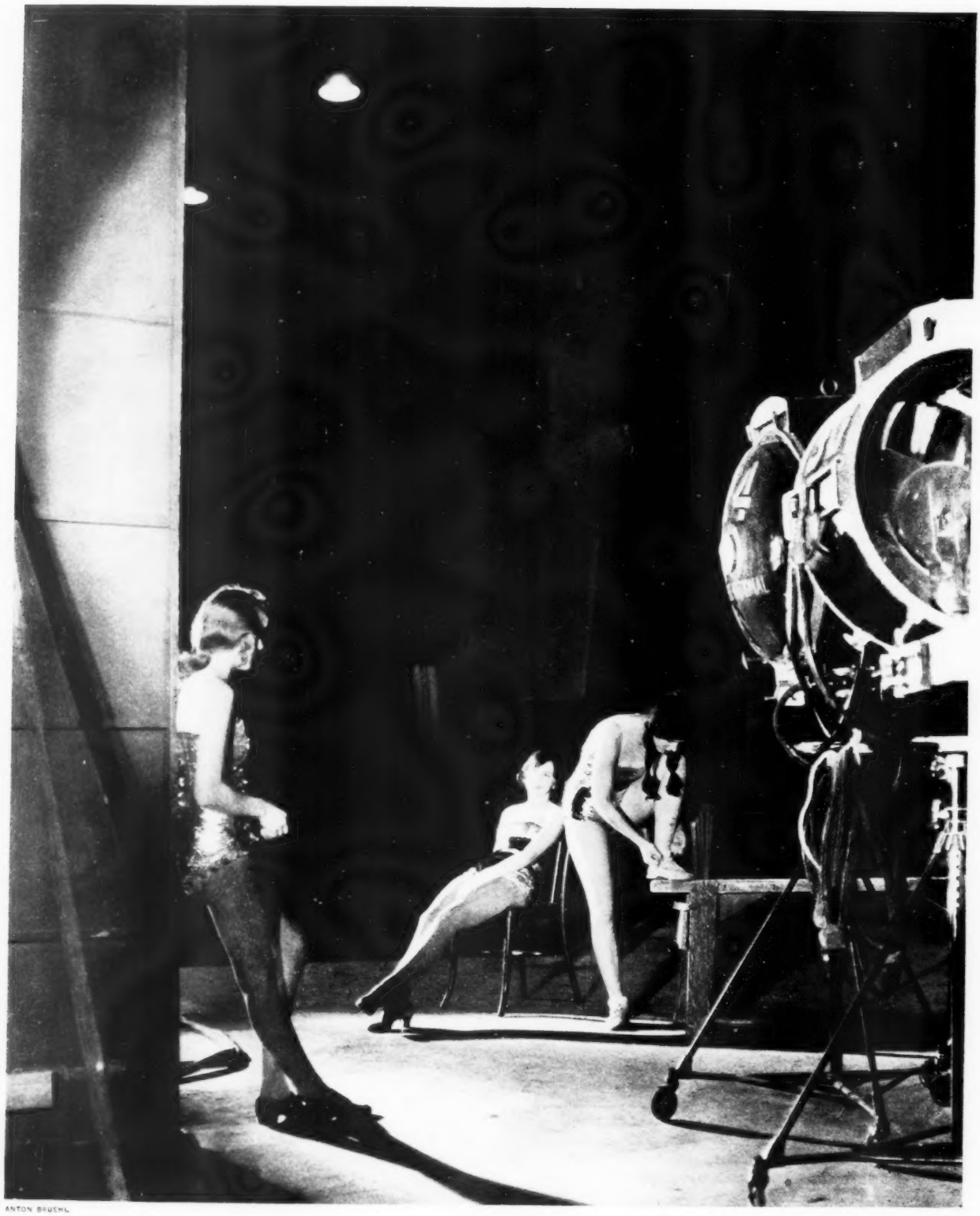
Tea was served in the blue gallery. There were little ginger biscuits which one could only get from Biarritz and of which one kept a store in case the King came. All Edwardian houses kept stores of things like ginger biscuits and *aubergines* and French *pâtisseries* and bath salts *in case the King came*. And he did come. He came over and over again. And on Monday morning other people would read all about it in the *Morning Post*. It was only, however, when the King actually did come that one went so far as to have lobster salad for tea. Otherwise one just had scones, and egg sandwiches, and *pâté* sandwiches, and cucumber sandwiches, and chocolate cake, and walnut cake, and coffee cake—and cake. Also there were little plates with china-handled knives to match, from which people ate *Tiptree* jam with toast or brioches. The butler, the groom of the chambers, the under-butler, and the footmen would move about offering food. But in the best houses (and most Edwardian houses were the best) the servants did not remain for tea.

■ After tea there would be bridge tables in the red drawing room, and the men would not infrequently play billiards. Dinner was at half past eight. The women would return an hour before to change their tea gowns for the other things which they donned to dine. The men would also change into clothes even more galling and restrictive than those they had worn all day. The guests would reassemble in the yellow saloon.

■ The host by this time was already bored by his party and would indicate, a little irritably, who was to take in whom. He held a fussy little piece of paper in his hand and would fuss from one man to another. The women, one by one, entered the room slowly, showing off their clothes. Then there would be dinner. Ptarmigan and *champagne*. *Champagne* and ptarmigan. The hostess did not endeavour to stimulate general conversation at dinner. One only did that at luncheon. At dinner people talked, inclining their neat bodies, sideways, at their neighbours. At nine forty-five the women swept, with backyard glances, from the room. The host would take his glass of port, holding it with gingerly fingers from above, and move to the seat vacated by his wife. At ten-fifteen they joined the ladies in the music gallery.

Bridge again. And at midnight, in the Holbein room, there would be devilled chicken, and more sandwiches, and every form of spirit and mineral water which man or woman could desire. In the corridor upstairs the ladies'-maids would hang, listlessly yawning. Fires would sparkle in the grates, reflected in brass bedstead and in mirror. The pink silk reading lamps were lit beside the beds. Upon the night table stood bottles of *Malvern Water* and of *Vichy*, and covered dishes of sandwiches. A ribboned coverlet of swansdown would be draped across the sofa. The kettle, by the fire-place, purred.

Next morning the (*Continued on page 114*)



ANTON BRUEHL

degas in hollywood

a vision of don juan

BY CLAUDE ANET

the greatest lover of all emerges from the shadow of his own legend as a man who really lived gracefully

■ Some of us believe that supreme happiness comes most deeply from the human heart, that a man finds it only in a woman, that a woman achieves it only in a man. It is a fleeting and ephemeral thing, desperately pursued by all of us, and rarely overtaken; and this eternal pursuit is nowhere typified more keenly than in the life of Don Juan. It makes him an arresting and passionate figure before whom generations pause—a symbol of extraordinary romance which poets cherish and clasp again and again to their hearts to build their dreams upon.

Don Juan commands our respect because his is the legend of a man who desires with all his soul to achieve the absolute. He is forever seeking a woman with whom he may share a supreme ecstasy, for he refuses to accept happiness for himself alone. But where will he find this matchless woman? Like a lonely harlequin at a masquerade, he wanders from one lovely lady to another, lifting her mask, and wondering, "Is it, perhaps you?" But each time he is deceived, or else he finds himself falsely secure in a happiness so mediocre that he rejects it at once as unworthy. Will he never be able to give himself entirely? This impassioned quest, this frantic following of trails that lead only to successive disillusions, to hope reborn and ever false, is the tragic destiny of Don Juan in his desperate search for happiness.

The great, sorrowful figure of this man owes its being as much to the activity of poets as to reality; so much has he been celebrated in the poems of Molière, Mozart, Byron and many others that he comes to us more as a creature of legend than as a man of flesh and blood. Some of us know only vaguely that there lived, in Seville of the seventeenth century, the real Don Juan. His name was Miguel Marana Vicentello de Leca.

I wanted to trace his origin, to discover what sort of man he was before literature appropriated him for its own uses; so I went to Seville, where he was born, in the heart of Andalusia, that lovely land whose very name breathes the languorous syllables of romance. Seville is a happy city, whose narrow streets are thronged with illustrious shades from the past; here is Carmen, a red carnation flaming from her scarlet mouth . . . there, Don Juan, laughing, gallant, his sword brightly poised on his hip. Although its modern pavements are brisk under our feet, we still live a little in the past, in Seville; we gaze respectfully at the Charity Hospital, founded by Don Juan in the seventeenth century, and still standing after three hundred years—and then we observe, with a sigh for the past, that a tobacco factory has lately reared its newfangled structure a few squares away.

the mood of edgar degas in his noted studies of back-stage is recaptured in a modern film studio

Strangely enough, the most authentic account of the life of Don Juan was the work of a Jesuit Father, Father Juan Cardenas, who was his friend—the life of Don Juan written by a priest! The explanation, however, is simple. His life, long lived in a highly adventurous fashion, culminated dramatically in his conversion; and it was the conversion that justified the Jesuit Father's undertaking. The early days, so valuable to us, he passes over in silence, and takes up his work at the repentance of Don Juan.

Miguel Marana Vicentello de Leca, who was to be known to posterity as Don Juan, was born in 1626, and died at the age of fifty-three. His family originally came from Corsica, that little island destined to shine twice briefly upon the world, in the twin reflected glories of Don Juan and Napoleon. Miguel Marana was a prodigious sinner. He had made innumerable conquests, had distinguished himself in duels, had, with magnificent success, wooed "the most beautiful bodies and the gentlest hearts". Then, one day, he repented.

■ The story goes that, one night, when he was coming from a gallant rendezvous, he met in the street a funeral procession on its way to the Church of Saint Isidore. Mourners masked in black and carrying great, lighted candles walked beside the coffin. Impressed by the unusual encounter at that hour of the night, Miguel Marana approached one of the men who were carrying the coffin.

"Who is the man whom you bury at this hour of the night?" he asked. "What is the reason for your haste?"

"The dead man," came the reply, "is Don Miguel de Marana. We are hurrying because he has great need of our prayers. Come and pray with us for the salvation of his soul."

Don Miguel de Marana leaned over the coffin and recognized, in the corpse that lay there, himself. He followed the cortège to the church and, there, murmured prayers for his soul. The mysterious mourners who had surrounded the bier vanished silently, one by one, and Miguel de Marana was alone. . . . The next day, the sexton found him unconscious on the steps of the altar. Of the coffin and the corpse there was no sign. . . .

■ Don Juan—let us call him that, since it is the name which posterity has given him—then resolved to pledge himself to God and to holy works. He had repented—in one of those great and beautiful rebellions of the soul which the mediocre and the weak can never know—and forthwith, he entered the charity brotherhood whose task it was to assure the burial of convicts condemned to death. (Were there, then, so many of these in Seville that a religious brotherhood had to be created to see that they were buried?) He founded a cemetery for this purpose. He gave his own considerable fortune toward building a hospital for the aged—the Charity Hospital, which is still standing today.

The excellent Jesuit Father beheld with astonishment and joy the blessing that God had bestowed upon his friend in this conversion. He held the life of this repentant sinner as a model before the eyes of everyone; he even saw him as a saint, and set about persuading Rome to canonize him—a procedure which was fitfully contemplated by the Court of Ecclesiastics for the next two centuries—without any result, however. Don Juan has not yet been elevated to the ranks of the saints . . . it is a pity. How many candles the women would have burned for him! What prayers would have found their way to his accustomed ears! Ah, *there* would have been a saint who would never have had an idle moment! It is to be feared that the business of canonizing him will be allowed to lapse; for it seems unlikely that these modern times whose influence is felt to the very depths of the Vatican, will ever be really favourable to the inclusion of Don Juan among the saintly company.

In Seville, it is at the Charity Hospital that one must seek him. The Hospital is an enormous building of stone, rather banal in its architecture; but it holds many memories of the great lover, his death-mask and his mortal remains.

How could I know, when I went there, that I was to hear the *(Continued on page 122)*

MARIA LANI—THE SUBJECT OF MANY MODERN PAINTERS

BY JULES PASCIN

BY RAOUL DUFY

BY HENRI MATISSE

BY JEAN COCTEAU

BY KEES VAN DONGEN

BY GEORGES ROUAULT

BY ANDRÉ DERAIN

BY MOISE KISLING

BY GEORGES BRAQUE

BY FOUJITA

■ Maria Lani, the enigmatic absolute in beauty and the subject of these ten portraits, came to Paris less than two years ago from Poland to seek her fortune in the French world of the cinema. She has been called "the woman with the hundred faces", but the arbitrary number makes the title meaningless.

Maria Lani is in reality the woman with *x* faces, she is the improbable perfection of her sex in that one may find in her face whatever one wishes. Fifty-one of the "most important, most expensive and most dangerous" painters of Paris must have done so, for their portraits have only a vague physical uniformity, none whatever of spiritual unanimity, and even these fifty-one have left undiscovered in the inexhaustible possibilities of Maria Lani's face a number of aspects that may be represented by the quantity, infinity minus fifty-one. Ten of these efforts are reproduced here, focussing on this one subject the entire range and resources of contemporary French Art. The first genius of Europe has massed against this one objective: merely to claim for art the secret of Maria Lani's smile. Whether or not it has succeeded there is no lack of great names in the enterprise: here we have Pascin, Matisse, Cocteau, Raoul Dufy, Van Dongen, Rouault, Derain, Kisling, Braque and Foujita, and portraits of Maria Lani have also been done by Bourdelle, Chagall, Chirico, Despiau, Goerg, Hermine David, Man Ray, Orloff, Picabia, Soutine.

Fifty-one portraits have been brought together under the imprint of the *Editions des Quatre Chemins* in the book, *Maria Lani*, offering a unique summary of the achievement of the modern Parisian School, merely suggested by these ten studies, so strikingly dissimilar not only in interpretation but in technic as well. There is also to be a French motion picture which will trace out the history of this gallery, explore the life and setting of each picture, and attempt to render in still another form the cipher of this amazing subject of portraiture.

STEICHEN—LOS ANGELES

mary duncan

chapters from my memories

BY FERENC MOLNÁR

a celebrated raconteur narrates some episodes about artists and money from his recollections

■ Thank God, the time when artists were recognized by their patched shoes only has passed. This, however, does not necessarily mean that all artists are wealthy. There are many artists even to-day who have to wage a constant battle with misery. And they are perhaps the truest of them. But, on the whole, the majority of the famous artists are wealthy. Or, at least, they live as if they were. As far as they are concerned, the romance of poverty and of misery no longer exists. To-day, the artists are no longer proud of the fact that they have nothing. On the contrary, they are proud of "making plenty of money." The motion pictures, the theatre, music, novel-writing, painting have created quite a number of millionaires. Therefore, one has to be in a hurry to tell those amusing and romantic anecdotes which concern poor artists. I am afraid that, in a few years, the new generations will not understand these stories at all. Why, they read in the newspapers how luxuriously famous authors, actors, and singers live, and in what gorgeous castles they dwell! How far we are from Murger's *bohêmes*, from the artists who were so poor that they burned up their chairs in their fireplaces and, when they were hungry, went for a walk instead of eating a dinner! In those days, money did not like the artists, although they loved it well enough. What an unhappy love that was! In those days, artists did not want to compete with bank presidents. In those days, their greatest ambition was to be *different* from bourgeois society. Jean Richepin, the great French poet, in his later years an Academician and a much respected, dignified old gentleman, walked around in Paris, when still a young man, in yellow boots, red trousers, and a green jacket just to demonstrate that he did not belong to the society of commonplace, bourgeois citizens. To-day, poets are proud when they are mistaken for members of the Stock Exchange or for heads of great banks or corporations.

■ Consequently, I am going to present—necessarily in a great hurry—a few humorous anecdotes from my memoirs—before it is too late!

In front of the railroad station at Salzburg (this happened in Summer, during the Reinhardt festivals)—I met Max Pallenberg, the famous German comedian. He was red-faced and highly irritated—it was obvious that something particularly exciting or particularly aggravating had happened to him.

"What's happened to you?" I asked him.

"Some policemen arrested me and I was fined two *schillings*," he answered in a quivering voice.

"Two *schillings* isn't so much money," I said. (It is about 28 cents in American money.) "You earn something like $2000 a week. Why do you worry so much about these paltry two *schillings*?"

He told me what had happened.

Upon arrival, he had hurried to the baggage-room to get his trunks. But the customs officials were slow and made him wait for a long time. For quite a while he waited without a murmur, but finally he lost his patience and created a disturbance the like of which had never broken the quiet of the Salzburg railroad station. The customs officials were not playgoers, therefore they did not know who the noisy gentleman was. They sent for the police. The policemen were not patrons of the drama either; consequently, they were also unacquainted with Pallenberg. They seized him and dragged him into the office of the railroad police. The desk lieutenant—not a theatregoer either—fined the actor 28 cents for having "disturbed the peace."

When he finished his tale, I asked him: "Why didn't you tell him who you were? If they had known that you were Max Pallenberg, the celebrated actor, they would have treated you more politely."

"I purposely did not tell them who I was," he answered. "I wanted to find out how the police would treat me if they did not know my name. The experience cost me 28 cents."

"Be glad that you've gotten off so cheaply," I said. "I know of an artist who paid very dearly for failing to disclose his identity."

And I told him the following anecdote, which might be entitled: "The Green Goose, or: Incognito Occasionally Has Great Disadvantages."

■ In the little town where my father spent his childhood there lived a man whose business it was to go around all day long in the town, to visit every house, and to buy up everything that was for sale. Remnants, old clothes, puppies, kittens; in one word: everything that could be had for very little money. One morning, this man bought a green parrot and forthwith sent it home to his wife. She, however, had never yet in her life seen a parrot. She thought it was some very fine and expensive poultry, therefore she proceeded to butcher and to roast it. At noon, when the husband came home for dinner, she served it. While they were eating the roast fowl, he suddenly remembered his purchase and turned to his wife.

"By the way, where is the parrot I sent home this morning?" he asked.

"What parrot?" she asked. "I don't even know what a parrot is."

He explained to her: "A parrot is a nice, big, green bird with a crooked beak."

"Oh yes?" she said. "You mean *that green goose?* I roasted it, it's on your plate, you're eating it now."

He was so shocked by the revelation that he dropped his fork on the floor beside him.

"Great God!" he cried. "You stupid woman! You've roasted the parrot! Why, parrots aren't to be roasted! That was a clever bird, why that bird could talk like a man!"

"*Then why didn't he say so?*" the woman answered.

Moral: even the greatest of artists have to introduce themselves.

■ When I was a child, an actor lived in Budapest who was a well known portrayer of Shakespearean rôles. He was, of course, continually in debt. His creditors never gave him a moment's rest. They pursued him even into the theatre where he was working, and used to upset the rehearsals. Finally he evolved the following plan. He invited the creditor who happened to visit him while the rehearsal was in progress, on to the stage and offered him a seat in a large comfortable armchair. The creditor sat down, but the moment he asked for his money the actor gave a sign to the stage-hands who opened a trap-door and the creditor suddenly found himself in the cellar. Thus the actor arranged that his creditors no longer molested him during rehearsals. . . .

There is one more anecdote: French authors who had known the elder Dumas, author of *The Three Musketeers* and *The Count of Monte Cristo*, personally, told me this moving story which, I believe, also belongs to this chapter on artists and money.

When Dumas came to Paris, he was very poor; his entire fortune consisted of a twenty-*franc* gold piece. But soon he rose to world fame, made immense sums of money, and lived like a king. He spent money profusely, he played the Stock market and won and lost hundreds of thousands from one day to another. But, after forty years of luxury, he became a poor man once more. When he was lying on his deathbed, a friend of his visited him. The dying man lay on a simple iron cot in a modest, poverty-stricken little room. The doctor had just left him, and Dumas showed his guest the prescription the doctor had written for him.

"I shall have to take this medicine right away," the sick man said in a weak voice.

The friend took the prescription and started to take it down to the pharmacist.

"Wait a second," Dumas said. "You'll need money, too; medicine *(Continued on page 118)*

a new film, "city girl", now in preparation, is to have the colourful miss duncan as its star

the shell-game of the arts

BY PERCY HAMMOND

an investigation of the reasons for the marked unpopularity of worthy, brow-wrinkling dramas

■ Phillip Dunning, author of *Broadway* and *Night Hostess*, having outgrown his job as a mere showman sought recently to promote himself. It was his duty, as a successful playwright, thought he, to quit the unidea'd drama and compose entertainments of a brow-wrinkling character. Something with a slant of social and moral apprehension in it, designed to cause thoughtless theatre-goers to think or to think they were thinking. Like most artists he inquired of himself, "What is Art?" and he answered in the words of Oscar Wilde, "A spirited protest against Nature." Therefore, mistaking the Eighteenth Amendment for an act of Pan instead of an act of Congress he wrote an indictment against Prohibition and ironically called it *Sweet Land of Liberty*.

Here, it seemed to him, was a fruitful subject for argument. It was the liveliest topic of its generation, involving prodigal disbursement of the public treasure, copious shedding of the people's blood and insolent interference with their star-spangled right to slake their thirst according to the dictates of their own conscience. The Goddess violated and the nation in (warehouse) bondage, the crisis was ripe grapes for the press, the tabernacles, the criminal courts, and the tea and dinner parties. The Drama alone had not participated in the debate since Hoyt's *Temperance Town*, except for some furtive heckling several years ago by Augustus Thomas. So Mr. Dunning felt that the omens were auspicious for a play calculated to make Americans see red, white and blue in the matter of abolition.

Similarly buoyant, Messrs. Erlanger and Tyler, the producers, believed they were about to perform a lucrative duty in giving *Sweet Land of Liberty* to Broadway. The best actors this side of Hollywood were engaged, scenery of a persuasive nature was built, and all seemed propitious for the Drama to justify its repute as an opinion-moulder. But unfortunately they elected to present their play on the night that George White was submitting the tenth version of his *Scandals* to the metropolis. Offering a study and illustration of so pregnant a theme as enforced intemperance they thought they would attract the influential First audience, including the First Critics. Yet their faith in us as disciples of the message-bearing Drama was proved, in the phrase of a rhetorician more adroit than I, to be unfounded. The critics regarded the *Scandals*' boost for sex more significant than Mr. Dunning's knocks at the so-called Crime of the Ages.

Thus blighted at the birth, *Sweet Land of Liberty* withered and turned up its toes. There were evenings when those present were fewer than wrinkles in Mayor Walker's trousers, and such interest as was manifested was in the play's exciting violences, not in its presentation of a Cause. . . . There was in this, as Mr. Walkley said about a similar situation in London, a grim humour akin to the sarcasms of the Abbé who took Candide to the theatre. And it proved again the old contention that the errand-drama is a bore to serious intellects. What the deep-thinkers in other schools of education desire from the Stage is a recess in which they may relax from controversy and meditation. They resent lessons in the toy-shop as do the critics and play-boys, which makes it unanimous.

■ The spectacle of Mr. Dunning, crushed and cynical, registering oaths to heaven never again to be a pulpiteer, is a warning to others in whose ears may be buzzing the bee of theatrical propaganda.

In case they cannot resist the summons to instruct, they should sirup their sermons as Mr. Martin Flavin does in *The Criminal Code*. While inferentially upbraiding the State for its maltreatment of outlaws, he smothers his text in much melodrama and a little romance. Besides two gorgeous murders, he gives us the sad tableau of a prison warden's pretty daughter dropping in love with an innocent homicide. That the hero is on the threshold of the gallows as the curtain falls does not detract from our enjoyment of the scene. We go home quivering from a combination of shocks, startles, and caresses, unconscious of and indifferent to the fact that abuses are abroad in our penitentiaries.

Some of my younger confrères who know more about Life than they do of the Theatre suspect that they, themselves, and their public are taking the Muse too frivolously. For instance Mr. Nathan said to me at the first performance of the *Scandals* that his conscience was fretting him because he had preferred the antics of Georgie White and Willie Howard to the protests of Phillip Dunning. There we were, militant advocates of plays with purpose, hiding like Achilles among Mr. White's women when we should have been in our chariots fighting for *Sweet Land of Liberty*. Our common and mutual weakness for what Miss Beatrice Lillie would call "l-e-g shows" had caused us to desert Mr. Dunning in his skirmish on behalf of the serpent's bite and the adder's sting. And we had been rewarded for this defection by seeing the Howards, Miss Frances Williams and the chorus girls in various exhibitions of sexly deshabille. A particularly sybaritic item was that in which Willie Howard, caught snuggling with a lady by her husband, arose in his pyjamas from the sheets and blankets and exclaimed, "Believe it or not, I'm a stowaway!"

Despite evidences of error in our dramatic tastes hope is to be taken from a comparison of present favourites with those of recent yesterdays. Not so long ago, *The Fool* was a pious hit, and *Turn to the Right* was so jammy in its appeal that it made its projectors millionaires. Mr. Craven's *The First Year* was estimated by one and all as a masterpiece of suburban folk-lore, and *Lightnin'* caused America's drama-lovers to slobber with sentiment. *Abie's Irish Rose* set the continent aflame by its farthing candles, and such entertainments as *Enter Madame*, *Craig's Wife* and *Miss Lulu Bett* were candidates for the Pulitzer prize. They succeeded the wiser works of Augustus Thomas and Clyde Fitch—*Arizona* and *The Girl with the Green Eyes*—better "shows" and better drama.

Now they all would be as the melodies of Mother Goose, boring the nurseries. It is but a fortnight ago in the Drama's fluctuating eternity that *It Pays to Advertise*, *Officer 666*, and *Get Rich Quick Wallingford* were being celebrated by William Winter, Acton Davies, and the public as works of art. This season our advanced appetites are more or less satisfied by *Scarlet Pages*, an Al H. Woods flagellation with incest as its theme-song. Also by *Rope's End*, a polite English duplication of the Loeb-Leopold perversions, *Strange Interlude*, *Paris Bound*, *Holiday*, *The Bachelor Father*, and similarly naughty dramas of last year have lost their wicked individuality to newer forms of impropriety as displayed in *Strictly Dishonorable* and Mr. Belasco's sleek and noisy *It's a Wise Child*. In one the chastity of an Alabama belle totters before the amorous fervour of an Italian baritone and she both wins and loses. In the other the heroine boasts that she is impure though she is not, thereby causing considerable hilarity. Even *June Moon*, Ring Lardner's super-farce about the Broadway song-writers, is threaded with sinful cords. Festooning some slight Broadway adulteries with bouquets of odorous wit and humour, he and Mr. Kaufman, his collaborator, make a fruity cartoon of the amusing little folks of Times Square. How different all of it is from the days when we were amused by the brazen crudities of *The Front Page*, *Desire Under the Elms*, and *East is West*.

■ We adults should be glad that the Theatre has put on long pants and is drinking the cocktail and smoking the cigarette of freshman sophistication. The most unpunctual of the rackets, it has been backward except for a few things like *The Criminal Code*, *Thunder in the Air*, *Uncle Tom's Cabin* and *Justice*. It passes. In a month or two *Street Scene* will be as obsolete as *Merton of the Movies;* as autumnal as *Cradle Snatchers* or *Diamond Lil*. Save for an occasional miracle the stage is always cheap, spurious, tricky, and inconsequential, the Coney Island and the shell-game of the arts.

STEICHEN

frances williams

the blonde dancer and blues singer appears in george white's "scandals" and at the casanova club

literary gentleman goes

BY LOUIS GOLDING

in which the chivalry of algador contend with one another in feats of bloody mediæval valor

■ My friend. David Leith, is a literary gentleman. I should like to think there's no doubt either of the adjective or noun. He is also an inveterate traveller; and *contessas* and *contesses*, no less than countesses, spare no efforts to rope him in for their dinner-parties, their more informal dinner-parties. But he is so much more at home (he assures me wistfully) among stevedores and chorus-girls and gangsters and goatherds. What can a literary gentleman do about it?

When he went over to Algador, lately, in Africa, there was nothing at all he could do about it. Algador, I should say, is on the Moroccan coast over against Gibraltar. It was largely the fault of Jimmy Lion, the painter, and the charming house that he had, on a hill above Algador. He invited David to go and keep house with him; which David did. Now Jimmy is a very modish young man. He paints admirably, but dances divinely and not even Pierre, at the Crillon, mixes a more devilish cocktail. The countesses, *contesses* and *contessas* not merely have him at their parties. They buy his pictures. They wear synthetic pearls and buy his pictures.

The consequence of all this was that, before he knew where he was, poor David Leith was a butterfly on the wheel of the smart set of Algador, a mainly diplomatic smart set. The Great Powers have not yet made up their mind in what proportions the revenues from the casinos at Algador are to be divided. So Algador lives in a sort of international limbo, loud with the whirring of roulette-wheels, while the plenipotentiaries and ambassadors and diplomatic agents and consuls and vice-consuls, and the ladies of all these, dance and drink and shoot and play polo and race horses. And they stick pigs. Above all, they stick pigs.

I am wrong. It is not pigs they stick (David insisted mournfully). It is pig. For in the pig-sticking world it is as heinous to use the plural form "pigs" as it is heinous in fox-hunting circles to use the definite article "the" in conjunction with the noun, "hounds"; or as among Oxford men, it is heinous to speak of "New" when you mean "New College". We recapitulate. Hounds, severely unarticulated, break cover. One man is up at Queen's, his friend at New College. But more stringently, if he belongs to the smart world of Algador, he will go sticking pig—immaterial whether two pig or twenty.

There is a lot more of this arcane pig-sticking language, David tells me. Just as, if you have behaved with decorum, you may be "blooded" by the gory mask of the fox at your first kill, so at your first pig-stick, you may receive the pig's "tushes"—his tusks, that is to say. I am not sure that I spell that properly. Tusches? Tuhshes? I am no pig-sticker from Algador. And neither is my friend, David Leith. Really, he is not that sort of person. But from the moment he arrived on the terrace of Jimmy Lion's house in Algador, the pig-stickers were about him. The air was thick with the rumour of pig and the sticking of them. They told the most paralyzing stories of what happened at a pig-stick. Before you started, the quality of horsemanship it called for was just fabulous. You had to be a combination of Richard Cœur-de-Lion tilting at a tournament, with Frank Wootton taking a water-jump at the Grand National. You don't stick pig with pen-nibs. You use hefty mediæval lances, like those that bristle in the canvases of Uccello. Then there are the pig themselves. From the pictures outlined by the pig-stickers over highball and sidecar, you got the idea of creatures slightly smaller than mammoths and slightly fiercer than tigers. The way their quills stood on end when you cornered them! The baleful glaring of their evil little eyes! Above all, the noise they made with the grinding together of their tushes! ("Like this!" said Archie Borgos. And he proceeded to make a noise beyond all the imagined scope of the phonofactive anatomy. A sawmill whined and a bullock roared, simultaneously. It was his chief contribution to the amenities of cocktail parties. He was of Hebrew extraction, and it was rumoured that the titan fury with which he stuck the pig was a Freudian compensation for the millenia of abstention from the flesh of that animal, imposed by his venerable creed. "Like this!" said Archie. "Isn't he priceless!" said Tom Poyndester, the British vice-consul.)

■ So when Borgos and Poyndester and the other pig-stickers of Algador suggested friendlily to David wouldn't he like to go to the last pig-stick of the season, what could David do? He went.

He went, I say. But he did not go with very happy feelings. He confessed that in point of fact he was acutely miserable. The first part was easy. It was early morning and all the pig-stickers went out in cars to the meet, about twenty miles from the ancient ramparts of Algador. The grooms had set out hours ago with the horses and the lances and the pack-mules and the enormous panniers in which the stuck pig were to be slung over the same. The beaters had set out very much earlier to beat all the pig in the thickets for miles around into the area to be hunted. It was beautiful country over among the sand-dunes fringing the Atlantic. The air was spicy with the odours of rosemary and myrtle and lentisk. The pig-stickers dismounted from their cars. The horses whinnied and curtseyed and pawed the sand. David felt like eating it. The lances were lying in bundles, supported upon thick cushions of flowering rock-rose. The lance-heads glistened grimly in the blue air. David looked through the corner of his eyes to see what the initial proceeding was. You went up to a bundle of lances, picked them up by their middles one after the other, balanced them reflectively to see if they hung true, looked along their lines as you might along the barrel of a rifle, fingered the spear-head daintily and wisely. None of these exercises was beyond David's power. He went up nonchalantly and balanced and squinted and fingered with the best of them. Then he sauntered over to his mount, swinging the revolting thing as it might be a billiard-cue.

David is no great horseman. Even that overstates his prowess. He is rotten on a horse. Some of the other fellows held their lances while they leapt into the saddle. He would not be outdone by them. Clinging to the lance with one hand, seizing a fetlock by the other (he was not sure whether you called it a fetlock or a spavin) and shutting his eyes firmly, he too arrived upon his saddle. The morning was already full of the disgusting noises of beaters squealing, yelling, spitting, firing blank cartridges. The pig-stick was in progress. Tallyho! ("No, it

"IT IS NOT FOR MYSELF I ASK — BUT FOR THE LITTLE, WEE ONES"

pig-sticking

was not Tallyho!" said David, passing his hand through his hair. "Yoicks? Attaboy? No!" he said wearily, "I have forgotten.")

■ It was all awfully mediæval. Not only because of the lances and horses, and esquires holding your bridle-reins, but because the ladies of the pig-stickers had turned out in their smartest riding-kit, as to a tournament in the gold days of chivalry. David wondered what he would do about it if a large pig suddenly attacked *Signora* Roccapalumba, the chic little wife of the Italian envoy? Would he try the power of the human eye upon him (for he felt he could manipulate that instrument more formidably than his lance)? The question for the moment did not arise. There was a sudden thickening of the beaters' tumult from a covert southward towards the shore. The horses plunged. The pig-stickers were away. The *Signora* Roccapalumba kissed her hands to them prettily. David was away. Despite all the conventions loosely referred to as gravitation, he kept his seat. He nearly stuck his lance into the spreading hips of the *Baronin* Gleichen von Steinbaden as he swept by. Only the *Signora* noticed it and her laughter tinkled out musically in the clear air.

There were no pig at all in the southward thicket. The alarm came suddenly from further inland. The cavaliers plunged off again, trampling the rock-roses and the sea-pink. The noise came from further than it seemed. There was a scrabbling up steep dunes and along stony water-courses that retained yesterday's heat and gaped for today's. The sun was gathering strength though it was still early. "Phew!" said David. The sweat trickled down his spine. "Phew!" said Archie Borgos, shaking the sweat from his pith-helmet.

There were no pig in the inland thicket. From eastward, from westward, the shrieking came and the firing of revolvers. But there were no pig. There were no pig. The Master of the pigstick had a face and temper as scarlet as paprika. "Confound those beaters!" he said. But he used another verb and inserted an adjective. Poyndester, the British vice-consul, started off with a refined Oxford accent. By ten o'clock he was bellowing like a bargee. Only David got happier as the day went on and the pig clung to their coverts and his clothes clung to his limbs like a bathing-suit. David got quite frisky. This was the sort of pig-sticking he appreciated. He waved his lance playfully. "I'll shew 'em!" he vowed. A noise of grinding suddenly impinged against his ear. He started convulsively. It was only the clack of the wings of a great cockchafer. Northward and southward plunged the pig-stickers after the phantom pig. There were no pig. There were no pig. When, exactly, the idea occurred to him (he does not swear to it now) David cannot decide. It was certainly before luncheon. But the idea occurred to him and he could not shake the idea from him, though it does him no credit.

Of course, there were no pig. What were the beaters there for? What had they gone out a day in advance for? What were they making these dreadful noises for? To see to it that there should be no pig! After all, it is no joke to come face to face with a wild boar slightly smaller than a mammoth and slightly fiercer than a tiger, with all his quills standing on end, and his *(Continued on page 106)*

"SOME DAY, YOU WILL PAY FOR THIS . . . BUT I WILL BIDE MY TIME"

"I SAY POUF! TO YOU, MY DEAR MARQUIS. DO NOT TOY WITH ME"

DRAWINGS BY ALAN ODLE

"YOU SAY YOU LOVE ME? AH, BUT WHAT IS LOVE? A MUMMER'S JEST"

by one careful look at an actress, one can deftly predict what lines she will speak

"AND SO, ARE YE COWARDS ALL THAT FRAIL WOMAN LEADS YOU?"

the too, too spoken drama

beauty and the beast

BY THOMAS BURKE

a fable which pretends to make transparent the mysterious relationship between wealth and art

● This is another of the hundred truthful fables of that shameless liar, Ho Ling, who lives in my ivory tower which the map of London names Limehouse. His tale of the faultless painter shows, I think, how the artist and the aristocrat are one in the dignity of their attitude towards their high estate and towards the allurements of gold. For, as the artist in this tale behaved, so, we know from social history, do the most upright aristocrats behave.

It is (said Ho Ling) of a shy and retiring painter, whose name escapes me at the moment, and as the only daily paper at hand is one of the two that do not publish Social Gossip, I have no means of recalling it.

Well, this painter, from the age of twenty to forty, devoted all his time to painting and painting and painting. So busy was he in painting, and so deeply indentured to his art, that he never found time to bother himself with the trivial occupation of making money. He would seldom see business men, and openly denied himself to the three who, in those eighteen years, called upon him, saying that to talk to people who were in a hurry meant the wasting of more time than he could spare. So, at forty, he was resigned to poverty and to pride in his art.

He knew that maxim which says that the man who hasn't made money at forty never will make money, and he believed it. Wherefore, at that age, he turned his back upon money and set his face towards the true art and towards dinner at two shillings, *vin non compris;* not because he had read Murger, but because he had to. He continued to paint and to paint and to paint.

Every year, when his work was shown in the Hoo Galleries and the Ho Ha Salon, other artists said: "Here, indeed, is the Big Man. Lo! The Master of the Neo-Expressionists": and they hovered about him and even so far forgot their virility as to lift their hats to him in the street. But sincere and long-continued as were their panegyrics, they in no way helped the Master to increase the price of his dinners or to drink vintage claret instead of chemical beer: because every year, against the panegyrics of the artists, came the harsh murmur of the public—"Why is not this man duly certified and Put Away?" Nothing can withstand the corrosion of that harsh murmur: nothing, that is, save real estate and well-secured investments—things alien to the artist, the poet, and the musician.

But in dignity and in silence he went on, living in two rooms and tasting such of the world's graces as an irregular income of two or three hundred pounds a year could buy. For I forgot to say that although he persisted in painting life as his mental myopia found it, and although the public and the dealers turned from it with simulated expressions of colic, there were, here and there, a few people who desired to have pictures on their walls and who, unable to afford the work of recognised painters, would sometimes buy a thing of his. Provided, that is, that they could argue the manager of the gallery into a picture-postcard mood.

In places where other painters met he was reverently spoken of as the one known and genuine case of an artist who did indeed —as the ladies who make the other pictures say they do—live for his art; and often was in grave danger of dying for it. In places where artists of the comic papers and the advertising offices met, he was spoken of in terms that coarsely questioned his motive, and explained it finally as one of two things—sheer idiocy, or what in their gracious language is named Publicity Stunt. But our painter denied them by continuing to live in poverty without visible signs of a weak mind, neither seeking fame nor shrinking from it: neither desiring to know what others thought of him nor affecting, when opinions were offered, to be indifferent. He lived on and painted, unmoved by critic's praise or public's jeers. For although he was a painter he happened to be an artist.

● A rare case. More rare than ladies who write agreeable fictions about painters imagine. Few painters of to-day consider it beneath their dignity to design posters. Expressionists, Emotionists, Palpitationists, Urgists, Dynamists—they all do it. But our artist never did. One of the many stories by which his admirers pointed his integrity was the story of his flat refusal of a commission, carrying a fee of two hundred guineas, for a signed poster in his highest astigmatic manner to be used for the purpose of drawing attention to the merits of Sigismund Volsunga's *Break O' Day* Health Saline. His answer to the offer—I cannot bring myself to repeat it—was for many years a familiar quotation among the younger artists when they were offered twenty-two shillings for a biscuit-box design: and even the more experienced artists freely quoted it to their wives and to people with whom there was no possibility of their having any business connections.

Through it all pride sustained him, as we know, from secret memoirs, that it sustains Our Old Nobility. Deeply as those who called him Master wished to help him, they were held back by that barrier of pride. Willingly, for his sustenance, they would have pawned their easels, if the pawnbroker had not been glutted with easels, but they knew the reception that awaited any helper who recognised his poverty. In no way was it possible to lend him canvas or colours or small sums of money, and even leaving these things about his rooms—which was often done—was an enterprise that demanded the utmost exercise of those faculties that bring success in parlour games.

● And then, at about the time when he had almost ceased to be a living force; when, in fact, he was beginning to accept the position of the Grand Old Man of the very young, he took on a new increment of vigour and work. Popular recognition came to him so rapidly, English and American society women struggled so hard to get their portraits done by him, that within two years he only escaped by the skin of his teeth from being elected President of the Neo-Revolutionary Group, which, a week before, had been outmoded by the Post-Neo-Subversists.

The way of it was this—and I may interject that there was no Publicity Stunt about it. Far from it. Indeed, he preserved, and still preserves, a frigid silence upon this sudden change in his fortune.

There came one morning a knock upon the door of one of the two rooms in which he lived, and when he cried "Come in!" his landlady came in, and said that a gentleman desired to speak with him. And when he asked what manner of gentleman—whether it looked like a dealer or an advertisement-agent or another artist—the landlady could only answer that it looked too stupid to be any of these. Whereupon he asked her to demand the visitor's name and business. This she did, and returned with the news that the visitor begged to be excused from giving his name, and that his business was of a personal nature which would occupy only a brief minute of the distinguished artist's time. As our artist was in no fear of writs—living always within the small circle of his income—he did what few artists would have done. He ordered the anonymous visitor to be shown up, and mentally devised *(Continued on page 110)*

HOYNINGEN-HUENÉ

formerly of the casino de paris, late of hollywood and presently appearing on the new york stage

lili damita

• Before Lili Damita came to America, she had appeared successfully in Paris, following Mistinguett as the principal feminine menace of the *Casino de Paris,* and had also played in French and German films. Hollywood triumphantly secured her to play in a series of moving pictures, culminating in the rôle of the voluble and volatile heroine of *The Cock-Eyed World,* a talking film in which she proved to be one of the very few foreign actresses whose accent could conquer the microphone. Now she has temporarily forsaken the screen to appear on the stage in New York with Jack Donahue in the musical comedy, *Carry On*

a journey into egypt

a wayfaring englishman explains at some length the considerable witchery of the lotus of the nile

■ It seems to me that of late years Egypt has become socially less attractive than it used to be for those who, like myself, look forward to a stay of several months there. I am not speaking of Cairo, which is no doubt very gay and amusing during the winter, but of 'up the Nile' where those who seek a really fine climate must go. Instead of settling down for a prolonged stay most people now only come for a very short time and then hurry off elsewhere. Many travellers stay in Luxor and Assouan for only two or three nights. Some stay for only one night. There are even those who arrive in the early morning and depart by a night train. It is the fashion to scurry through Egypt at breakneck speed. Those who do this know nothing of Egypt. It is a land in which to live with tranquillity, seeking and finding serenity. But serenity is out of fashion, and people are very restless in Egypt. It is a pity, for this land has a fascination which not even the dragomans can destroy, a fascination of light, a fascination of warmth, a strange fascination of monotony, a great charm of dependableness. Many people suffer, generally without being aware of it, from the great variety of the life of to-day and from the perpetual shocks they receive from the impact of the unexpected. Incessant variety confuses the mind and often obscurely distresses the nerves. Egypt, taken as a whole, apart from its wonders of ancient times, offers to the traveller less variety than many other countries. There is a lovely sameness in Egypt. Travel, as I have, over the dusty roads of the Delta in the hot bright weather of May, through the cheery casual villages, along the banks of the endless canals in which men, women, children and, of course, buffaloes are rapturously bathing, and that lovely sameness will bring calm to your spirit. The golden sun lights it up. There is no sadness in it. The processions of palms over the always flat land do not weary you. You expect them and when you come to them it is with a quiet sense of satisfaction. Towards evening the sky is golden and presently rosy, for there is little variety in the sunsets of Egypt, far less than you will find in the sunsets of England or the more Northern lands. Those amazingly clear skies, so often quite free from clouds, scarcely give a fair chance to the departing sun to show what he can do in the way of farewell. Yet you come to love the monotony of those sunsets, to long for them when you are far away. You can rely on Egypt. And all those who possess a good friend know the joy and intimate satisfaction of reliance.

During the recent unpleasant winter in Europe I was in Egypt, at Luxor. From the beginning of December until April there was no rain. And though occasionally it was colder than it usually is at Luxor I breakfasted and lunched out of doors on my verandah every day. For a long stay I prefer Luxor to Assouan. It has an intimate fascination, a cheerfulness, a welcoming softness that I do not find at Assouan, which is, nevertheless, stranger, more African, more definitely picturesque. I like to settle down in Luxor and from there to pay occasional visits to Assouan. The gardens of Luxor never weary me. Their beauty is so enchanting. And there is, for me, a hint of melancholy in Assouan with its masses of granite rocks, its often dusky sands and the wailing of its water wheels.

Cairo, I suppose, disappoints many people. I knew it first more than thirty years ago, and, in retrospect, it seems to me that it was far more unusual and interesting then than it is now. Much of it is banal in these days and it seems as if those mysterious beings "the authorities" were anxious to suppress, or to banish completely, such picturesqueness as remains. After dark, certain native quarters of the city used to enchant me by their oriental glamour; it was like a city in The Thousand and One Nights. Music, strange music, pervaded the narrow ways until late into the night. Light streamed from the dancing houses, and in the light one saw women in brilliant colours, shimmering with gold and silver tissues, or boys holding wands, moving voluptuously as if compelled by the fanatical musicians, who played on and on untiringly, often lifting fierce voices in songs of love that, to me, sounded angry with passion.

But now!

Recently, on a May night, I dined at the new Groppi's with an Egyptian friend and spoke to him of my old experience. Though often in Cairo he is not a Cairene, and he said that he hadn't visited the quarters of which I was speaking for years.

"Let us go to them tonight!" he said.

■ We went. It was a futile and ridiculous experience. While we were dining, amazingly it rained. There were pools of water in the streets which were patrolled by native police. Wherever I turned my eyes, hoping to see something oriental, I saw a policeman. I heard no sounds of singing, of native instruments. We enquired of a rascally looking tout the reason for it. He whispered, "We have to be careful because of the police!" We left the main street. We penetrated into alleys. They were sombre and furtive. Now and then a woman, painted and weary, crept by as if afraid. A few more huddled in doorways like moulting hens. We went into houses where we were told we should see dancing, and where certainly there would be music. We climbed filthy staircases to dingy upper rooms. There we found

THE ACROBATIC DANCER

STRUTTIN' HIS STUFF

AT THE SODA FOUNTAIN

·by robert hichens

a few badly dressed women squatting vaguely on dirty divans, some hopeless-looking men wearing the fez with musical instruments before them. Someone was posted at a window in each of the houses we visited. Why? To look out for the police! Now and then the musicians played a few bars; now and then a man with miserable eyes lifted a lamentable voice. But the watcher at the window would presently hold up a warning hand. And instantly the musicians stopped playing, the voice died away.

"The Police!"

"But what are we doing that is wrong?" I asked at last, in despair.

I was informed that the "authorities" consider even a love song, or a tune plucked from the strings of a zither-like instrument by night, a criminal offense. Though we hung about till more than an hour after midnight we saw no dancing. We were promised dancing in several houses but nobody dared to dance. During the reign of the Conservative Government the activities of Sir W. Joynson-Hicks in the interest of suppression were a joke compared with what you find to-day in Cairo. Puritanism seems to run mad there.

That night I came upon only one thing that was characteristic and interesting. In a sort of café opening on a side alley we found a tall man with marvellously delicate hands covered with rings playing exquisitely on an instrument made of two reeds, one many feet long, the other, bound to it, short. In front of him were two dwarfish pallid boys, perhaps eighteen or twenty years old. Occasionally one of these boys would lift up his voice in a plaintive, throbbing love song. And always the musician, with a skill that seemed to me miraculous, wove melodious embroideries round the crying voice. I was enchanted, and was preparing for a long hour of enjoyment when suddenly a black man approached the musician and whispered in his ear. Instantly he stopped playing, and shrouded his instrument in an enormous bag which he then hid away in a corner. Then he sat down sadly by me, and began to drink coffee. A moment afterwards two policemen appeared, paused, looked into the café, and after a moment passed on.

There was no more music in the café that night.

When I was leaving, after paying this really great artist, he said to me:

"I could give you such a wonderful night if it was possible. You have heard nothing yet."

"Let us go somewhere and have a private performance," I suggested.

"Yes," said my Egyptian friend. "We will pay."

But the man fluttered his delicate hands and looked towards the dark alley.

"I dare not!" he said, in Arabic. "The Police!"

■ Will everything that makes for pleasure in this world eventually be *verboten?* What folly all this suppression is!

Royalty has, of course, its privileged gaieties . . . at the foot of the throne, censorship falters a little. Often the Sultana, widow of the late Sultan, has a fête on the Nile beneath the high terraced garden of her striped villa, and then one may hear invocations to the night offered up by passionate Eastern voices until dawn. And in the ceremonies attendant upon His Majesty, King Fuad, such as his return from Alexandria to Cairo last winter, the decorations and illuminations are prodigal. Two or three years ago, when he paid a visit to Luxor, coming from the Red Sea, we had a night fête on the Nile which was magnificent; buffaloes were slain on either side of the way as he drove rapidly past in a motor car preceded by Englishmen on motor bicycles. But during the fête His Majesty's windows in the Winter Palace Hotel were concealed by shutters, and no gleam of light indicated that the Royal guest was alive to the festivities in which we were taking part. *(Continued on page 140)*

A FEAT OF EQUILIBRIUM

THE CIRCUS

these amusing figures illustrate the artist's theory that any medium may be used with skill

● Believing that an artist should be a versatile craftsman, Alexander Calder has experimented successfully with painting, wood sculpture, textiles, toys, jewellery, and, finally, wire sculpture. Although he is the son of a sculptor with work in the Metropolitan Museum, a graduate Mechanical Engineer, and a pupil of Luks and Sloan, Mr. Calder has always followed his own ideas independently. He has had several exhibitions in Paris and Berlin, and will have one in New York during this winter

wire sculpture by calder

dead pictures on the walls

BY D. H. LAWRENCE

advocating the wholesale scrapping of stale art and the circulation of new and living paintings

■ Whether wall-pictures are or are not an essential part of interior decoration in the home seems to be considered debatable. Yet since there is scarcely one house in a thousand which doesn't have them, we may easily conclude that they are, in spite of the snobbism which pretends to prefer blank walls. The human race loves pictures. Barbarians or civilized, we are all alike; we straightway go to look at a picture if there is a picture to look at. And there are very few of us who wouldn't love to have a perfectly fascinating work hanging in our room, that we could go on looking at, if we could afford it. Instead, unfortunately, as a rule, we have only some mediocre thing left over from the past, that hangs on the wall just because we've got it, and it must go somewhere. If only people would be firm about it, and rigourously burn *all* insignificant pictures, frames as well, how much more freely we should breathe indoors. If only people would go round their walls every ten years and say: *Now what about that oil-painting, what about that reproduction, what about that photograph? What do they mean? What do we get from them? Have they any point? Are they worth keeping?*—The answer would almost invariably be *No.* And then what? Shall we say: *Oh, let them stay! They've been there ten years, we might as well leave them!*—But that is sheer inertia and death to any freshness in the home. A woman might as well say: *I've worn this hat for a year, so I may as well go on wearing it for a few more years.*—A house, a home, is only a greater garment, and just as we feel we must renew our clothes and have fresh ones, so we should renew our homes and make them in keeping. Spring-cleaning isn't enough. Why do fashions in clothes change? Because, really, we ourselves change, in the slow metamorphosis of time. If we try to imagine ourselves now in the clothes we wore six years ago, we shall see that it is impossible. We are, in some way, different persons now, and our clothes express our different personality.

■ And so should the home. It should change with us, as we change. Not so quickly as our clothes change, because it is not so closely in contact. More slowly, but just as inevitably, the home should change around us. And the change should be more rapid in the more decorative scheme of the room: pictures, curtains, cushions; and slower in the solid furniture. Some furniture may satisfy us for a life-time. Some may be quite unsuitable after ten years. But certain it is, that the cushions and curtains and pictures will begin to be stale after a couple of years. And staleness in the home is stifling and oppressive to the spirit. It is a woman's business to see to it. In England especially, one lives so much indoors that the interiors must live, must change, must have their seasons of fading and renewing, must come alive to fit the new moods, the new sensations, the new selves that come to pass with the changing years. Dead and dull permanency in the home, dreary sameness, is a form of inertia, and very harmful to the modern nature, which is in a state of flux, sensitive to its surroundings far more than we really know.

■ And, do as we may, the pictures in a room are in some way the key to the atmosphere of a room. Put up grey photogravures, and a certain greyness will dominate in the air, no matter if your cushions be daffodils. Put up Baxter prints, and for a time you will have charm; after that, a certain stuffiness will ensue. Pictures are strange things. Most of them die as surely as flowers die, and, once dead, they hang on the wall as stale as brown, withered bouquets. The reason lies in ourselves. When we buy a picture because we like it, then the picture responds fresh to some living feeling in us. But feelings change: quicker or slower. If our feeling for the picture was superficial, it wears away quickly—and quickly the picture is nothing but a dead rag hanging on the wall. On the other hand, if we can see a little deeper, we shall buy a picture that will at least last us a year or two, and give a certain fresh joy all the time, like a living flower. We may even find something that will last us a life-time. If we found a masterpiece, it would last many life-times. But there are not many masterpieces of any sort, in this world.

The fact remains: there are pictures of every sort, and people of every sort to be pleased by them; and there is, perhaps, a limit to the length of time that even a masterpiece will please mankind. Raphael now definitely bores us, after several centuries, and Michael Angelo begins to.

But we needn't bother about Raphael or Michael Angelo, who kept up their fresh interest for centuries. Our concern is rather with pictures that may be dead rags in six months, all the fresh feeling for them gone. If we think of Landseer, or Alma Tadema, we see how even traditional connoisseurs like the Dukes of Devonshire paid large sums for momentary masterpieces that now hang on the ducal walls as dead and ridiculous rags. Only a very uneducated person nowadays would want to put those two Landseer dogs: *Dignity and Impudence*, on a drawing-room wall. Yet they pleased immensely, in their day. And the interest was sustained, perhaps, for twenty years. But after twenty years, it has become a humiliation to keep them hanging on the walls of Chatsworth or wherever they hang. They should be burnt, of course. They only make an intolerable stuffiness wherever they are.

And if this is true of *Dignity and Impudence*, or Millais' *Bubbles*, which are pictures that have a great deal of technical skill in them, how much more true is it of cheap photogravures, which have none. Familiarity wears a picture out. Since Whistler's portrait of his mother was used for an advertisement, it has lost most of its appeal, and becomes for most people a worn-out picture, a dead rag. And once a picture has been really popular, and then died into staleness, it never revives again. It is dead forever. The only thing is to burn it.

■ Which applies very forcibly to photogravures and other such machine pictures. They may have fascinated the young bride, twenty years ago. They may even have gone on fascinating her for six months or two years. But at the end of that time they are almost certainly dead, and the bride's pleasure in them can only be a reminiscent sentimental pleasure, or a rather vulgar satisfaction in them as pieces of property. It is fatal to look on pictures as pieces of property. Pictures are like flowers, that fade away sooner or later, and die, and must be thrown in the dustbin and burnt. It is true of all pictures. Even the beloved Giorgione will one day die to human interest—but he is still very lovely, after almost five centuries, still a fresh flower. But when at last he is dead, as so many pictures are that hang on honoured walls, let us hope he will be burnt. Let us hope he won't still be regarded as a piece of valuable property, worth huge sums, like lots of dead-as-doornails canvases today.

If only we could get rid of the idea of "property", in the arts! The arts exist to give us pleasure or joy. A yellow cushion gives us pleasure. The moment it ceases to do so, take it away, have done with it, give us another. This is done, and so cushions remain fresh and interesting, and the manufacturers manufacture continually new, fresh, fascinating fabrics. The natural demand causes a healthy supply.

In pictures it is just the opposite. A picture, instead of being regarded like a flower or a cushion, as something *(Continued on page 108)*

VANDAMM

jack buchanan

the english music-hall star, long away from our shores, returns in the new cochran revue, "wake up and dream"

● When the reluctant final curtain fell on the first Charlot Revue, several seasons ago, Jack Buchanan, with the applause of New York audiences still perceptible to his ears, unobtrusively returned to England. He has since been an unfamiliar figure to the American stage—although he did recently journey to Hollywood, to make a musical motion picture; the stage lost him briefly in that excursion. He returns, now, to New York, since Arch Selwyn has been inspired to bring him to America for *Wake Up and Dream*

we nominate for the hall of fame

BERENICE ABBOTT

RICHARD ALDINGTON

RAOUL DUFY

VANDAMM

ROUBEN MAMOULIAN

CHANA ORLOFF

N. Y. TIMES STUDIO

ALBERT STOESSEL

because:

■ RICHARD ALDINGTON was a leader of the Imagist poetry movement; because he will devote fifteen years to translating the Greek tragedies; because he is a distinguished critic and the husband of the poet H. D.; and finally because he has just published his first novel, *Death of a Hero*, about his war experiences

■ RAOUL DUFY is one of the world's outstanding water-colourists; because he has illustrated a notable series of books; because he is an etcher, and a painter whose canvases are always witty as well as beautiful; and finally because he has recently and most successfully taken up the designing of fabrics

■ ROUBEN MAMOULIAN is the son of a Russian general and an Armenian mother; because his first play was produced in English in Paris; because he is an epicure; because he is the inventor of new technical effects for the cinema; and finally because his work in the films has been as successful as his direction of *Porgy* in both London and New York

■ CHANA ORLOFF is the greatest living sculptress; because she has studied dyes, colour printing, and ceramics; because she has been awarded the Legion of Honor by France; because she always works in extremely unusual materials; and finally because she is at present visiting America for the first time

■ ALBERT STOESSEL was appointed conductor of the New York Oratorio Society on account of his war services; because at thirty-five he is a famed conductor, a concert violinist, and a university lecturer; and finally because he has just taken the baton from Damrosch to lead a re-organized orchestra

—and speaking of love

BY GERTRUDE CARVER

a mother answers monsieur géraldy's advice on love to his nephew by counseling her daughter on this topic

■ In recent months, *Vanity Fair* has published several articles on the subject of the tender passion by Paul Géraldy, in which he lightly and wisely instructed his nephew—and every other young man whose eye should chance to fall upon his thoughtful paragraphs—how to travel most successfully upon the devious paths of love and marriage. In this article Gertrude Carver, doing for the feminine venturers upon this perilous journey what *M.* Géraldy has already done for their potential lovers and husbands, tells her daughter of wisdom in love, and how a woman may attain it by danger and a little patience

1 My daughter, while desire is still a diffident flame in your heart, a vague, bewildered hunger, be at rest for a little while. Dream of love while love is still a dream.

There is time to lift your eyelids slowly, like curved white wings of sleepy butterflies. There is time for you to dream . . . but you are impatient; the world of dreams is too full of shadows, and you long to accustom your eyes to the light. Can you not pause a moment? Your young feet tread so unthinkingly these lovely paths; no sooner do you reach one horizon than your eyes discover another, and you hasten toward it.

You cherish your fragile dream of love and hold it close to your heart. But what do you ask of it? Triumphant child, free as your brother to learn that life is the beating of many hearts, how will you use your brief, exploring years?

You are awakened and your loveliness, like Brunhild's, reaches out for an answering wonder. Do not think him Siegfried on whom your eyes first rest. But you will, my child, you will!

2 Already you say you see him: a boy, handsome, strong, as brilliantly young as yourself. But is he not a reflection of your own desire? How can you tell, my child, how can you tell? Youth loves youth so easily.

He loves you. You love him. So readily have you learned the words of love, words as burdened with beauty as the experience of love itself. Later you will evade them, you will not dare use them; but now the words, "I love him"—the words, "he loves me" are enough.

3 He loves you. You say he wants to marry you? You want to marry him? Oh, but that is a different question altogether, and it will not do at all. You are eighteen. He is twenty-one. So old?

He kissed you in the garden last night? I am glad it was in a garden—the only appropriate place for a first kiss. . . . One remembers, you know. . . even I remember. . .

But about this boy. . . . I, too, seem to like him. I wonder why? His youth is a fault that he will outgrow. But my dear, marriage is not for boys and girls—it is for wise men and terribly wise women. It is life's bravest gesture; a challenge to fit reality into the texture of a dream, a practical attempt to adjust dreaming to the unyielding pattern of reality. But what have you to do with that—yet?

It is charming, however, to be kissed in a garden when one loves and is loved. He may kiss you again—if you do not find him too clumsy. His clumsiness has charm, you say? I can see well that it might have charm, *petite bête!*

We will go away for a while—only for a little while. Perhaps you will come back to him. You're sure you will come back to him? Then tell him so, for truth in love, as in all else, is what you believe to be true at the time. Tell him you will come back, and believe him when he promises to wait for you. You are sure this will be your unique experience in love? Of course you are. In your place I, too, would be sure.

4 You have been away and while you were away there was a man—not a clumsy boy this time, but a "man."

You have discovered that you do not love the boy at all. You only thought you loved him—wasn't it strange of you? You ask me to agree that it was strange. I do not quite agree, my child.

Also, you make a grave mistake. Accept the new love if you will, but do not deny the old. Say if you like, "Today, I forget why I loved the boy yesterday" but never say "I did not love the boy."

Emotion dead is difficult to remember. One can remember the hands, the eyes, the words that were once beloved; but one cannot recapture the magic without which they remain hands, eyes and words.

Yesterday's love, my child, was not more strange than today's will be to-morrow.

5 You still like the boy too much to be willing to hurt him. Will you tell him of the other man? Certainly not. It is almost impossible to convince a man whom you have once loved, that you love him no longer—nor can he ever believe that another man seriously interests you. A man is humble or suspicious only when he has never been sure of your love.

Tell the boy that it is more cruel for you than it is for him, but that you have decided to give him up. What reason will you give? You may be slightly incoherent about it. What you tell him need not make sense at all. He will understand that you are burdened by feelings so fine and noble that he, gross creature that he is, cannot know them save as a spiritual whiteness beyond his powers to feel.

And you yourself will end by believing that, while you have been bitterly hurt, you have done the right thing. He is a dear boy and needs the comfort that I could give him now. His own suffering is born of virtue and inexperience—I know I could help him.

6 About the man you met while you were away. You say that he is altogether different from the boy? I was afraid so, my child.

He is far older than you, and yet he doesn't seem to be bored by the fact that you are young? I am sure he is not bored by that fact, by young Brunhild! He has had a tragic life? The glamour of an untold tragedy mysteriously clothes him. . . . It was a woman, you suspect. He is too chivalrous to talk about it, even to you, but you have guessed a little, from what he inadvertently let fall.

You have a feeling, sometimes, that he is so wretched that, if it were not for you, he might . . . you don't know exactly what he might do. You have vague, delightful fears for him.

He takes you to the smartest restaurants, races, polo matches; head waiters greet him with respect, and give him the best table. He sends you—not roses, or orchids—but white lilac or mimosa. He makes you feel a little *gauche* because he has known such "wonderful" people, women particularly, both in Europe and America. He pays you charming compliments but, for the most part, he is frank and tells you your faults. He says, for instance, that you would have a perfect figure if you carried yourself better. He doesn't approve of the perfume you use. . . .

You have let him kiss you—and his kisses are, you confess, not clumsy like the boy's? Of course they aren't, my child . . . but you must remember that in order to achieve perfection one must have years of practice—in any art.

I am going to Paris for a few weeks. Perhaps you will come with me? It is Spring, and Paris in Spring is . . . Paris in Spring. . . .

You will come? Good. But you are afraid that the man will be very unhappy in consequence? You must not be too much concerned about that. A woman's greatest danger is to care too much about the unhappiness of man. You must not . . . but you will.

7 And now, dear child, you have been to Paris. You have had three perfect months there. You seemed to be amused. The Frenchman with whom you spent most of your time was delightful. He could order dinner. He knew Verlaine, Cloisonné, Picasso, and good Burgundies. He was so very different from that sweet boy—that first handsome, clumsy boy, do you remember? I often think of him. I wonder why? (*Continued on page 142*)

agnes geraghty

member of two olympic teams and the holder of numerous world's records for swimming

STEICHEN

the unpsychological age

BY G. K. CHESTERTON

concerning modern people who analyze the mind but neglect to make any use of it

• In a recent article in *Vanity Fair* I denied that the Victorian Age was the Age of Virtue. I shall here deny that the period of the present generation is in any sense whatever The Age of Pleasure. I think there is a great deal less actual pleasure at this moment than there was in the days of my youth, or in most of the days of my ancestors. It is true that a great many worthy moralists denounce the present time because of the prevalence of pleasure-seeking. It may be true, indeed it probably is true, that there is a great deal of pleasure-seeking. But there is a great deal of difference between pleasure-seeking and pleasure-finding. Indeed it might be maintained that the very fury with which people go on seeking pleasure is a proof that they have not found it.

But this generation is full of such depressing paradoxes. The first and most comic is the thing they call Psychology. This generation is everlastingly talking about Psychology. This generation knows nothing whatever about Psychology. It knows far less about Psychology than any generation of our civilised past; possibly even any of our savage past. Our contemporaries do not know, for instance, the perfectly simple meaning of the Greek word, still less the profound meaning of the Greek myth. I suppose they have heard of the legend of Cupid and Psyche; but I doubt whether it has ever occurred to them to connect it with their own monstrous goddess called Psychology. Anyhow, even in that case, it is significant that they would understand the grosser better than the more delicate element in the story. Many of the modern fashion may be said to know rather more about Cupid than about Psyche.

But the point here is their comic ignorance of the very idea they are always talking about. They even use the word wrong. They talk about it as if it were a particular disease and not a general science. If we read a passionate and heart-searching modern novel (which God forbid) we may open at any page and come on a sentence like this: "Maurice fascinated Daphne by his exquisite understanding of her Psychology." This is exactly as if I were to say: "I should like to meet Maurice and give him a good hearty kick in the Physiology." So indeed I should; but I should not express my just and natural aspiration in such illogical terms. Physiology is not his body, but the study of his body; and Psychology is not his mind, but the study of his mind. Understanding Daphne's Psychology ought not to mean understanding her character, but understanding the books she has written, the lectures she has delivered or the theories she has held on Psychology in general. And if I know anything of Daphne, she has never meddled with such nonsense. Or somebody will say, in a more scholarly work: "The Psychology of Attila the Hun has never been scientifically studied." Which is like saying that his Geology has never been adequately studied. The Hun, happy fellow, had no Psychology and no Geology; he could lay waste the earth without asking what it was made of, and enjoy himself without asking what he himself was made of. And many human beings, without being Huns, have in the past managed to enjoy themselves a great deal without bothering about Psychology. Still, if a whole human generation is going to bother and bewilder itself with Psychology, it might as well know something about it. The present generation knows nothing about it.

• What the present generation knows is a number of catch phrases taken from one particular theory, which happens to be the last theory, and which will therefore be blown to bits by the next theory. But even before it is blown to bits, the culture of our time has never had anything except bits of it. It has learnt, for instance, to use the phrase "Inferiority Complex" to describe what Christians used to call Modesty and gentlemen Manners. But if you stop somebody who has just used the phrase "Inferiority Complex", and ask him whether there is such a thing as "Superiority Complex", he will gape and goggle and gurgle unmeaning sounds and his legs will give way beneath him. *His* inferiority complex, anyhow, will be instantly and appallingly apparent. For he has never thought about the phrase he uses; he has only seen it in the newspapers. The new phrase is not in the newspapers; and he has never heard of it. But the much older and much more profound Psychology of the Christian religion was founded on the very ancient discovery that a superiority complex was the beginning of all evil. He will also talk to you about the Œdipus Complex; the story of the heathen who murdered his father, and did other odd things, being thought likely to brighten the lives of all Bright Young Things. But if you ask this great apostle of science to look at the word science where it is imbedded in the word "Conscience", and think about it, you will find that he has never noticed that it is there. These new complexes are not very complex. Compared with the subtlety of the old spiritual ideas, their simplicity is babyish.

• But the point here is this: that these young Psychologists are backward even as babies. They have not learnt the alphabet. They have not realized even the rudiments of the study of which they talk so much. In every way, of course, we live in a period when people know the last word about everything without knowing the first word about it. They are all like people set to decode a cypher without having ever learnt to read or write. Scores of people will talk to you about the wonderful work of Einstein, not one of whom could tell you what were the primary principles of Newton. An infinite procession of idiots will discuss the Dawes Plan who have never read The Declaration of Independence. But in the case of Psychology, this is particularly true and particularly disastrous. Our fathers did not talk about Psychology; they talked about a knowledge of human nature. But they had it; and we have not. They knew by instinct all that we ignore by the help of information. For it is exactly the first facts about human nature that are now being ignored by humanity.

For instance, if there is one obvious and outstanding truth of Psychology it is what might be called the law of contrast. A lady who wishes to look striking in a black velvet dress does not stand against a black velvet curtain; a man painting a red figure of Mephistopheles does not paint him standing in front of a red-brick villa; and fireworks are not exhibited against a background of fire but against a background of darkness. One would have thought that that principle of the human mind was plain and obvious enough for anybody to observe it. Yet the whole of modern pleasure-seeking is missing all that it seeks, because nobody will observe it. If people are to appreciate a pleasure it must be what children call a treat. It must stand out against the background of something else that is not quite so bright as itself. Otherwise we might as well try to paint in white on a whitewashed wall. I have seen no sign of this Age of Psychology having appreciated this elementary psychological fact. Mr. Aldous Huxley remarked in a brilliant article in these very pages the other day that those who are now pursuing pleasure *(Continued on page 138)*

agnes geraghty

An amazing young athlete, Agnes Geraghty is the holder of nine world's records, and all the existing American records for women in breast-stroke swimming, besides being Metropolitan in- and out-door champion in the same event. Her records have been made over distances ranging from 50 to 440 yards, and the times made by previous champions have been tremendously lowered. Some of these records were made when she was only fifteen. Miss Geraghty was a member both of the 1924 and 1926 Olympic Teams

the philosophy of everything

a round-trip tour of the infinite in the omnibus style of dr. will durant

BY DR. JOHN RIDDELL

● INVITATION This book is an attempt to realize the profits of Philosophy. If we can succeed in realizing a few of these profits as successfully as Dr. Durant did, we shall feel amply repaid.

On all sides our harried civilization is confronted daily with a veritable babel of unanswered questions, hurled like chaff from the flying wheels of progress: "What is life?" "What is truth?" "What is God?" "How do I get to Kew Gardens from Jamaica?" "Are parents people?" "Have you got the 'oan of a match?" "What time it is?" "If seven labourers working sixteen hours loaded fourteen bags of wheat, how long would it take four labourers working fifteen hours?" "Where is the men's room?" Our only solution is to view life as a whole, and resolve these vexing questions into the single universal query: "What?" This modest volume is the answer.

To be sure, *The Story of Philosophy* and *The Mansions of Philosophy* have already attempted to put the Eternal Verities on a sound paying basis, and make the American public Cosmos-Conscious. But Will Durant's Encyclopedias of the Infinite, though settling such varied problems as truth, infant-feeding and the tariff, still leave something to be desired as the complete guide to every possible problem of life. It is in an effort to meet this crying need, therefore, that we have attempted here to go Dr. Durant one better, and compile the complete all-time Philosophy of Philosophies, guaranteed to solve all problems or your money back.

● So hop aboard, folks! Mount onto the Omnibus of Philosophy! Let us embark upon the great, complete, all-inclusive, *de luxe* Round-Trip Excursion to Infinity. We shall proceed first to logic, observing science, cause and effect, pausing a moment at the shrine of truth, or taking, if desired, an interesting side-trip to rationalism and the life of reason. (Passengers taking this excursion may meet the party again at emotions.) At metaphysics we shall spend a delightful half-hour exploring the interesting native glossaries and shopping for souvenir words to send back to the folks at home. Back into our luxurious omnibus again, only pausing to take a few snapshots of the quaint old philosophers sitting in the sun; and then, with a toot of the horns and a shower of torn-up theories about sex, we shall set out down the World's Most Travelled Highway for ethics and a big evening of immorality, divorce, loose love, companionate marriage, and sin. (Note: Passengers who so desire may remain at this chapter and be picked up on the return trip.) Off bright and early again the following morning for religion, including a complete tour of magic, ancestor-worship, mysticism, Methodism, and the New God; a quick lunch of history, with one hour to devour progress, civilization, and the future of America; thence to politics, devoting the remainder of the afternoon to socialism, democracy, liberty, chaos, aesthetics, love, truth, life (including birth, youth-and-whither-drifting, middle-age, death), the quest of happiness, bibliography, appendix, or eighteen holes of golf, returning home that evening, tired but happy, vowing that it was one of the pleasantest and most profitable excursions our club has taken, and feeling all fit and ready to face life on the morrow.

Send for our illustrated catalogue of the Big Philosophy Excursion, including full rates and itinerary of hotels, side-trips to interesting foot-notes, and free guide-service to the classics. Lift yourself to freedom and serenity. Knowledge is power, wisdom is liberty, the whole round-trip can be covered in thirty-six hours. Be Cosmos-Minded. Tour the world of the infinite for $5.00.—JOHN RIDDELL

WILL DURANT—BY COVARRUBIAS

● PART I.

INTRODUCTION

CHAPTER I

WHAT IS PHILOSOPHY?

1. INTROÏBO

What is introïbo?

2. EPISTEMOLOGS

What are epistemologs?

3. ENTELECHY

As a matter of fact, I don't think we are getting ahead very fast with this chapter.

● PART II.

LOGIC, METAPHYSICS, AND AESTHETICS

CHAPTER II

WHAT IS TRUTH?

1. FACT

Besides common salt, it has been calculated that the Dead Sea contains 1,300,000,000 tons of potash, 850,000,000 tons of bromides, and over 20,000,000,000 tons of magnesium chloride.

2. THEORY

Henry Ford says that Prohibition is 99% effective.

3. REVENUE AT PANAMA CANAL

A total of $2,127,851, or a daily average of $70,928, was collected from 503 commercial vessels and 10 yachts passing through the Panama Canal in June, 1929.

● PART III.

MORALITY

CHAPTER III

WHAT IS LOVE?

See Sex. (*Now* we're going somewhere!)

CHAPTER IV

WHAT IS SEX?

Hah, bo-o-oy! Ask me!

● Well. After due study of the subject, I have just about come to the conclusion that there isn't any Sex. This conclusion will doubtless shock a great many readers, who have been labouring for years under the out-dated Biblical theory that "male and female created He them", and have even gotten married and produced children, which according to my theory is absolutely *(Continued on page 130)*

la gitana—by hélène perdriat

● The fabulous subjects of Hélène Perdriat's art will be assembled for the first time in America at an exhibition soon to open at the newly founded Chambrun Galleries in New York. This show coincides with the artist's first visit to America. The exhibition will be augmented by contributions from American collectors of the artist's work. Thus it will be possible to observe how analagous is Mlle. Perdriat's world to M:. Cabell's *Poictesme*, without date or geography. Her canvases are less pictures than they are illustrations for a fanciful text—the products of an unbelievable sophistication or an equally unfathomable simplicity

an important canvas by the gifted frenchwoman whose first american show will soon be held

how to mix a planter's punch

being a slightly wet-eyed reminiscence of nassau, seen through a tall glass, darkly

BY COREY FORD

● PLANTER'S PUNCH: Use tall glass. Squirt in the juice of a fresh lime, two portions of sugar, a pony of water, four portions of old Jamaica rum. Fill glass with shaved ice, shake well, add a dash of red pepper if desired, and serve very cold with long straws.—From *Cheerio, a Book of Cocktails* by Charles of Delmonico's.

● And it doesn't work. Follow the recipe to the letter: select only the tallest glass and the freshest lime, measure just the amount of sugar and water, shave your ice never so fine, add four portions of Jamaica rum that is fit for a Congressman's satchel; and still you will not have a Planter's Punch. Still, at best, it will only be lime and sugar and rum.

Not that I haven't been conscientious about it. I have tried it before lunch in a basement speakeasy in the forties. I have tried it in a Park Avenue penthouse during that evanescent hour at dusk when a huddled group of about-towners touch glasses and then scatter again to the four winds before dinner. I have tried it at night on the stone verandah of a Westchester club, with the iced glass breathing smoke into a heavy blanket of heat draped over the Sound. And always some key-word in the formula seemed to be lacking. Always there was some rare ingredient missing from my witch's brew, some magic incantation forgotten, some slight but necessary entrail of a frog without which my cauldron would not bubble. Try as I might, it was never the Planter's Punch that I sipped once under a striped awning on the terrace of the New Colonial Hotel at Nassau, staring between the hibiscus hedges toward the very blue water that is found in the Bahamas and nowhere else in all the world.

● I suppose the secret is that blue water. No climate could harbour such a color in its heart, and be practical or prosaic or hurried. As you sit on the terrace of the New Colonial of a late afternoon and sip a Planter's Punch through a long straw, the corner of your eye catches a glint of blue at every turn, flashing astonishingly between the green leaves like the tail of a peacock. It is a little exotic and unreal: it hypnotizes you with a fixed blue eye, and you unbend and relax langourously and bask like a salamander in its warm spell, and your gaze wanders automatically toward the attractive young lady who is seated alone at a nearby table and growing steadily more attractive by the minute. They say it is the Planter's Punch that does it; but I am inclined to blame the blue water.

Well; that's life in the Bahamas. You sip another Planter's Punch through a long straw, musing on life in the Bahamas and staring amiably across the harbour at the white yachts and Hog Island and the white sky beyond. The soft stamp and chop of a tennis game is at your left; at your right a few couples drift lazily across a smooth platform to the discreet rhythms of a tea-orchestra. In the distance the jingle of bells and honk of horns along Bay Street mingle drowsily with the interminable crowing of the roosters, that never cease crowing day or night in Nassau, until you are moved to wonder when they ever accomplish their hellish designs. The ocean, as you lift your glass, is shattered by the lens at the bottom of the tumbler into a thousand fragments of turquoise, ultramarine, cobalt, emerald. You set the glass down again. The water rolls placidly out from shore once more in an ordered sequence of apple-green, green-blue, then an electric-blue that suddenly drops into the deepest midnight purple at the horizon's edge; and you gaze again at the lady.

● As a matter of fact, by this time the lady will also be colored quite blue, and so will the table, and the terrace, and the royal palms overhead. The blue has climbed off the water like mist from a mountain lake and mounted into the air; now the air is blue and alive; it shimmers and vibrates and distorts the green trees and red flowers and yellow awnings, and the white dress of the lady, and surrounds it with a corona of blue fire. There is a blue shadow in the curve of her tan arm, and, what is more significant, the bar steward has a bright blue head as he bends over to take your order. Anywhere else but Nassau, this alone should make you suspicious.

So you sip another Planter's Punch, speculating idly whether the bright-blue lady would care to dance and whether you would have energy enough to dance with her if she did, and absorbing meantime the curious culture that exists about you. For there is no doubt that the terrace of the New Colonial has a civilization all its own. It is an ancient civilization: it has seen plutocracies crumble, season after season, and leaders battle to the death under these striped awnings, the air ringing with the martial tinkle of spoons upon glass and the subdued clank of pearls as bosom-loads of reserve ammunition are hurried to the front. It has seen the Cincinnati pretender who invested heavily in Montgomery Ward at 86 topple the throne of a blooded monarchy whose family for generations has been coming here from Montclair, N. J. It has developed in the course of its civilization a life and a language all its own. This is a distinct tongue that is spoken on the terrace, you reflect; a slower inflection than the beaches of Miami, and a nicer feeling for 'a' and the participial ending. The terrace has even its own code of ethics: it is not considered quite nice, for example, to whistle with the orchestra, peel your sunburn, seduce a waitress before dinner, wear yellow button-shoes with a dark suit, dance with your wife, address picture-postcards, or topple sideways off your chair. On the other hand, there is no moral sentiment whatsoever to prevent one's strolling over to a nearby table and asking an attractive young lady to join one in a Planter's Punch.

As you set down your glass, you shift your position slightly so that you can glimpse the tiny slippers that dangle by their heels from the rung beneath her chair. Her legs are bare and very tan. An outdoors girl; that might be a little unpleasant. Perhaps she would insist upon tarpon-fishing with you; and women-fishermen are one of the great, great crosses of modern life. Perhaps she is a Girl Scout. Perhaps she would want to take long walks. No, you sigh with relief; she is a blonde, and blondes always ride places. Perhaps she would be content merely to lie in the sun on the forward deck of your cabin cruiser, while you grasped the wheel and stared across her, stretched at full-length before you, with her hands clasped behind her neck and her ruffled blonde hair blowing and spanking in the breeze, toward the endless chain of little islands that would beckon you on and on.

● That was a very pleasant paragraph. You are so pleased with yourself, in fact, that you start with her ankles and build the whole romantic picture all over again, sipping a Planter's Punch dreamily (you needed just this one more Planter's Punch to buck you up before you actually walked over and spoke to her) and steering your hypothetical cabin-cruiser in and out between the random cays, through sheltered lagoons, over deep-sea gardens waving their purple and yellow fronds beneath several fathoms of crystal water, past white beaches and the white ribs of ships buried and exhumed endlessly by the restless sands, exploring the incredible blue of the Bahamas under a benign sun that makes the islands a permanent Paradise.

The charm of these coral islands is swinging your imagination onward. Perhaps you will drop your hypothetical anchor at Andros or Abaco, and explore their long shores for Blackbeard's hypothetical gold. Perhaps together you will drift lazily outward upon a surf so *(Continued on page 124)*

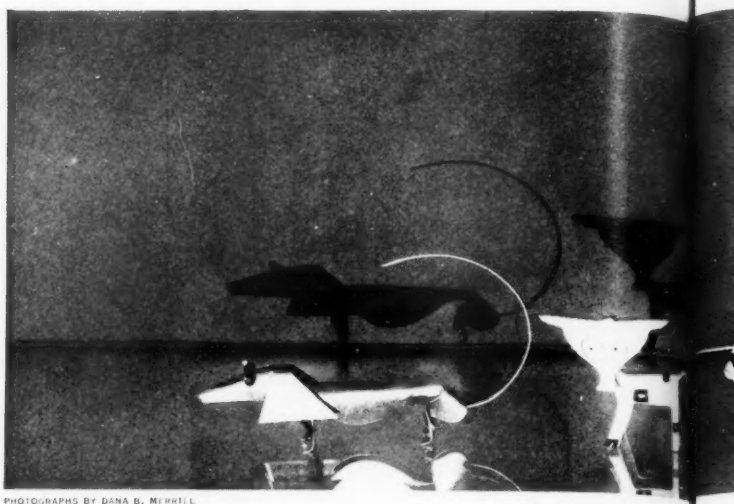
MURAY—HOLLYWOOD

mary and douglas fairbanks

the celebrated couple make their first appearance together in the talking film "the taming of the shrew"

the extremely moving pictures

BY THOMAS MANN



PHOTOGRAPHS BY DANA B. MERRILL

how a german author of the conservative group discovered the emotion in the motion picture

■ I have sometimes thought in my capacity as a literary man of making a precise statement of my views about motion pictures, but that must be reserved for more leisurely days. To-day I will say only this much: during the last few years my interest in this modern form of expression has become a real obsession, in fact it has even assumed the character of a gay passion.

I frequently go to motion picture theatres and for hours I do not tire of these spectacles spiced with music. I enjoy equally travel and animal pictures; the living newspapers called "news reels" interest me; occasionally, some tricky bit of comedy or other amuses me or a gripping bit of knavery intrigues me; I become absorbed in a touching love story, when the actors are convincing, good to look upon, and agreeable personalities; film actors may be vain, but they are seldom unnatural. So far as the story is concerned, even if it be silly in the extreme, it nearly always has other values to offset the poverty or sentimentality of the plot. Its details and incidents are so real, so true to life, that the human element, in a hundred single flashes, triumphs over the childish incredibility of the story as a whole.

I spoke of a "form of expression", for—if you'll pardon me—I believe that motion pictures have little to do with art, and I consider it a mistaken idea to approach them with criteria taken from the sphere of art. This is the critical attitude adopted by those humanistic, conservatively attuned souls, who then contemptuously and sadly turn away from the motion picture as from a low and wildly democratic mob entertainment.

For my part, I am contemptuous of the films too, but I love them. They are not art, they are life and actuality. Their effect in their ever-moving silence is crudely sensational in comparison to the intellectual effect of art, but it is real. It is the effect which life and actuality have on the passive observer, assuaged by the comfort of his surroundings and the attendant emotional encouragement supplied by the music. Just tell me why people always cry at the moving pictures, or rather bawl like servant girls? I went to see the opening of *The Big Parade* not long ago. Olaf Gulbranson, the caricaturist, was there too. I met him in the lobby. That jolly, muscular Norseman was bathed in tears; "I haven't dried myself yet," he said, excusing himself. Side by side we stood there for a long time with moist eyes, sniffling like children. Is that the state of emotion in which one takes leave of a work of art, turns one's back on a painting, puts down a book, or departs from the theatre? It's true, old gentlemen weep, when *O alte Burschenherrlichkeit* is sung in *Old Heidelberg*, but they are not moved to tears by Shakespeare, Kleist, or Hauptmann. Art is of a colder sphere, say what you will. It belongs to the world of intellect and high interpretation; the world of style, the world of letters, of creations of the most intricate and exalted kinds; the objective world, the world of understanding ("For it comes from understanding," says Goethe). Art is significant, aristocratic, chaste, and sensitive. Its vibrations, passing through the medium of the creator, are finely tempered; in the presence of art one moves carefully, conscious of its majesty. How different is the screen! Here we watch two lovers, ravishingly good-looking young people. They are in a real garden with waving grass, parting forever to an accompaniment of the most ingratiating music obtainable. Who could resist so definite an onslaught upon the emotions? Who wouldn't let the insistent tears flow on? For this material has passed through no medium. It lies at first hand—a warm and hearty hand. It works like onions and garlic. My tears trickle in the darkness; in dignified secrecy I flick them off with my first finger on my cheek.

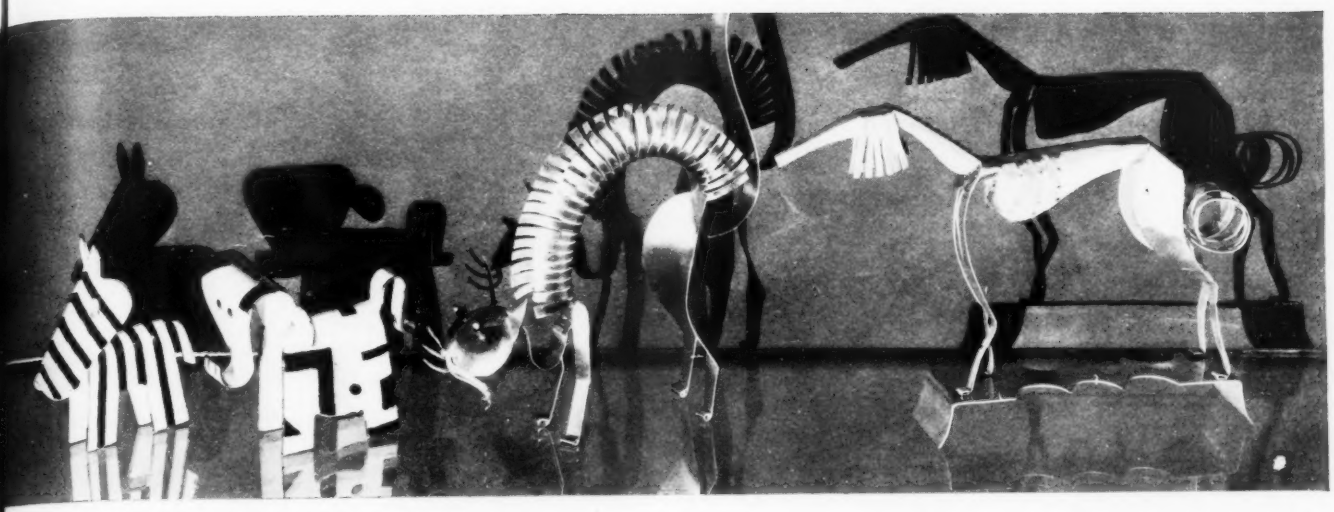
■ For the rest and in particular, motion pictures have nothing to do with the drama. They tell the stories in pictures; the visible presence of the characters does not prevent their spirit, their best effects, from being epic; and if the motion pictures touch poetry at any point, it is here in their actuality. They are much too real to be theatre.

Stage settings are calculated on the basis of an intellectual illusion: you see what you are supposed to be thinking about. Beholding the lush and soothing scenery of the screen, you think about only what you see. Neither have the human figures of the picture the bodily presence and reality of the interpreters of dramatic rôles. They are living shadows, and so they will always remain, static and unchangeable, like the characters in a story book. Even the voice which has come to the screen by way of the talking pictures, is essentially mechanical.

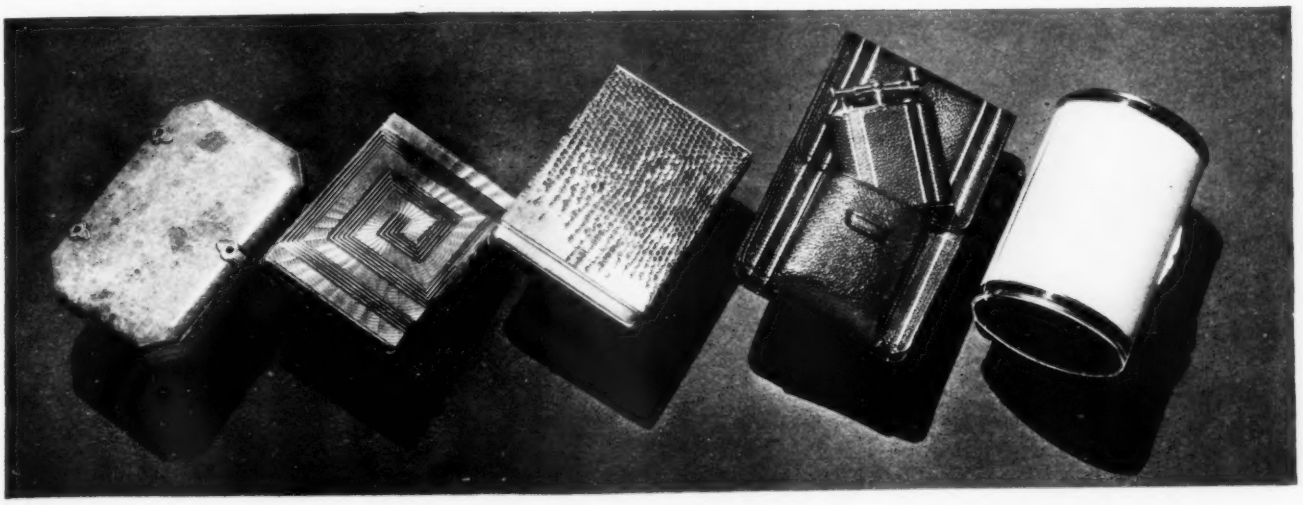
■ As an author, I have not had that fabulous luck with the motion picture magnates that one reads about every day in the newspapers and magazines. They made a picture of my novel, *Buddenbrooks*—it was not very satisfactory to those who liked the book, however. . . . But I have tasted blood. And—although I refrain from making a definite statement—it is not impossible that I may become, one of these days, a member of that gilded group, writers for the motion pictures, who (I have heard) live so delightfully in jewelled boudoirs and think only in the superlative. I have in mind now a story of mine which should find a happy home in Hollywood, since it abounds in charm, and has as one of its leading rôles that of a lovable dog.

But whether or not we, as authors, share personally in the triumph of the motion pictures we cannot—we dare not—quarrel with them; they are too permanent, too specialized, too securely moulded to their own triumphant pattern. It would be as reasonable to criticize the tides of the sea, or to belittle Mount Everest because it is not heaven.

I should like—as I observed at the beginning of this article—to examine more thoroughly my feelings about the motion pictures, and to disclose them more fully. I should like to do this, and—in a more leisurely moment—I shall. But there is no time now, for I am on my way to see a new film.



A MENAGERIE OF MODERNISTIC ANIMALS IN TIN



FOR SMOKERS OF BOTH SEXES

gifts that are original and delightful enough to appeal to the discriminating of both sexes

■ The procession at the top of the page is from Rena Rosenthal. Cigarette cases are shown in the middle photograph. The one at the left is of *lapis lazuli* with a diamond clasp and hinges; Dunhill. Next is a case of red and white gold; Udall & Ballou. The middle case is of snakeskin, and may be operated with one hand; Dunhill. Next to it is a red leather case marked in dark blue, holding a lighter to match; Altman. At the end is a cylindrical cigarette box of green enamel; Alice Marks. In the lower photograph is shown a snakeskin lighter matching the case above; from Dunhill. The box at the left is of green enamel with a cigarette crest on the cover, and the one at the right is of black enamel; Alice Marks. The small watch has a reptile skin cover; Bergdorf Goodman

ten ideas for christmas

ENAMEL AND REPTILE SKIN GIFTS

OUR LONDON LETTER

an interview with two london tailors giving their opinions on several timely questions

● Generally, we write about clothes from the point of view of the well-dressed man himself, for, in this department, it is our contention that it is the well-dressed man who makes the tailor instead of the tailor who makes the well-dressed man. And in the following paragraphs we will note how the tailor partly agrees with us in his reference to what his customers demand.

The two tailors chosen for the interview on this all-important subject are among the five or six best-known tailors in the West End—Anderson and Sheppard, of Savile Row, and Pleydell and Smith, Cork Street. To both of them, these questions were put: Which are the most popular, double or single-breasted jackets? What is the fashionable cut of trousers? And what materials and colours are being worn by the smart man?

Anderson and Sheppard say that they are making principally double breasted jackets, to wear with trousers with cuffs, but that the trousers are less wide than during the last few years. The demand for morning coats has greatly increased of late, showing that they are being worn as in pre-war days. This is also true of tailcoats for evening wear, especially with foreigners and Americans who, like Englishmen, are now wearing their tailcoats more often than their dinner jackets. In fact the tailcoat has become obligatory at fashionable evening gatherings during the winter season, and with it, of course, go the opera hat, white tie, and white waistcoat.

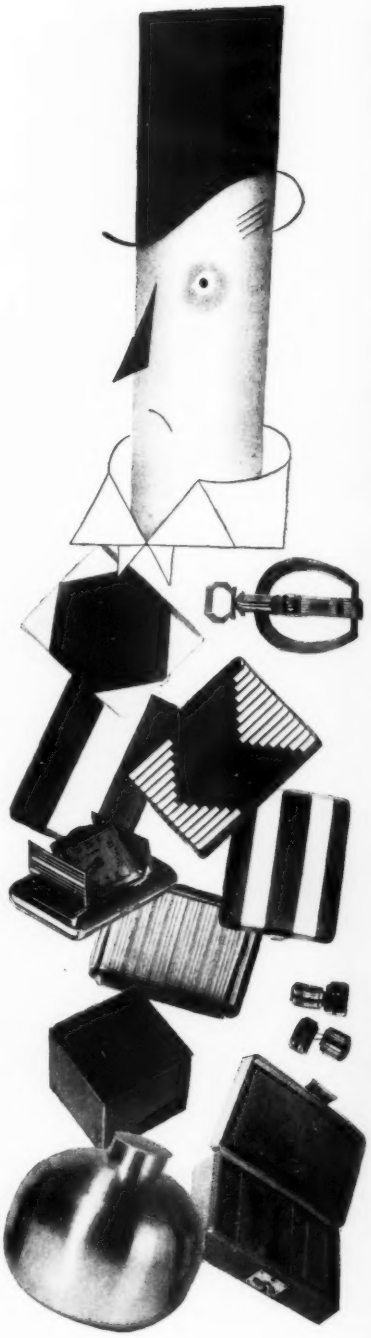
As to materials, Anderson and Sheppard still believe in the blue-grey saxonies and make a great point of the universal demand for medium weight materials and the increasing demand for tweeds.

● The London tailor points out that one of the difficulties he has had to contend with in the ever-increasing American custom is the short time allowed by the visitor in London to fill his order. In fact, they have to turn down many orders for lack of time as they consider it does their reputations more harm than good to turn out suits that have not been properly fitted and without those last-minute alterations which are so important. However, having stuck to their convictions in this matter, the Americans are now giving them more time, for they have come to understand this side of the question and see reason on the tailor's side. It is a common occurrence for an American to arrive at the tailor's Monday morning, order his clothes, have the first fitting on Wednesday, and expect them to be delivered to him Friday night so that he can take them away with him on Saturday morning. That means one fitting or perhaps two, at the most, and the clothes are generally unsatisfactory. Except for the customer who has been going to a tailor for years, the London tailor requires at least three fittings—and it is only reasonable that he should have them. Six and even eight fittings are not entirely beyond the bounds of reason, especially for formal clothes, where details are so important. While it is sometimes possible for a tailor to achieve the right effect at the second fitting, in fairness to the tailor, a man should wear the clothes for about two weeks before he has the final changes made.

Pleydell and Smith are very interesting on the subject of materials and, unlike Anderson and Sheppard, they find a tendency on the part of their customers to fight shy of the blue-grey mixtures but, at the same time, they regard blue and grey as the favourite colours—that means, true blues and true greys. Browns, they say, are out of fashion. They lay great stress on the popularity of pin-head striped patterns, and because of the wearing qualities of this type of closely woven material, there are many things to be said for it. Also, multiple striped materials are much in demand. One particular material has a grouping of white and dark red stripes on a background of dark brown. This material is flannel, a material that Pleydell and Smith think most highly of because, they say, a flannel jacket acquires, if anything, a better line than a cashmere jacket, and as to the trousers—it is not difficult to keep creases in them.

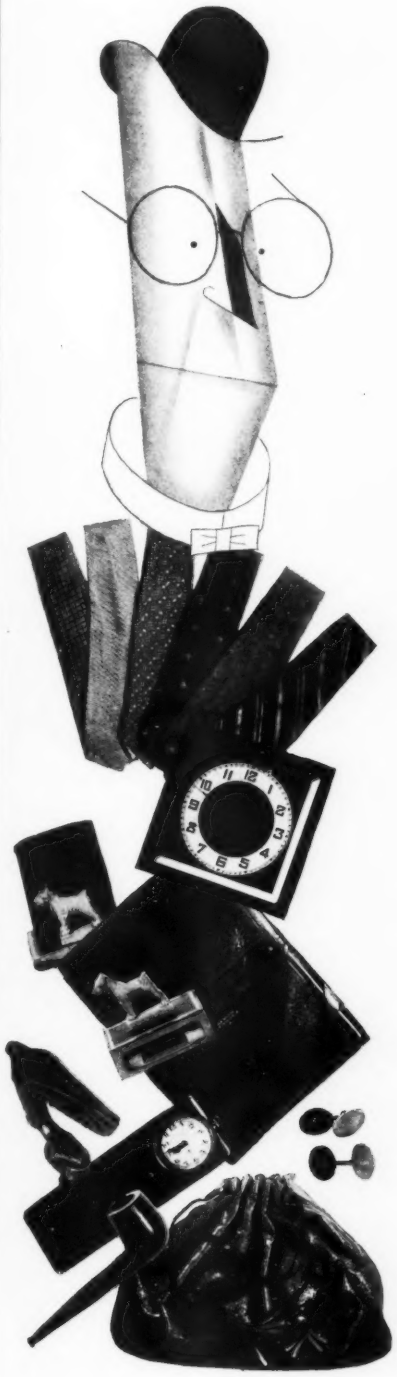
● Very popular materials from Pleydell and Smith for overcoats, suitable for motoring and travelling, have herring-bone and check patterns in light colours. These with a check-back lining are also popular in dark colours for town wear.

To quote Pleydell and Smith, "Customers appear to want to return to the single breasted jacket but, with the exception of the short stocky men, almost every man looks better in a double-breasted jacket, and, consequently, the desire to give up this form of garment and adopt the single-breasted jacket is generally overruled by vanity. When a single-breasted jacket is ordered the waistcoat is usually ordered double-breasted. As regards trousers, they should be made with cuffs when the jacket is double-breasted, and without when single-breasted. Wide trousers worn with single-breasted jackets tend to give a somewhat 'gigolo' effect." And, it may be noted, the fashion for very wide trousers in London has been spoiled by this noticeable type of young man who wears them. The actual width of trousers, however, is determined entirely by the proportions of the man who wears them. A man with a large foot, for example, requires a wider trouser bottom than the man with a small foot. Whatever the width, the trousers should taper gracefully from the hips to the ankles. Those without cuffs break slightly.



Above—Three black enamel and German silver cigarette cases, one with silver corners, two with bands—Brooks. A black lacquer case with gold stripes—Dunhill. Bill clip with key—Paul Flato. Pocket travelling watch—Dunhill. Gold cuff-links—Mauboussin. Cigarette box and jewel box—Tripler. Humidor—Heather's.

for the man-about-town



Six cravats—Tripler. Black bronze desk-clock and rear-vision mirror clock—Abercrombie & Fitch. Ivory dog cigarette stand and match holder—Tripler. Pin-seal wallet—Tripler. Hawk radiator ornament—Nil Melior. Plain gold links—Finchley. Pipe—Dunhill. Pigskin bag for collars, handkerchiefs or toilet articles—Brooks

for the man in business

Combination corkscrew, bottle-opener and key—Paul Flato. Zeppelin, beverage shaker and case—Finchley. China boxer decanters—Abercrombie & Fitch. Ivory elephant bottle stopper—Tripler. Combination bottle opener and key—Paul Flato. Glass flask and leather case—Finchley. Roulette wheel—Abercrombie & Fitch

for the gay caballero

A slip-on sweater with sleeves and a short one without sleeves—Tripler. Plaited gold cuff-links—Raymond Yard. Madras sports shirt with collar and tie attached and shorts to match; alpaca golf hose and cashmere hose—Tripler. Game box, including checkerboard, checkers, chess-men, dice, cards, chips—Abercrombie & Fitch

for sportsman-golfer

CHRISTMAS PRESENTS FOR FOUR WISE MEN

passing goulashes at contract

BY LELIA HATTERSLEY

the player is given some timely and constructive advice on how to master them

● It has been less than a year since the thrill of Passing Goulashes captured the imagination of a large portion of the Contract playing world. In the meantime at least a dozen varieties of this outlaw game have sprung up to succeed each other in popular favor.

The Goulash of the moment, is the One, Three, Two. It begins with the conventional Goulash deal, which is followed by an exchange between partners, first of one card, then three, and, lastly, two.

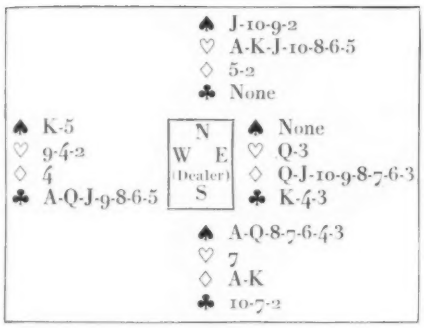
If we are to continue diversifying Contract with Passing Goulashes (and, from all over the country, come indications that we must) let us stick to this One, Three, Two, the sequence which most safely lends itself to general play. Here a player with even a modicum of card sense can hardly wander so far astray as completely to wreck his partner's hands, and pocket-book, by faulty passes. At the same time, more than any other Goulash, the One, Three, Two gives skillful players the opportunity to build up extraordinarily interesting hands.

The theory of all Passing Goulashes is the same. Partners strive either to develop one dominating hand which will justify a game or slam bid or to prepare an adequate defense against a game or slam bid from their opponents.

Passing Goulashes are too new and have been too changeable to be standardized. Following are some suggestions as to the strategy which I have developed and found helpful in the management of a One, Three, Two Goulash.

In passing One, Three, Two the first card exchanged between partners invariably indicates the suit which each desires to collect. This should be a suit of some length (not less than four) and, if possible, strength. The highest card should be passed, thus definitely informing the partner of the top strength or weakness of the suit. In his next pass of three cards, each player, as a rule, returns the card he has received from his partner, adding to it any of the suit which he may hold. Where there is more length than can immediately be returned, the highest cards of the partner's suit should be given first, the lowest being reserved for the final pass. To illustrate:*

Should North err in returning, in the above



hand, the 9 and 2 of Spades, with his partner's Ace, South would assume that he held no more. By first giving the Jack and 10, North does not deny *additional* Spades.

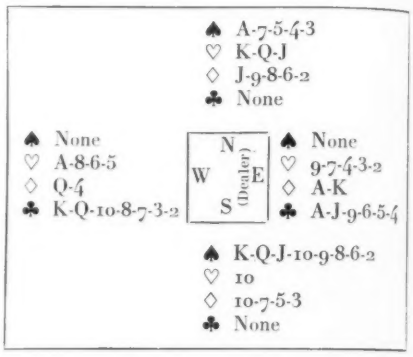
Having only one Heart to return with his partner's Ace, South must add a card of another suit. It is generally advisable that the side suit chosen be one which can be continued in the final pass. South should choose the Clubs to clear his hand of an undesirable suit. He does not hesitate to sacrifice his partner as it is improbable that North can develop a powerful Heart-holding with only one in South's hand; while the chance remains that North has Spades to build up South's suit. It might be noted here that in passing a side-suit the order should always be *—highest cards first.* In this way it is often possible to show the partner that an entire suit has been cleared, information which might prove valuable for defensive or offensive play. Thus, South should give the 10 of Clubs, followed by the 7 and 2.

● On receiving his partner's last consignment of Spades, South's hand is built up for a Small Slam against any defense which East and West will be likely to prepare.

On their first pass East and West exchange the Queen of Diamonds and the Ace of Clubs. With his partner's Queen of Diamonds, West returns the 4 of that suit and the 9 of Hearts. On his final pass, he gives the 4 and 2 of Hearts. East has a peculiarly unfortunate hand, being at the end forced to burden his partner with some wretched side card. As both are equally worthless, East should give a Diamond with his final Club rather than shorten his defense in a Major suit.

Opening the bid, South would declare Six Spades. Knowing definitely that he must lose three tricks, West should pass, if vulnerable. Not vulnerable he should make a sacrifice bid of Seven Clubs. He does not run the danger, sometimes present in these sacrifice bids, of forcing his opponent up to a Grand Slam at Spades as he has a sure set for that declaration.

In their first exchange, partners often call for the same suit. Without some understanding as to which shall accumulate the suit, potentially powerful hands may be ruined by a continual exchange. No crossed wires will occur if it is agreed that the partner passing the higher card shall invariably be elected to collect the suit. Beginning with this type of exchange, hands often develop Slam bids. Here is an example:



North and South have exchanged the Ace and King of Spades. The probability of developing a Grand Slam by establishing a cross-ruff becomes apparent to South when on the second pass North gives the Jack, 9 and 8 of Diamonds, an indication that he is clearing his hand of that suit. After returning his partner's Ace of Spades with the Queen and Jack, South's proper pass is his singleton Heart and the 10 of Spades. The rest of his Spades he retains for ruffing. North, on his third pass, gives South his two remaining Diamonds, one of them the 2.

● East and West can readily build up a Grand Slam in Clubs. Their misfortune lies in having the lower valued suit. Whether or not East opens with a Grand Slam bid (a moot question when holding a minor suit), South should immediately declare the Grand Slam at Spades which *he alone knows* can be made.

The possibility of developing a successful cross-ruff should always be kept in mind. Another strategy too often overlooked is the construction of a No Trump hand. These hands frequently result from finding your partner minus your long suit and strong in one or two others which you lack. Suppose you are dealt the following hand:

♠ J-5 ♡ A-K-Q-9-7-5 ◇ Q-10 ♣ A-K-Q

At the outset you hope for a game or a slam at Hearts. You pass the Ace of Hearts and receive the King of Spades. When you pass your partner's King of Spades with the Jack and 5, he returns your Ace of Hearts, accompanied by the King and Jack of Diamonds. This means that there are seven Hearts against you, doubtless massed in one hand as is usual in a Passing Goulash. You should therefore prepare for No Trump play with a final pass of the Ace and King of *(Continued on page 118)*

*As the exchanges are confusing and difficult to follow from a diagram, it is suggested that the reader lay out the cards and actually make these exchanges as indicated.

À votre santé!

It's more than a quaint superstition, that Old World tradition that the tomato, their *pomme d'amour,* was the original apple of Paris! No wonder the Italians call it *pomodoro!* For quite aside from its ruddy, rotund beauty, the tomato has the amazing virtue of bringing the glow and sparkle of health and vivacity to the cheeks and eyes of those who enjoy its tonic tang regularly.

How truly thrilling that one may find such extraordinary benefit from a food usually served for its charm and flavor alone. And what more convenient and delightful way to enjoy it than offered in Campbell's Tomato Soup! At your grocer—12 cents a can.

LOOK FOR THE RED-AND-WHITE LABEL

MEAL-PLANNING IS EASIER WITH DAILY CHOICES FROM CAMPBELL'S 21 SOUPS

the mystery of the golf swing

ROBERT T. JONES, JR.

the national open champion discusses a few of the problems involved in it

● Around the first tee at almost any championship, in the buzz of conversation among the spectators after each couple has driven off, it is not unusual to hear expressions of wonder at the ease with which the players drive 250 yards or more. One often hears, "Why, I hit the ball as hard as he does but my drive only goes about half as far." Deceived by the smooth, rhythmic swing of the expert, the spectator gets the impression that the star is not "letting out." He begins to think that proper timing will entirely take the place of force and effort.

It is, in a way, unfortunate that a really good player gives an impression of ease and lack of effort. The less accomplished golfer gets it into his head that he must swing gently and avoid the evil of "pressing" which he has heard so much about. He becomes afraid to let himself go into the stroke, and spoils many a drive by exercising too much restraint. Indeed, the most difficult thing in golf is to time and deliver correctly a gentle or modified stroke. When one tries to hold back, or, in boxing parlance, to "pull" the punch, something usually happens. Free hitting is an absolute requirement in golf.

Those who entertain a notion that a golf ball will travel great distances without being struck a violent blow should watch with care the faces of the experts whose well-grooved swings appear so effortless. There will appear the whole story of the output of physical power which a long drive requires. It is all over in a fraction of a second, but if the eye is quick enough, it can detect—as the ball is being hit—the signs of physical effort which appear in the face of a runner at the finish of a sprint race.

● There is no such thing as hitting too hard where there is no limit to the desired range. There is no magic in timing which will propel a ball without the application of brute force. Timing is simply economy—the elimination of waste. When we speak of a well-timed blow we mean one in which every ounce of its power is concentrated and expended upon the objective, with no leakage to other points. Thus, a golf stroke is well-timed when it moves freely upon the ball and expends upon it its entire energy. Timing is lost when a part of the energy is used to overcome stubborn muscles opposing the stroke, or when the blow is delivered before the clubhead reaches the ball.

But because a "pro" is hitting hard it does not necessarily mean that he is pressing. The latter condition is the result of over-trying, of being intent upon giving a little more power than the player actually possesses. A sure indication of a pressed shot is a hurried, jerky backswing. Another is a quick start from the top which allows no opportunity to get set for the blow. The hurry and the interrupted smoothness of the backswing are not the results of excessive energy expended in hitting the ball. That comes later. The real cause of the hurry is the state of the player's mind as he steps up to the ball. He is pressing from the moment he takes his stance and makes up his mind to sock it.

It often happens that—round after round—one will be swinging too fast without ever being conscious of the fact, and one may, as I did this Spring, work desperately trying to make corrections everywhere else without suspecting the real trouble.

I thought very often of a friend of mine who has had the word "Slow" stamped in large letters, across the top of his putter. He never has a chance to forget it—and is an excellent putter as a result of it.

For this reason "slow back" is always a good slogan to bear in mind. It was the thing that I tried to keep before me, for instance, as I played every shot at Winged Foot yet even then more of my shots were spoiled by hurried swinging than from any other cause. I think my tendency in that direction was more pronounced this year than ever before.

It is of course, possible to swing slowly in such a way that the results will be as bad as if the club were torn away from the ball. We have all noted the habit of a duffer intent upon all the rules and regulations, who, with tense grip and rigid arms, slowly lifts his club to the top of the swing, from which point he pounces upon the ball with all the agility and ferocity of a tiger.

● Every portion of the body should be perfectly relaxed. To that end, the grip must not be too tight; the stance must be easy and comfortable; the position of the body must be mobile.

In this connection it should be pointed out that the ritual most likely to produce these desired conditions is a full, leisurely waggle. By watching the preliminary waggles of any player I can almost always anticipate the speed of his swing. Apparently that part of his swing (for it really *is* part of it) indicates the state of his mind and muscles. By cultivating the habit of wafting the club over the ball with a broad, slow motion the player may go a long way toward achieving the relaxed and leisurely backswing which is so desirable.

The more we can eliminate, from the golf stroke, the necessity of *controlling* the club the more efficient we will become. The ideal, of course, is to be able to pick up a club and hit the ball correctly without giving a thought to method, timing or anything else. If we adopt a method which is as likely to go wrong in one direction as in another, it is obvious that we burden ourselves with the necessity of perfect control. We must try to strike a middle course.

To maintain a supple and well-timed wrist action is another of the difficulties which comes to us in making a good golf shot. George Duncan speaks of the dangers of being "wooden wristed"—a wonderfully apt expression. When one gets that way all the snap of the stroke is lost; likewise every bit of control, both in distance and direction. It is no easier to hit a golf ball than to throw a stone or crack a whip without generous action from the wrists.

● The thing which tightens me up—and I assume it is the same with other players—is being too careful to hit the shot exactly on line. It is the same old story of tension with which we are all so familiar, only manifested in a place where we are less likely to look for it. The feeling of anxiety, which causes the wrists to stiffen, is hard to describe. To me it is like the mental process which causes me to jab a three foot putt—afraid to take too much backswing for fear that, if the club-face is ever considerably open it will be impossible to straighten it again before hitting the ball. It is really a case of being afraid to move for fear of doing something wrong.

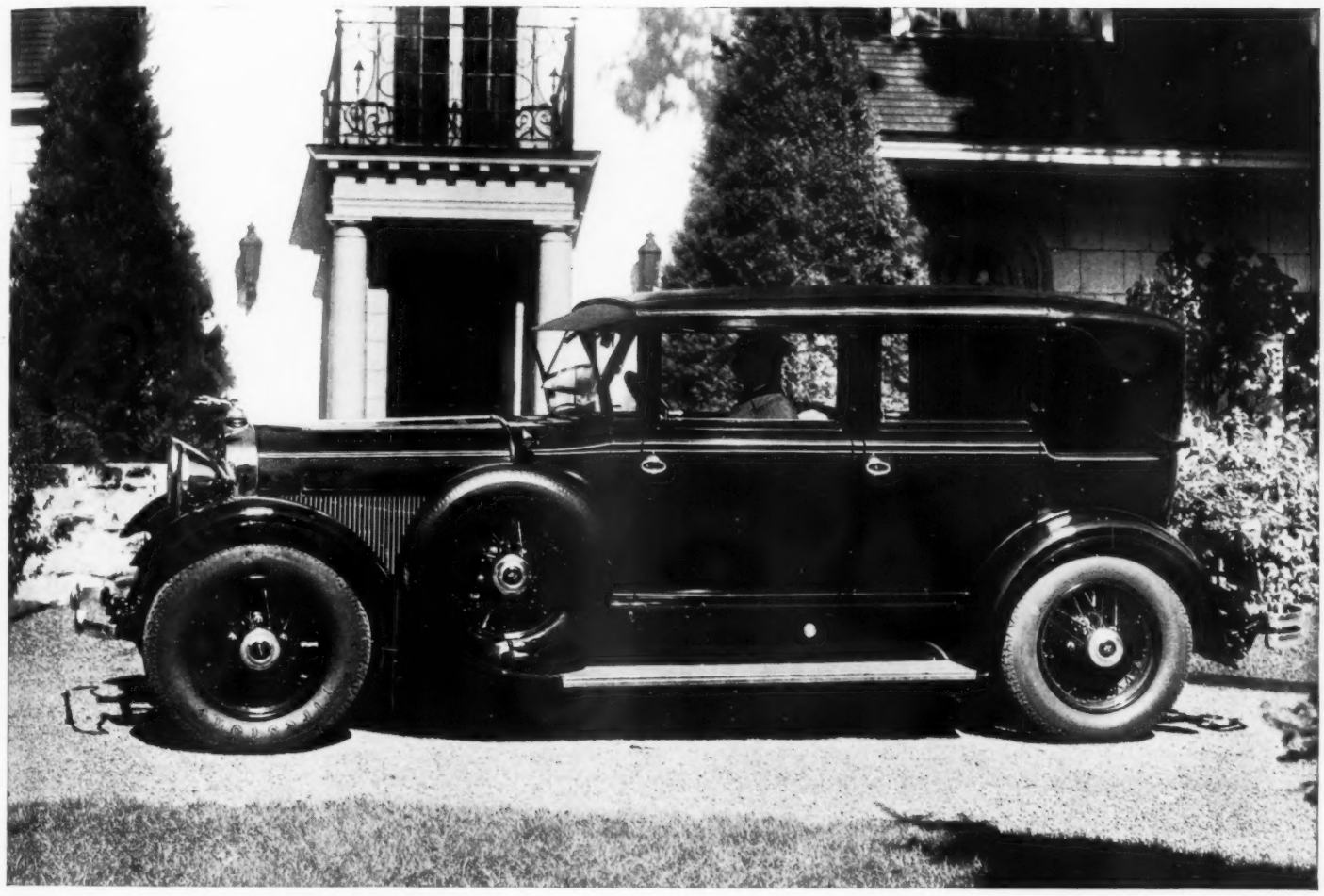
This trouble is caused by a failure to flex or "cock" the wrists at the top of the swing. A relaxed grip and a slow, generous, backswing are great aids in overcoming so-called wooden wrists because the leisurely action tends to reduce the tension created by anxious nerves. Then, too, if the club is carried back as far as a horizontal position, the movement down must be aided by at least a small amount of wrist action. Once in that position it is not so difficult to "crack the whip."

Stiff wrists destroy timing, rhythm, and every hope of control. It is a condition which places the direct control of the club in the shoulders and the body of the player rather than in the hands where the control should be.

Another paramount trouble with a very great many golfers is that they are too rigidly fixed upon their feet. With both feet flat upon the ground, throughout the greater part of the stroke, they have no chance to accomplish a full swing which will be wholly free from tension. The position of the feet will not permit a free turn of the hips and shoulders.

Frank Ball insists that the feet originate the motion of the swing. I do not entirely agree with him. It is a difficult matter to determine, as, in a complicated mechanism which should function as one piece, *(Continued on page 116)*

ITS BEAUTY REFLECTS THE CHARACTER OF LINCOLN CRAFTSMANSHIP



The Judkins Two-window Berline, seating six people with ease, is admirably adapted to city and suburban use

THE QUALITIES which long acquaintance with the Lincoln discloses are suggested by a first glimpse of this motor car. It wears the explicit beauty of high craftsmanship, and needs no other.

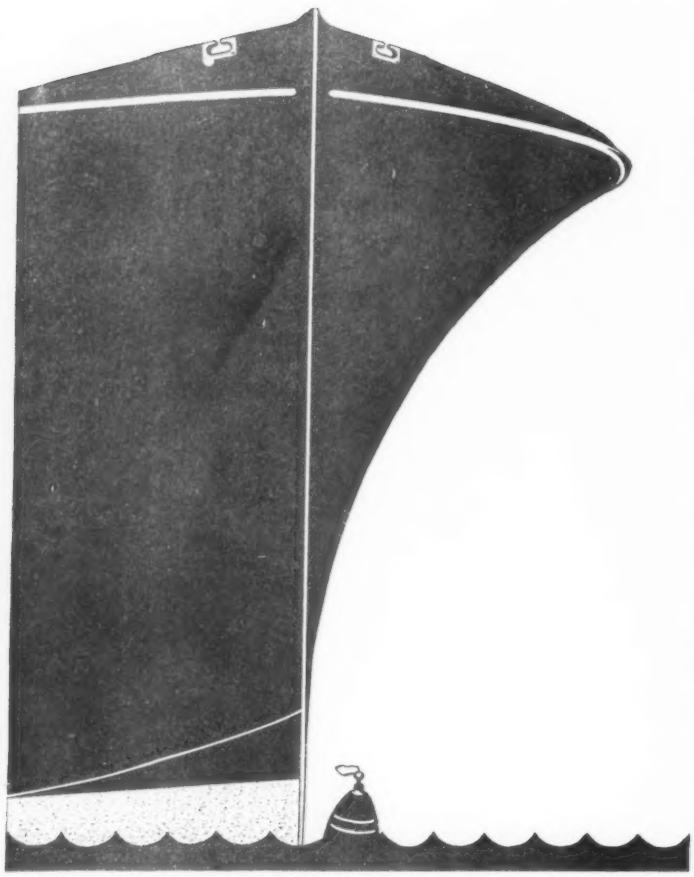
The swift contours, the distinguished grace, of the Lincoln are the outer signs of an excellence in fine car making as deep as the core of its mechanism. The poise of the Lincoln, its luxury and smartness are evidence of the precision-built soundness of the whole car.

Every operation in making the Lincoln is governed by standards of accuracy as notable for their precision as for the steadfast insistence with which they are applied. All of the material that goes into this motor car is tested with exhaustive care. With such methods of production, the best engineering talent at the command of the Ford organization has been able to make the Lincoln an automobile of individual excellence.

The builders of this motor car have called on the artistic skill of the country's foremost custom coachmakers to express in their body designs the essential character of the Lincoln. LeBaron, Judkins, Dietrich, Willoughby, Derham, Locke and Brunn have achieved subtle and distinguished combinations of line and form that make the Lincoln the smart and beautiful motor car it is.

For those who feel that a steadfast sincerity in its building is integral to a truly distinguished automobile, the Lincoln has a lasting appeal. Its beauty and power are deeply satisfying throughout the long years of its life. In motor, chassis and body this is an automobile of unfailing qualities . . . as nearly perfect a motor car as it is possible to produce . . . the Lincoln.

THE LINCOLN



The NEW FLAGSHIP of the CHRIS-CRAFT FLEET

Aristocrat it is in line and fitment, fleet, streamline, luxurious throughout. Even Chris-Craft, the largest organization of its kind in the world, can offer but thirty of these 48-foot wonder ships in 1930. Only thirty can be built to the standards set for this flagship of flagships.

Naturally, those seeking the ultimate in a craft that is fleet as the wind yet may be controlled by a boy, will want to be among the fortunate thirty. Their ships this year will be true flagships, center of all admiring eyes—possessors of the height of boating luxury.

Hints as to its superior features are: an entirely new type of luxurious enclosed saloon—a bridge deck amidships—remarkable cabins fore and aft—spacious lounging deck—sumptuous quarters—galley—shower and innumerable conveniences. Full specifications may be had from authorized Chris-Craft merchants or the factory.

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18 Models • Runabouts • Sedans • Commuters • Cruisers
22 to 38 feet • 30 to 45 Miles an hour • 82 to 225 Horsepower
8 to 26 Passengers • $2255 and up

Chris-Craft

World's Largest Builders of All-Mahogany Motor Boats

Literary Gentleman Goes Pig-sticking

(Continued from page 83)

tushes grinding, till a bloody froth foams among his nose-bristles! It is no joke. Pig-sticking is jolly good sport, but there are limits.

Of course there were no pig. Despite the racking of all the bones in his body, and the pouring of the rivers of sweat, a great serenity fell upon David's spirit. A seraphic smile sat upon his lips. It lasted him all the way through luncheon, whither the trumpet of the Master's groom shortly summoned them. He was a greater social success at that *al fresco* party under the flowering thickets than he had ever been in the dining-rooms of Algador. The other men loured at him, notably the Italian envoy. The *Signora* Roccapalumba insisted on sharing his wine-glass. She was a trim little thing, in a Fascistic black riding-habit. She had eyes like black cherries. The *Frau Baronin* Gleichen von Steinbaden was out of luck again. She very nearly sat down on a huge serpent, the colour of a raspberry sundae and very venomous. She was that sort of woman. But David dabbed her forehead with *eau de Cologne* and was altogether very helpful. He thought it a lovely luncheon-party, and only hoped it would go on till cocktail-time. There was any amount of stuff to make cocktails with. It was all so much nicer than this pig-sticking. And suppose some nasty old buck-pig had escaped the attention of the beaters and were still lurking in the neighbourhood? The pig-stickers attacked their caviar sandwiches and quail-pie glumly. "Shall we fill our glass again, *Signora?*" breathed David. The eyes like black cherries twinkled assent.

The Master looked at his watch. Two o'clock. "To your horses!" he bade curtly. The luncheon-party broke up.

So it started again, this pig-sticking business. It was much more unpleasant than before. It was hotter, colder, wetter and drier, all at the same time. But David, despite the hideous pains that transfixed him, was struck dumb with admiration. He marvelled at the intensity with which the pig-stickers pretended to hunt pig which so manifestly were not there. (The distressing idea, you see, had completely taken possession of him.) The pig-stick was to conclude at four sharp. Never did time, so full of excitement though each separate minute was, drag along so desperately. Would it never be three o'clock? Ah, now, at length, at length, it was two minutes past three.

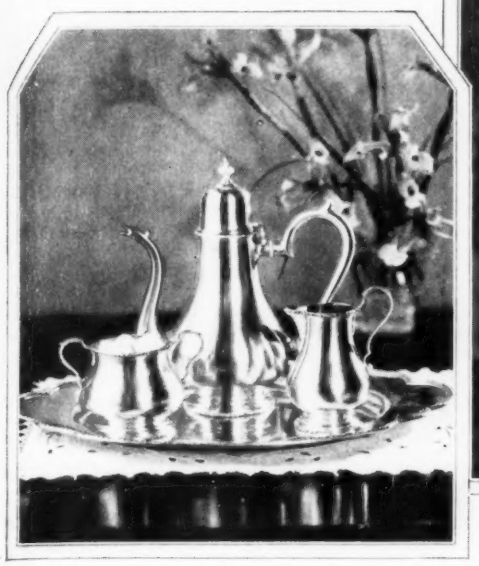
There were moments, David confesses, when the yelps of the beaters were so urgent and the pig-stickers pricked up their ears so sharply and thundered off to the coverts so fiercely, that he thought he might have been mistaken after all. Perhaps the idea really was to scare the pig on to the lances of the pig-stickers instead of away to the wilds of the Atlas Mountains. It was twenty-eight minutes past three. There were no pig. There were no pig. His spirit slipped into serenity again and his body from the saddle. He was so unspeakably exhausted that he had fallen asleep. He resumed his balance with a jerk. "Good dog!" he murmured, patting his beast's neck. It was a quarter-to-four.

David Leith was wrong. He was wrong to say there were no pig on that stretch of the Moroccan coast between Algador and Rabat. There, in point of fact, was a pig. It appeared at five minutes to four. The whole pig-stick was massed into a phalanx at the moment of its appearance, as if they were somehow convinced that even in these last minutes some monster might still emerge from his lair, who would need the thrust of all their combined lances. There were the Master and Tom Poyndester and the *Herr Baron* von Steinbaden and Archie Borgos and David Leith and all the other pig-stickers. On the crest of a sand-dune a hundred yards away, the ladies were gathered, waving their kerchiefs.

And then the pig appeared. It was not a very large pig. It was not larger than a large rabbit, and it was about as fierce. It was a dear little pig, a sweet pig, with trusting manners. It trotted out from the thicket and stood among the girdle of lances and twitched its pink snout inquisitively. And then Tom Poyndester held up his lance. "Hold back!" said the gesture. "This pig is a lady!" And pig-stickers do not attack ladies. The others held back. They lowered their lances. Then suddenly, with a wild cry, Tom Poyndester hurled himself and his steed and his lance upon the pig. He had reconsidered his judgment. It was a gentleman pig, after all. With cries not less wild—but they were cries of chagrin and envy and rage—the other pig-stickers hurled themselves upon the quarry too. For the first pig-sticker to stick in his lance, receives the tushes—and Tom Poyndester had given himself a very useful start. The little pig was surprised. He had not expected such behaviour. He protested more in sorrow than in anger. Lance-head upon lance-head went home, deep between the quills. Still he looked about him, wondering whether some mistake had not been made. Then he lay down gently upon his side and the look in his small eyes changed. They meant it, these rude men. He would not die. He cried out again, but would not die. Till Archie Borgos at length leapt from his saddle and took out a jack-knife and gave the *coup-de-grâce*. The pig-stick was over. It was four o'clock.

They rammed the little fellow home into the smallest of the panniers that lay across the flank of the smallest of the mules. Like five meek banners of surrender rose the four pale little trotters and the little pink nose that twitched no longer. And the eyes of the *Signora* Roccapalumba were like large black cherries. But there was a mist upon the eyes of David Leith, the literary gentleman who went pig-sticking. He took out a handkerchief from his breast-pocket and dabbed his eyes furtively.

And so the pig-stickers of Algador returned to Algador. There was to be a great ball that night, in the house of the Spanish Minister, to celebrate the pig-stick. A pig-stick ball. The odours of rosemary and lentisk came out in warm puffs from the crushed undergrowth. As the *cortège* approached the ramparts of Algador, three great storks glided towards them like pink clouds.



After-dinner Coffee Set in the William and Mary Style. Coffee Pot, Creamer and Sugar, $210.00; with Tray $310.00.

Above—Water Pitcher $100.00; Goblets $150.00 for six; in the new GRANADO pattern.

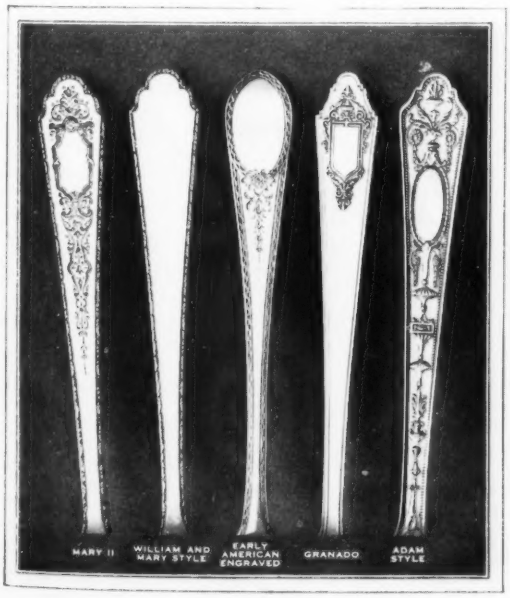
"Treasure" Solid Silver

STERLING 925/1000 FINE

TRADE MARK

Below—Three-piece Tea Set in the Mary II pattern, $270.00. Five-piece set, including Coffee Pot and Waste, $450.00; with 23-inch Solid Silver Tray $850.00.

Gifts of Rare and Priceless Beauty



"TREASURE" flatware is such a delightful gift to matrons who have already started sets in one of these lovely patterns! For example—in sets of six; Tea Spoons for $10.00; Forks, $22.50; Knives, $21.00; Salad Forks, $18.50; Butter Spreaders, $15.00. A Steak Set, $10.00; Cold Meat Fork, $6.50; Sugar Tongs, $2.75; Jelly Server, $2.75; Lemon Fork, $1.75; etc.

Yet their cost is measured only by the amount you wish to spend

On a Christmas long ago, three Wise Men brought gifts of gold and frankincense and myrrh. The pleasant custom of making gifts at Christmas has always continued—although the gifts have changed. For the wise man of today brings gifts of Sterling . . . gifts as lasting as the devotion they express. And if he is *very* wise, he chooses his Sterling from the many lovely "Treasure" patterns whose rare and priceless beauty properly betoken the affection they represent.

There is a leading Jewelry Store nearby which carries "Treasure" Solid Silver, where you may have the distinct pleasure of selecting your choicest gifts. Write us for this Jeweler's name, and for illustrations and prices of such patterns and articles as would be of interest to you.

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FOLMER GRAFLEX CORP. ROCHESTER, NEW YORK

Dead Pictures on the Walls

(Continued from page 88)

that must be fresh and fragrant with attraction, is looked on as solid property. We may spend two or three dollars on a bunch of roses, and throw away the dead stalks without thinking we have thrown away our dollars. We may spend twenty dollars on the cover of a lovely cushion, and strip it off and discard it the moment it is stale, without for a moment lamenting the money. We know where we are. We paid for aesthetic pleasure, and we have had it. Lucky for us that money can buy roses or lovely embroidery. Yet if we pay ten dollars for some picture, and are tired of it after a year, we can no more burn that picture than we can set the house on fire. It is uneducated folly on our part. We *ought* to burn the picture, so that we can have real, fresh pleasure in a different one, as in fresh flowers and fresh cushions. The aesthetic emotion once dead, the picture is a piece of ugly litter.

Which belies the tedious dictum that a picture should be part of the architectural whole, built into the room, as it were. This is fallacy. A picture is decoration, not architecture. The room exists to shelter us and house us, the picture exists only to please us, to give us certain emotions. Of course there can be harmony or disharmony between the picture and the whole *ensemble* of a room. But in any room in the world you could carry out dozens of different schemes of decoration at different times, and to harmonize with each scheme of decoration there are hundreds of different pictures. The built-in theory is all wrong. A picture in a room is the gardenia in my buttonhole. If the tailor "built" a permanent and irremovable gardenia in my morning-coat buttonhole, I should indeed be unfortunate.

Then there is the young school which thinks pictures should be kept in stacks like books in a library, and looked at for half-an-hour or so at a time, as we turn over the leaves of a book of reproductions. But this again entirely disregards the real psychology of pictures. It is true, the great trashy mass of pictures are exhausted in half-an-hour. But then why keep them in a stack, why keep them at all? On the other hand, if I had a Renoir, I should want to keep it at least a year or two, and hang it up in a chosen place, to live with it and get all the fragrance out of it. And if I had Titian's *Adam and Eve*, from the Prado, I should want to have it hanging in my room all my life, to look at: because I know it would give me a subtle rejoicing all my life. And if I had some Picassos, I should want to keep them about six months, and some Braques I should like to have for about a year: then, possibly, I should be through with them. But I would not want a Romney, even for a day.

And so it varies, with the individual, and with the picture, and so it should be allowed to vary. But at present, it is not allowed to vary. We all have to stare at the dead rags our fathers and mothers hung on the walls, just because they are *property*.

Then what? Then ask the department store about it. Don't, for heaven's sake, go and spend a hundred dollars on another picture that will have to hang on the wall till the end of time, just because it cost a hundred dollars. Go to the department store and ask them what about their Circulating Pictures? They have a Circulating Library—or other people have: huge Circulating Libraries. People hire books till they have assimilated their contents. Why not the same with pictures?

Why should not the stores have a great "library" of pictures? Why not have a great "pictuary", where we can go and choose a picture? There would be men in charge who know about pictures, just as librarians know about books. We subscribe, we pay a certain deposit, and our pictures are sent home to us, to keep for one year, for two, for ten, as we wish: at any rate, till we have got all the joy out of them, and want a change.

In the pictuary you can have everything except machine-made rubbish that is not worth having. You can have big supplies of modern art, fresh from the artist; etchings, engravings, drawings, paintings; you can have the lovely new paintings that most of us can't afford to buy; you can have frames to suit. And here you can choose, choose what will give you real joy, and will suit your home for the time being.

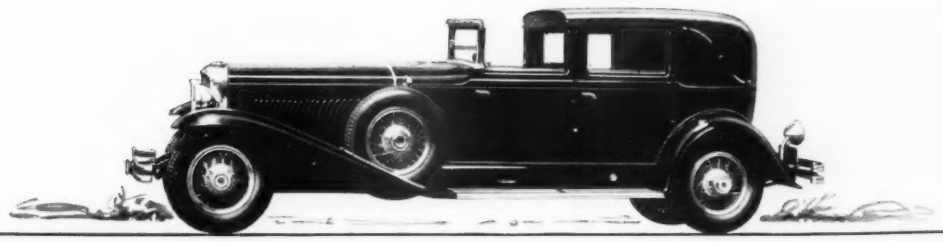
There are few, very few great artists in any age. But there are hundreds and hundreds of men and women with genuine artistic talent and beautiful artistic feeling, who produce quite lovely works that are never seen. It is a tragedy that all these pictures with their temporary loveliness should be condemned to a premature dust-heap. For that is what they are. Contemporary art belongs to contemporary society. Society at large *needs* the pictures of its contemporaries, just as it needs the books. Modern people read modern books. But they hang up pictures that belong to no age whatever, and have no life, and have no meaning, but are mere blotches of deadness on the walls.

The living moment is everything. And in pictures we never experience it. It is useless asking the public to "see" Matisse or Picasso or Braque. They will never see more than an odd canvas, anyhow. But does the modern public read James Joyce or Marcel Proust? It does not. It reads the great host of more congenial and more intelligible contemporary writers. And so the modern public is more or less up-to-date and on the spot about the general run of modern books. It is conscious of the literature of its day, moderately awake and intelligent in that respect.

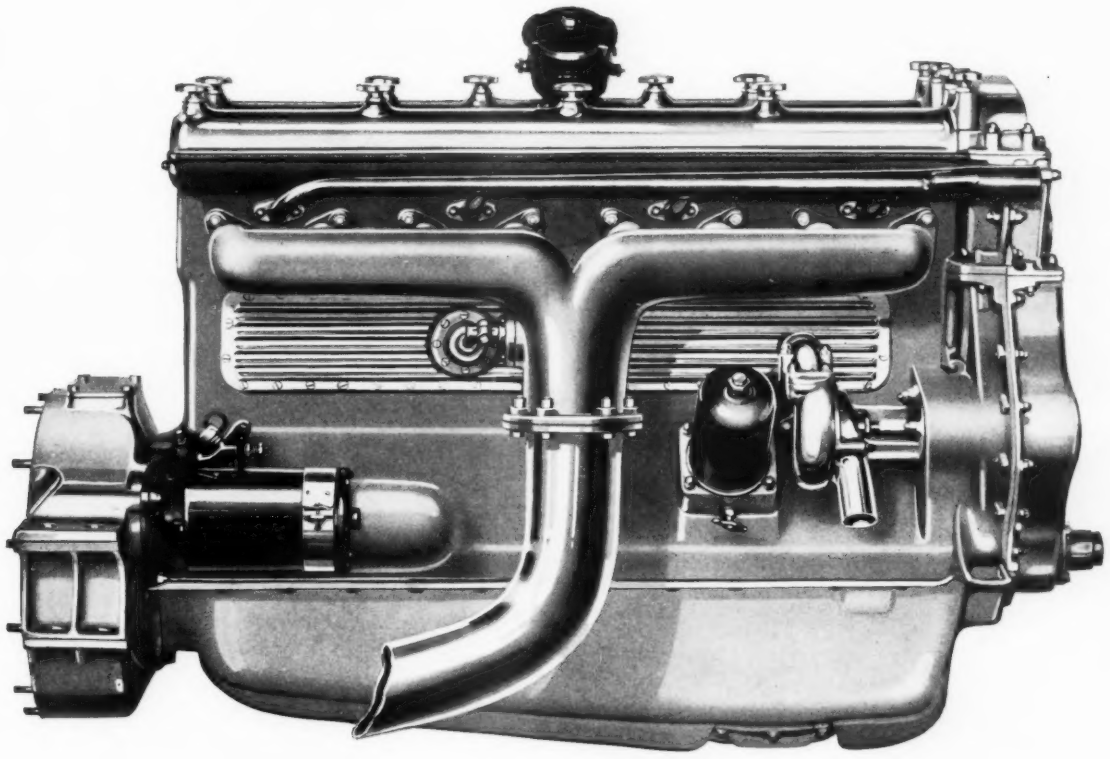
But of the pictures and drawings of its day it is blankly unaware. The general public feels itself a hopeless ignoramus when confronted with modern works of art. It has no clue to the whole unnatural business of modern art, and is merely hostile. Even those who are tentatively attracted are uneasy, and they never dare *buy*. Prices are comparatively high, and you may so easily be let in for a dud. So the whole thing is a deadlock.

Now the only way to keep the public in touch with art is to let it get hold of works of art. It was just the same

(Continued on page 140)



All-Weather Cabriolet



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Why rack your brain trying to find something different for each member of the family tree when you can buy one gift that is sure to please them all—at least all who smoke?

Automatch has an appeal for everyone who uses it. Father will like the compact mechanism that does away with all outside gadgets . . . Mother will enthuse over the asbestos wick that never wears out . . . Sister Augusta will think the automatic flint-replacement signal SIMP-LY G-R-AND! . . . Brother Benton will rejoice that a penny or a dime is the only tool needed . . . Timid Aunt Bertha will be charmed with the safety catch . . . and the whole family . . . even fussy Uncle Frederick . . . will be fascinated by the sliding manifold that causes Automatch to light every time.

Covered with genuine leathers and reptile skins, Automatch looks oodles more expensive than its $5.00 price. End your "What-to-Give" worries by going to your favorite department store, jewelry store, specialty shop or drug store and ordering an assortment of as many as you need. Automatch Corporation, 267 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

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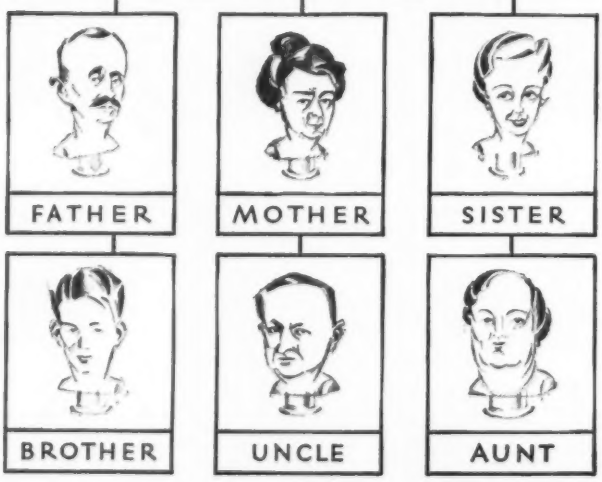


Bless our Happy Home with the Light that Never Fails

Beauty and the Beast

(Continued from page 84)

means of sending him swiftly about his next business.

A few moments later the door again opened, and the anonymous visitor entered; and who should it be but the young, eccentric, and stupendously wealthy Lord Ferlootah. One glance was enough to give our artist his visitor's identity, for the portrait of Lord Ferlootah was as frequently displayed in newspapers and society journals as the portraits of unsuccessful criminals and oversuccessful actresses.

The family of Lord Ferlootah, I may interject, had not always been stupendously wealthy. In the first quarter of the nineteenth century, indeed, his grandfather could scarcely command from the Jews more than a miserable fifteen-thousand loan on his estates. But by the third quarter of the century they were once more as wealthy as they had been in the days of that Lord Ferlootah who derived so large an income from his industry in supplying the illicit desires of a certain Prince of Hanover—the one whose portrait hangs in the Wallace Collection, and who is affectionately known as Old Pimp Ferlootah.

The second harvest of wealth was all due to two obscure persons named James Watt and George Stephenson. Without them there might have been no young Lord Ferlootah to patronize art and no occasion for this story. With them there arose in England a Railway Boom, and during this boom the grandfather of our Lord Ferlootah permitted himself to join the board of a company that proposed to build a railway across the marshes of East Essex to the Goodwin Sands. After two years of financial activity, however, the company decided that it would be better not to build a railway. The meeting at which this announcement was made broke up in some disorder, and the directors handed over the company to the share-holders, sent in their resignations, and went home and bought a lot of yachts and added new wings to their homes and gave swimming-baths to their townspeople and endowed half a dozen hospitals.

Hence the young Lord Ferlootah's amiable existence as a patron of art and a backer of Sunday Evening theatre societies. So catholic was his taste that not only did he back sombre plays by that dramatist known as the Swedish Raven, but also plays of such inferior intellectual quality that they could only be suitably performed by companies of golden-haired schoolgirls. His was no selfish nature. He realised that numbers of people found pleasure in such things, and while he produced the Swedish Raven for himself, he was happy to produce these trifles for lighter minds. In the matter of pictures, not only did he possess a large collection of works of art but also the best examples of the work of British painters. I need not add that there was no studio in London where his face was not more than welcome.

But stay—welcome was not perhaps expressed upon the face of our artist as he gazed upon the young Lord Ferlootah.

"To what, my Lord," said he, "do I owe the honour of this visit?"

"Sir," said the young Lord Ferlootah, "you see before you a lifelong admirer of your art."

"Yes?" said our artist, as one who has occasion to say it every day.

"Yes, indeed. I did not give my name because I wished this visit to remain anonymous, but I perceive—"

"Anonymous," said our artist, "it could not be. If such were Lord Ferlootah's desire he should have taken the precaution of visiting Mr. William Clarkson, or some astute member of the Big Four."

"I perceive, as I was saying, that I am known; and therefore I come at once to my business. Which is simply this." He thrust a hand into his overcoat pocket and placed on the table a small packet. He then prepared to leave.

As the folded packet, lying in release on the table, began to unfold itself, our artist stared at it. Then he touched it. Then he picked it up. Then he carefully examined it. Then he ran his fingers through it. Five hundred, five hundred, five hundred—Ten thousand pounds. In one second the full meaning of ten thousand pounds flashed through his mind—good clothes, fine wines, an elegant studio, travel in the East, unlimited canvas, beautiful furniture . . . Then it was gone, and he was himself again.

"A small tribute to genius," said Lord Ferlootah, "which I beg—"

Our artist yelped. "A *what?*"

Lord Ferlootah stepped back, as though fearing an assault. "A small tribute from a humble admirer of genius."

Our artist placed his hands on his hips and glared across the table. "A small tribute—eh? So *that's* your idea of a small tribute, is it? Yes," he went on, somewhat coarsely, "it would be. Just what people of your kind—gentlemen, I believe you call yourselves—would call a tribute. Shall I tell you what I call it, my Lord? I call it a damned and monstrous insult. That's what I call it." And he folded his arms and glared.

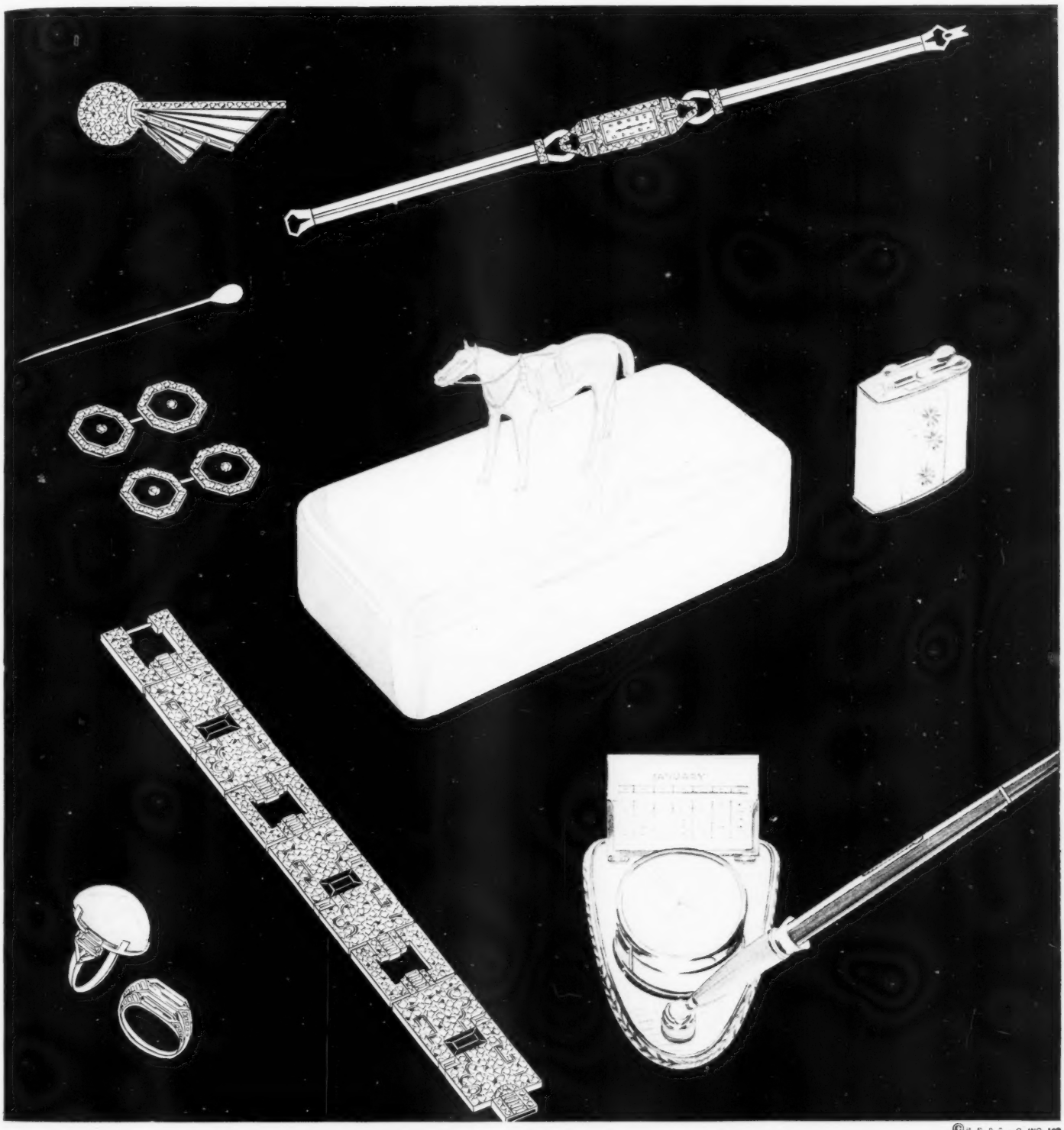
"Sir," said Lord Ferlootah, with that courtesy which had enabled his grandfather to induce exasperated share-holders to vote increased fees to directors, "Sir, I beg you to hear me."

"Rubbish!" said our artist, somewhat inconsequently. "Had you wished to make a tribute to my art you could have bought my pictures."

And then the young, eccentric and stupendously wealthy Lord Ferlootah put his foot even deeper into it. "Yes. Quite. But—I mean—I did not wish to *buy* your pictures. Not the pictures of your present manner. But I saw in them all the signs of a genius, which, if allowed to go its own way unhampered by petty cares and worries will undoubtedly produce truly great works which I should be honoured to possess. Therefore—selfishly, perhaps—I wish to assist that genius by removing those cares."

"Very pretty," sneered our artist. "Very pretty. So! My present manner isn't good enough for you, isn't it? Isn't good enough for *you?* And who," he cried, forgetting the deference due

(Continued on page 114)



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No. 1010—Meat dish, 14 inches long, $60. Open vegetable dish, 10 inches long, $35. Gravy boat and tray, $32.

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Right: No. 1024 — Candlestick, 10¾ inches high, $60 a pair. No. 983—Compotier, 8¼ inches diameter, $35.

No. 505—Child's Porridge Service, "pinpoint" decoration. Bowl, 5¼ inches diameter, $18; cup, $15; plate, 7 inches diameter, $15. It comes without decoration—bowl, $15; cup, $12; plate, $13.

No. 1000—Centerpiece, 12 inches in oval, $75.

The design forms of today, in sterling silver by Reed & Barton, are suited to tables of smartly modern character . . . They reflect a feeling of elegance without ostentation—of service-value and substantial worth.

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PACKARD luxury has never been more apparent than in the new series Packard Straight-Eights recently introduced. The three complete lines—Standard, Custom and De Luxe—have all been still further refined and improved, in motor, in chassis and in body

The characteristic grace of Packard lines is retained, for Packard does not depreciate cars in the hands of owners by radical and unnecessary changes. But the new cars are outstandingly more comfortable, more convenient, more luxurious than ever before.

And as a further advance in truly luxurious transportation, Packard has added to all three lines a practical and beautiful new model—the Five-Passenger Coupe.

This car, pictured below, makes available for five the luxury of seats arranged well forward on the chassis—and at no sacrifice of roominess or comfort. Ample luggage space is provided at the rear.

In the Custom and De Luxe lines, as well as in the Standard line, a Five-Passenger Sedan has now been provided—to meet a growing demand for this model on the longer wheelbase chassis. Packard dealers everywhere are displaying the latest Packard Straight-Eights.

The smoothly gliding gondola, rich with silken hangings and gold embroidery, has long typified in song and story the height of Venetian luxury in transportation

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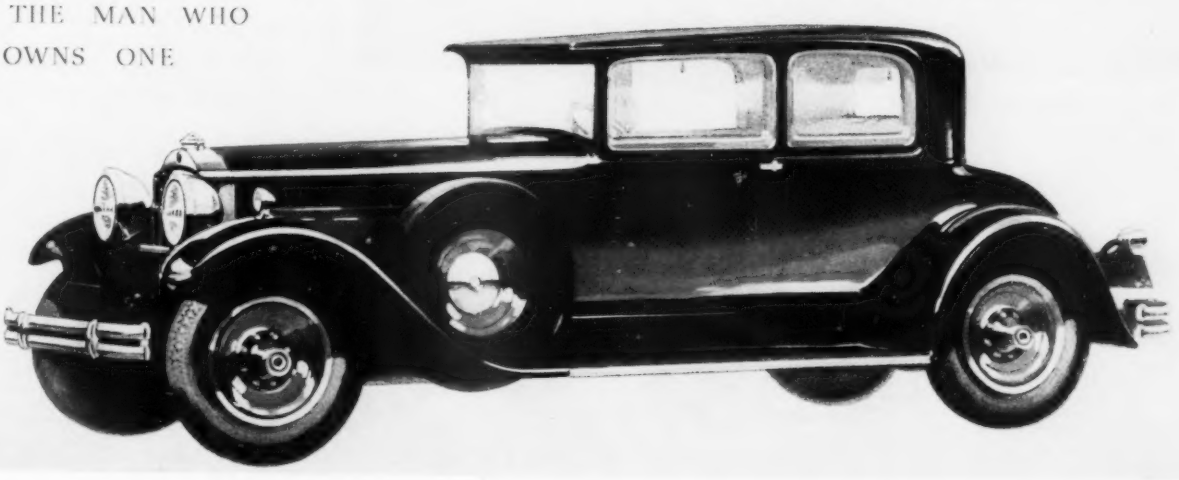
ASK THE MAN WHO OWNS ONE



WRITE your own sea saga · · · close the dusty book and live your dream · · · Roam where you will on lake or river, bay or sea · · · Your pilot home will be the heritage of Dodge · · · a tradition of staunchness and dependability built into boats so graceful in trim beauty that to look upon them, merely, is to know their worth · · · Models in stock from twenty feet up · · · closed or open · · · prices start at $1,675 · · · Cruisers and special models designed and built in a special custom division.

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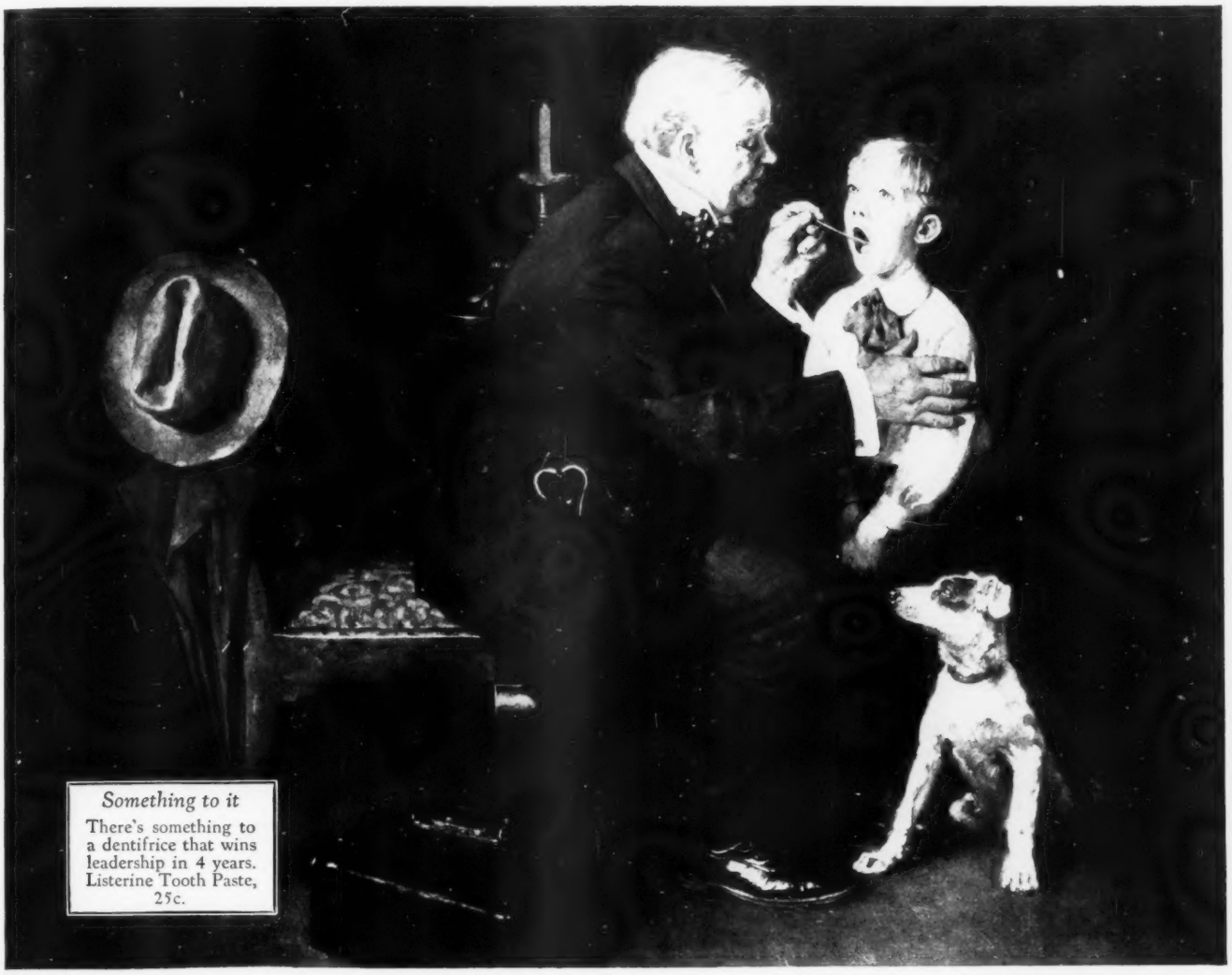

"The same advice I gave your Dad... LISTERINE, *often"*

Do you remember—

When the good old family doctor came into the house, how your heart began to thump? You didn't know but what you had cholera morbus or something equally dreadful. You saw yourself dying in no time.

Then his firm gentle hands poked you here and there. His bright kind eyes looked down your gullet. And, oh, what a load left your mind when you learned that your trouble was only a badly inflamed throat and that Listerine would take care of it?

The basic things of life seldom change: Listerine, today, is the same tireless enemy of sore throat and colds that it was half a century ago.

It is regularly prescribed by the bright, busy young physicians of this day, just as it was by those old timers—bless their souls—who mixed friendship and wisdom with their medicines.

Used full strength, Listerine kills in 15 seconds even the virulent Staphylococcus Aureus (pus) and Bacillus Typhosus (typhoid) germs in counts ranging to 200,000,000. We could not make this statement unless we were prepared to prove it to the entire satisfaction of the medical profession and the U. S. Government. Three well-known bacteriological laboratories have demonstrated this amazing germ-killing power of Listerine. Yet it is so safe it may be used full strength in any body cavity.

Make a habit of gargling systematically with full strength Listerine during nasty weather. It aids in preventing the outbreak of colds and sore throat. And often remedies them when they have developed. Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Mo., U. S. A.

Gargle with full strength Listerine every day. It inhibits the development of sore throat, and checks it should it develop.

How to prevent a cold
Rinsing the hands with Listerine before every meal destroys the germs ever-present on them.

It checks SORE THROAT *quickly*

KILLS 200,000,000 GERMS IN 15 SECONDS

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In brown on black Norwegian

Footwear for every occasion, including the famed "Twin-Grip" oxfords, for golf, is available at these shops and shoe departments.

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Superiority Built In ... Not Rubbed On

U. S. W.

Beauty and the Beast

(Continued from page 110)

to rank, "and who the hell are *you*, you cod-fish? Really, there is no limit to the impudence of the peerage. You—a nobody—a mere name in Debrett—who didn't even have enough ability to earn your title, or the nerve to buy it. And *you* think my pictures are not good enough for you. *You* offer *me* money. You—an obscure Viscount, with no place in the world, try to creep in through a side-door, and make a place for yourself by linking yourself up with me. *Buying* yourself a share in my fame. Bah! Woof!" He shook his head at the young Lord Ferlootah like an irritated sheep-dog.

Under this attack Lord Ferlootah winced. The back of his neck went hot. He looked at the floor. For the first time in his young life he began to know the meaning of Inferiority Complex. He looked round the bare and dilapidated studio-sitting-room, and tried to recover his superiority from its poverty. But he couldn't; the poverty of the studio seemed to be right, and he seemed to be wrong. He was abashed. He turned to go, and dropped his stick. Stooping to pick it up he dropped his hat. Rising from the recovery of his hat, he knocked his elbow on a corner of the table. It hurt. "I—I—I mean—"

"Lord Ferlootah, this interview has already lasted too long. Without the slightest cause you have given me two deadly insults. You have insulted my poverty, and you have insulted my work." He reached to the table, and gathered in his hands the sheaf of bank-notes. He gave them one twist; then flung them into the face of Lord Ferlootah. They broke upon his face and scattered about the floor. "That, Lord Ferlootah, is my answer to your insult."

Lord Ferlootah took the moment with dignity. "Sir, you are perhaps justified. My method was clumsy. But believe me, my intention was pure. I see that I have offended. I will go."

Our artist pointed to the floor. "And this—litter?"

Lord Ferlootah looked at it. "I came to make my tribute to genius in the only way I could. I have made it, and I have been rebuffed. I will have no more to do with it. Burn it. Give it to a hospital. Do what you will with it. I have blundered. I am deeply grieved. Before this, I admired your genius. Now, despite the harsh things that you have said of me, it has my profound respect. Good-day, Sir."

He went out, leaving our artist standing rigid in the centre of the room. On the stairs he hesitated, thinking of some further points by which he might bring our artist to see his action in a softer light. He turned back. Then he decided that explanations seldom explained, and that it was best to leave the matter as it was. He went downstairs and out of the house.

Had he gone back he would have seen the faultless painter scrambling feverishly on hands and knees, grabbing notes from under the sofa and from under the chair and from under the table, and piling them together with an ecstatic smile.

And the **moral** is (said Ho Ling): Take an example from our artist and from Our Old Nobility. Maintain your attitude, and be as honest as you can afford to be.

Life in the Reign of Edward VII

(Continued from page 73)

gentlemen were awakened. Their valets would pack their *Enos* and their shooting sticks. They would return by train to London. Their carriages would meet them, horses champing bits, at the arrival platform of Paddington. In the train, coming up to London, the members of the house party would read, in the *Morning Post*, a list of the members of the house party. They returned to Curzon Street feeling very pleased indeed. And, next Saturday, it would all begin again.

Compared to the strenuous social discipline which these hardy people imposed upon themselves, our own laxity may seem a little decadent. Who among us today would really dress for church and dress for luncheon and dress for tea and dress again for dinner? Who among us would possess the endurance to relish all those meals, to relish all that tittle tattle? Who, today, would care whether he was or was not invited to Upyatt Lacy or to West Warren? Who, today, prints or reads those lists of Saturday to Monday parties?

The war has not been fought in vain. We have been released from false pretensions. We have our jumpers, our cocktails and our freedom. We can smoke pipes in Bond Street, and wear grey flannels in June.

I do not regret that I was old enough to touch the fringe of Edwardian luxury. But I render thanks to Providence that I was also young enough to relish and share the wider liberties of our subsequent age. Let us be frank about it. The Edwardians were vulgar to a degree. They lacked style. They possessed only the hard glitter of their own electric light: a light which beat down pitilessly upon courtier, ptarmigan, bridge scores, little enamel boxes, and plates and plates of food. They lacked simplicity, and their intricacies were expensive but futile. I for one prefer the wide circle of our simpler horizon.

Nor, when all is said and done, can one forgive the Edwardians for their fundamental illusion. For it never dawned upon them that intelligence was of any value.

Extending the Limits of Man's Opportunity

● Only a few generations ago the life of man was circumscribed by his own physical limitations . . . the dexterity of his fingers, the strength of his back, the speed of his limbs, and the labor of domestic animals. . . . The interchange of commodities was slow, difficult. There were no good roads, as we know them today, nor any way to travel swiftly, surely, over these roads. The deeply rutted wagon trail was a long, hard trail. . . . Though boundless acres were all about, it was only the adventurous few who traveled far. Many a man lived and died without ever having been more than fifty miles from home. . . . Then was born an idea that was destined to reshape the frontiers and the future of the entire country—the idea of making a small, strong, simple automobile so low in price that it might be placed within the means of all the people.

● THE coming of this new means of transportation not only changed the industrial life of the nation, but helped to change the private lives of every one for all the generations to come.

It leveled hills, extended horizons, created new opportunities, furnished the means to earn more money and to enjoy the leisure which that increased income should bring.

In creating and building a small, strong, simple automobile at a low price, and in using it, man became accustomed to thinking of machinery as a servant. He made power work for him.

More and more as time went on, in industrial plants and on the farm, heavy labor was taken off the back of man and placed upon the shoulders of the machine.

The Ford moved everywhere, blazing the way over miry roads and rocky mountain trails, through gumbo and sand, creating a rising demand for swifter, smoother travel that resulted in the construction of hundreds of thousands of miles of cement and macadam highways reaching to all parts of the country.

The benefits resulting from the introduction of the low-priced automobile have done more than perhaps any other single thing to increase the standards of living and to make this a truly united country.

All the people are blended together by the flexibility and swiftness of automobile transportation. The prairie farmer, the industrial worker, and the city business man are governed by similar impulses, similar tastes, similar demands upon highly specialized machinery to serve them.

● This civilization can show no greater example of disciplined machinery than in the operation of the Ford Industries. The great miracle is not the car, but the machines that make the machine—the methods that make it possible to build such a fine car, in large numbers, at a low price. Craftsmanship has been put into mass production. Millions and millions of parts are made—each one so accurate and so exactly like the other that they fit perfectly to the thousandth of an inch when brought together for assembly into complete units.

Men by the thousands and the hundred thousand are employed at the Rouge plant alone and there are hundreds of acres of plant equipment. Yet the purpose today is wholly the same as when the equipment of the Ford organization was housed in a single small building.

Everything that has been done has been done to give further scope and expression to the Ford Idea.

● That idea is not merely to make automobiles—not merely to create so much additional machinery and so many millions of additional horse-power—but to make this a better world in which to live through providing economical transportation for all the people.

For that purpose the first Model T was made twenty-one years ago. For that purpose the new Ford is made today. In 1929, as in 1908, it is again helping to reshape the frontiers and the future of the country and to further extend the limits of man's opportunity.

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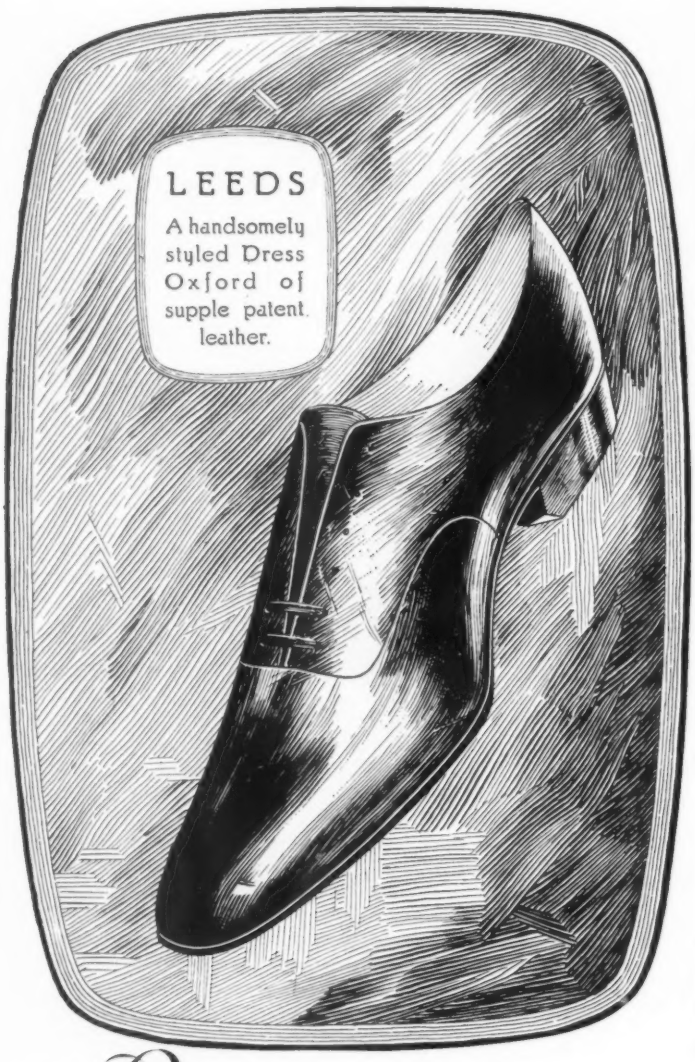

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At All Stores Catering to Discriminating Men

The Mystery of the Golf Swing

(Continued from page 104)

just what part is supplying the motive power at a particular time is hard to know. It would be better to think of all the parts moving together. But, whether the feet move of their own accord or whether they simply follow the motion of the body is unimportant; they must move *freely* in order to accommodate a full swing.

The earnest but unskilled player probably figures that in order to maintain a perfect balance he must root his feet firmly on the ground and keep them there. In so doing he is confusing two very distinct kinds of balance. He doesn't realize that a graceful dancer is at all times in as perfect balance as the acrobat who stands with one hand upon the skull of his partner. One is a static balance and the other is a balance while in motion. The balance which the golfer must maintain is most decidedly the latter.

We have all seen players whose left foot habitually comes off the ground as they strike the ball, and others who take a step or two after the ball as it leaves the club. These oddities are occasioned by various mistakes but, principally, the whole thing may be traced to incorrect foot action.

I think if I were trying to teach an absolute beginner something about the golf swing I should start with his feet and knees—make him practice turning his body, raising the left heel without turning the sole of his foot toward the hole, and bending his left knee outward and backward so that his heel could come up without pushing him off his feet. That is one of the most important parts of a golf swing, and it is the action that few people are able to catch. Roughly the mistaken ones are of two classes: those who fail to bend the left knee at all, and those who bend it straight forward without any backward turn.

The first class, the non-benders, find themselves at the top of the swing with a perfectly straight left leg which has pushed them way out of position and entirely upset the arc of any swing which they might have accomplished. The second class, by bending the knee straight forward, throw almost their entire weight upon the left foot, a position from which it is impossible to hit with anything like success.

In short, the problem in golf is always to do the things in the easiest way. And the easiest method is not to swipe the ball with a blow actuated entirely by the arms. A free use of shoulders and hips adds tremendously to the power of the stroke, and, demanding less effort, increases the control. The wide arc of this kind of swing is possible only with sound footwork, which permits the rest of the machinery to function without strain.

One more thought! No one has yet discovered an instructor acute enough to teach his pupils exactly how to bring the face of a golf club against the ball at the precise angle necessary to cause the ball to fly in a particular direction. The mechanism which brings it there is too complicated to admit of curve plotting or standardization of the various motions which comprise the machinery. It is only by trial and error—by saying that this is too much, or that too little—that the player himself is able to make the little necessary adjustments.

And some adjustment of this kind is needed even for the expert in almost every round which he plays. Macdonald Smith considers it easier to discover the existing tendency and allow for it in planning the shot rather than to take steps, in the course of play, to correct it. In other words, possessing a tendency to hook or slice, Mac says that he simply allows for the error and hits the ball. Certainly that method has the advantage of relieving the player of the necessity of consciously controlling every shot.

In my own game I had for years to wage a continuous battle against a definite tendency to hook all my wood club shots. During the season of 1924, when I was using a monstrous driver of my own design, this tendency became exaggerated and resulted in a number of smothered drives which caused me a good deal of worry in the open championship. From this experience I think I have developed a fairly accurate idea of what should be done in order to keep the ball away from the left side of the course. Whether or not it disappears in trouble on the right depends upon the application of just the right amount of corrective.

Usually a smothered shot is caused by addressing the ball too far back off the right foot. Very often the player may do this without being at all conscious that his stance is in any way different from his accustomed position. But, instinctively, as he hits the ball, he makes an effort to swing it back upon the proper line.

With "ninety-and-over" players, the error, in a large majority of cases, lies in the other direction from hooking. Slicing is their most difficult fault, and it is a very common thing to see these players, "hooding" the club as they address the ball, an attempt at a remedy which seems natural and logical, though it is seldom effective. By "hooding," I mean the act of turning the toe to the club forward against the ball so that the face looks toward the ground. Apparently, to the beginner at any rate, that little movement will help him to eliminate the slice by which he loses distance and control.

Although it may sound illogical to suggest such a thing, a far better practice, in order to correct slicing, or to produce a slight draw, is to lay the club face *off* at address. The end to be reached involves meeting the ball in such a way that the club is not drawn across the ball, and if the face be open, every impulse directs the player to bring it around with his swing. He knows he cannot chop at the ball, and as a consequence his swing becomes flatter and more sweeping. I should advise every habitual slicer to grip the club with the right hand a bit more underneath the shaft and to open the face of the club at address. Then let him swing well around his body, and roll his wrists into the shot so that the club face will be straight when meeting the ball.

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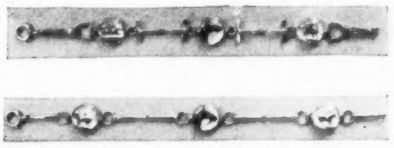

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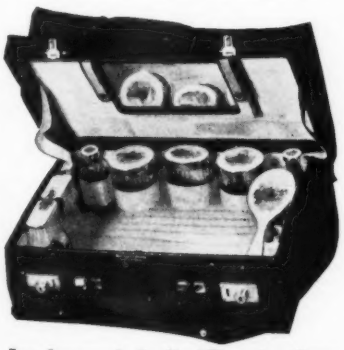

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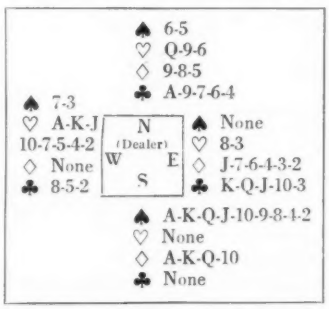
Passing Goulashes at Contract

(Continued from page 102)

Hearts. No matter what last cards your partner sends over, you will always have a thoroughly sound game bid at No Trump.

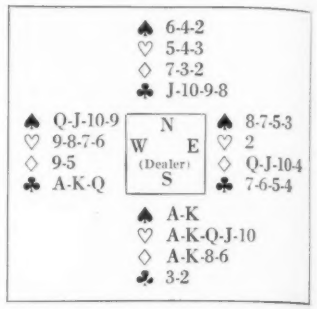
A less frequent holding which immediately suggests No Trump development is a hand containing three suits of unusual strength, none of which has length. This distribution may be indicated by first passing an extremely low card from your one weak suit (nothing above a five spot). With the following hand, ♠ J-2 ♡ A-K-Q ◇ K-Q-J-9 ♣ A-Q-10-2, the pass of the 2 of Spades is an unmistakable clue to your No Trump holding; the card cannot possibly be the top of a long suit. If he has adequate defense in Spades and has not already indicated that suit, your partner can give you his best Spades.

Occasionally the deal brings you a dominating bid. I have found no way of indicating this on the first pass without sacrificing a more necessary signal. On the second pass, however, a super hand can be shown by retaining your partner's initial card. Some constructive work by South is shown here:



After giving the Ace of Spades and receiving the Ace of Clubs, South passes the 10 of Diamonds, accompanied by 2 small Spades. He retains the Ace of Clubs to show his invincible hand. The small Spades he expects his partner to return on the final pass which might otherwise wreck his hand. In this particular instance no possible passes by East and West can set South's Grand Slam. A Slam bid which might be set by an adverse ruff is always a gamble. The risk is lessened if your side suit happens to be a minor. A major is more often massed in one hand.

When it becomes obvious that your side lacks a strong bid, the question of defense must be considered. Your own hand, combined with the information conveyed by your partner's first two passes, often reveals the adversary's suit and enables you to decide whether to mass that suit or divide it for a cross-ruff. The hands in which the defensive cross-ruff most often proves effective are those lacking Aces and Kings. Here is an example:



East and West having exchanged only Queens, can guess that North and South hold the strength and that the adverse bid will probably be in Hearts. Each clears his hand of his partner's suit, and on the final pass, West gives his partner two Hearts. Thus East and West are prepared for a defensive cross-ruff which can win four tricks against the Heart bid which South will almost inevitably build up. South's natural procedure would be to clear his hand of Clubs and the two small Diamonds, while North passes all of his Hearts and one Spade.

If South were ultra-conservative, he would content himself with his sure game—at No Trumps. Being human, it is more probable that he would immediately declare a small slam at Hearts.

When bidding a Passing Goulash, it is advisable to show at once the full strength of your hand. No conventional signal bids should be employed, as information is conveyed so clearly in the exchange of cards. Initial or supporting bids simply show strength not known or previously indicated to your partner. In short the most successful players of Passing Goulashes are those who discard all effort to apply to these hands the strategy of Contract.

Whether you play Goulashes with approval or disapproval, whether you enjoy them or not, you will do well to face the fact that you are meeting problems in an extremely difficult game.

Chapters From My Memories

(Continued from page 79)

costs money like everything else in the world!"

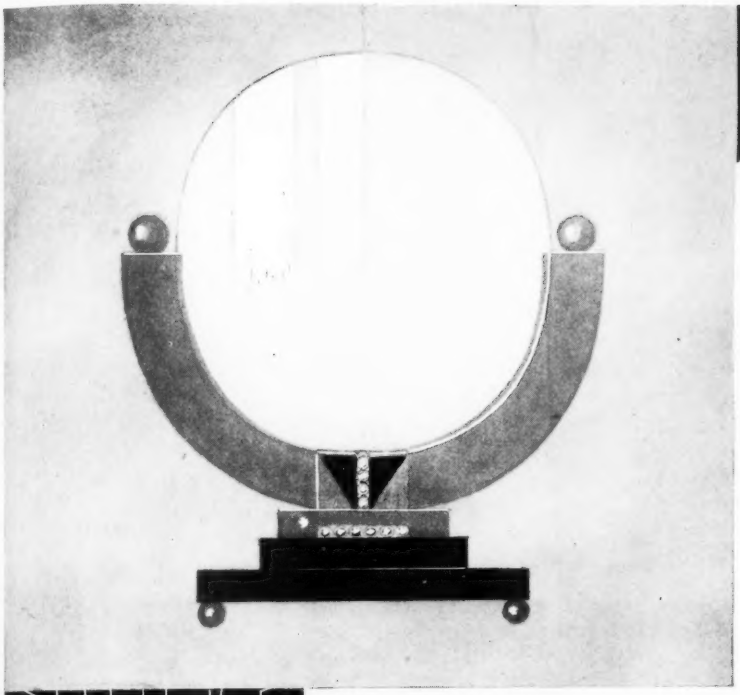
And he opened the drawer of his night cabinet.

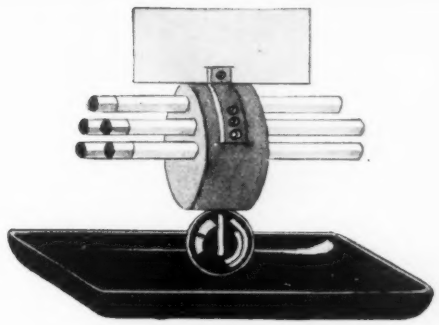
"I think I still have enough money for medicine."

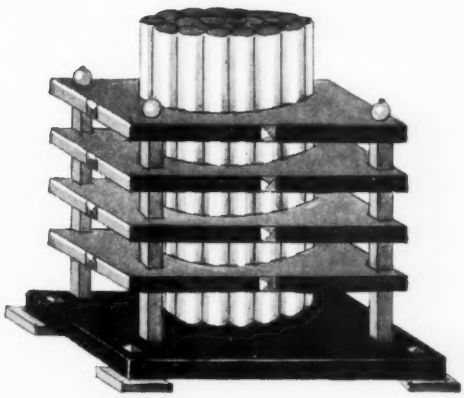
After a long search, he did find one single twenty-*franc* gold piece in the drawer. That constituted his entire fortune. He gave it to his friend, with a sad smile playing on his lips:

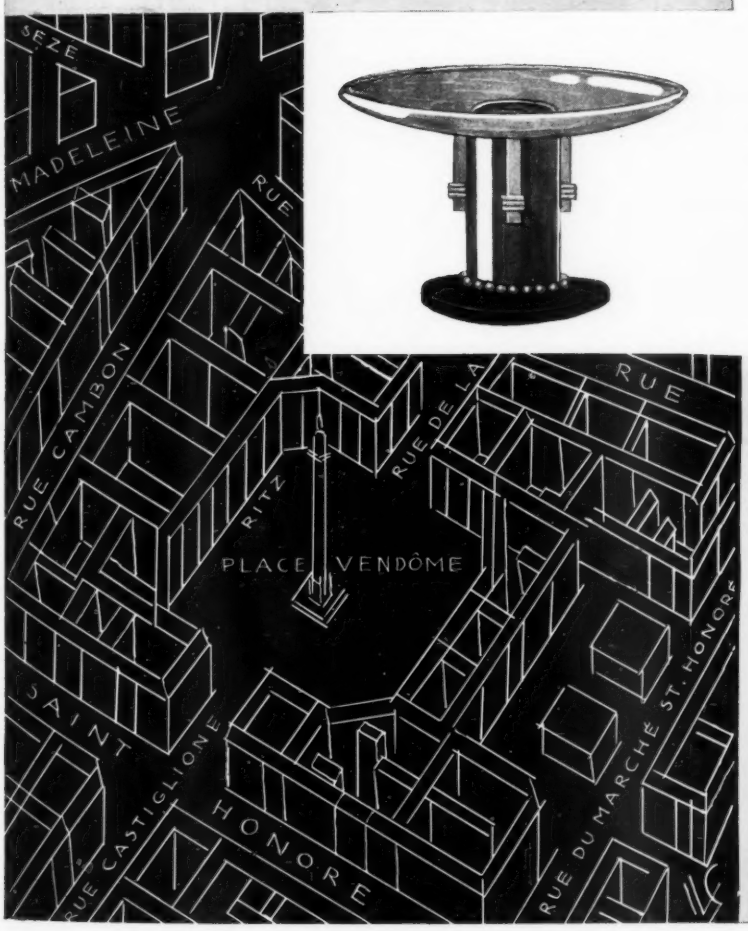
"Forty years ago, I arrived in Paris with twenty *francs*. What a lucky man I am! Look how much I have played the market! And, as you see, *I haven't lost anything in forty years!*"

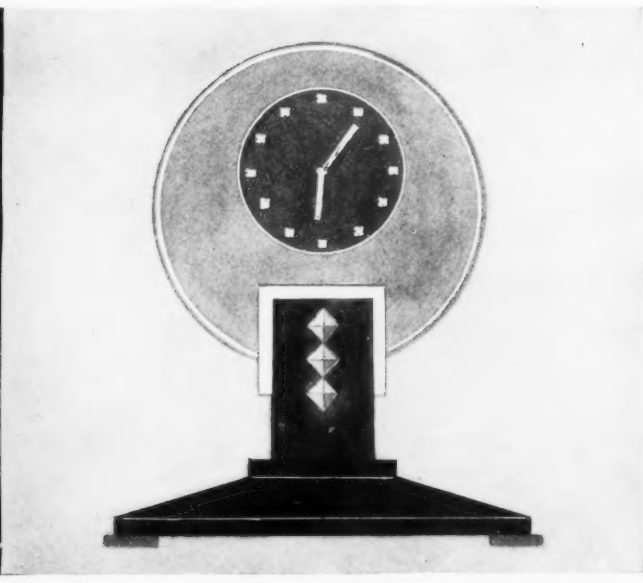
Where are the happy times when such stories as these were still everyday happenings? I do not wish to exaggerate, but lately I have attended quite a number of parties given by *fêted* and rich actors or popular painters at which bankers adversely treated by the whims of the Stock market walked around among the art treasures with just as much envy and jealousy as the artists once felt in the *salons* of the financiers. As if this foolishly changed world were trying to render some slight satisfaction to the artists who, at the beginning of their careers, were only the unhappy lovers of money. . . .











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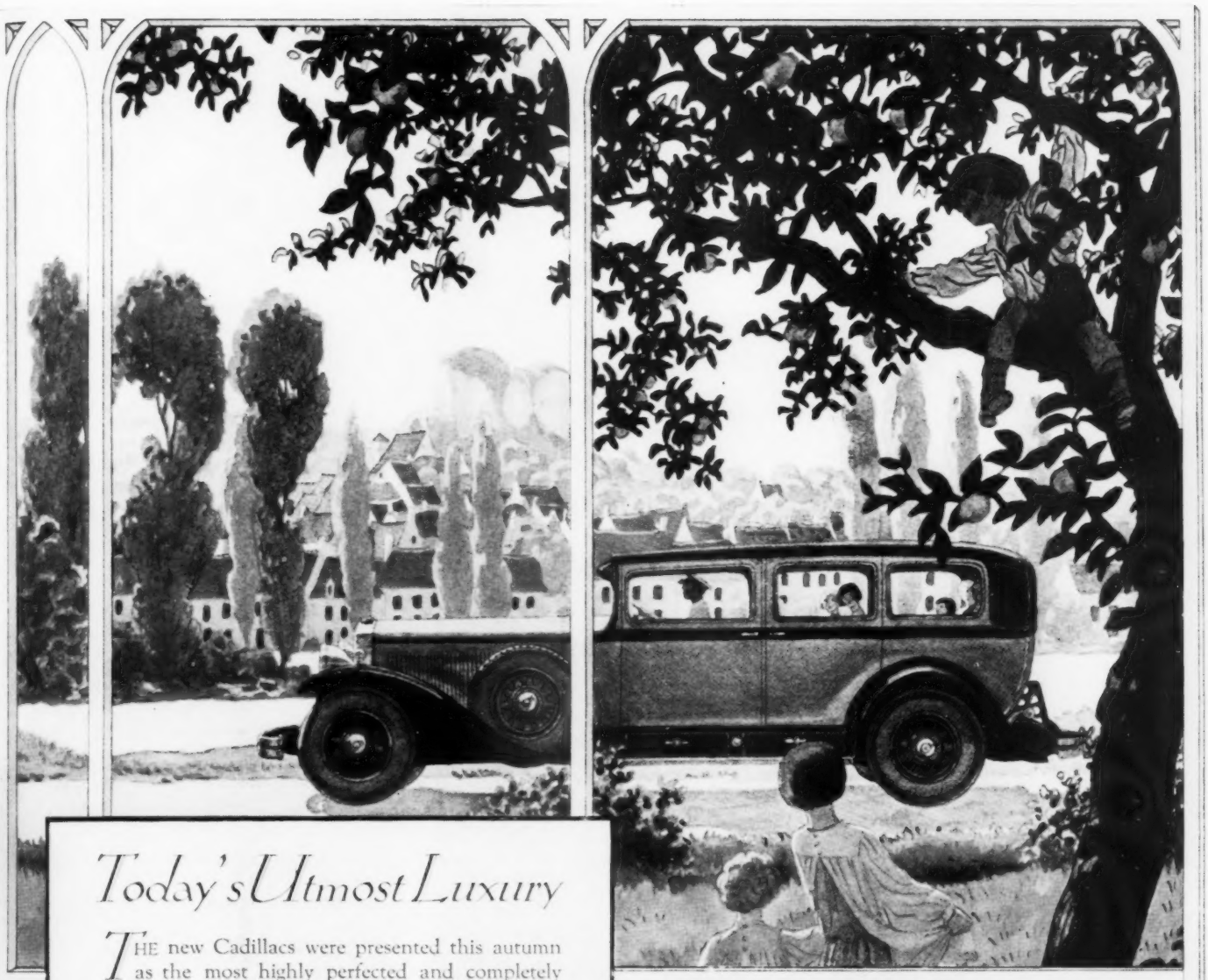

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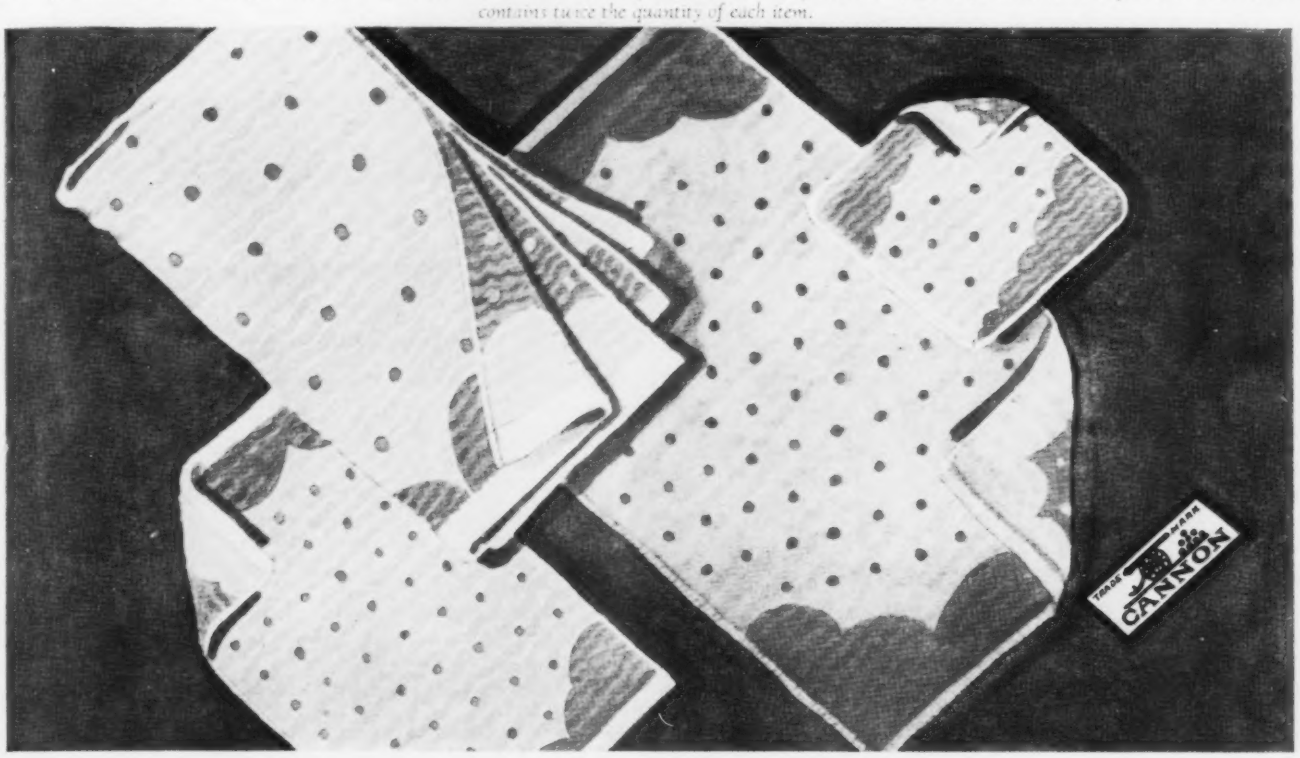
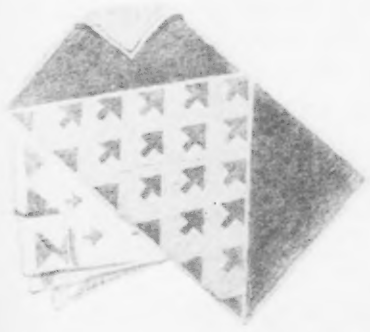
WHEN ALL MEN WERE BRAVE, all ladies fair, and life a courtly pageant, the design at the left established styles in silver. There was leisure, then, for the appreciation of painstaking craftsmanship. Even every-day articles were richly ornamented. . . . Today, the same pattern, traditional and tasteful, has been faithfully recreated in International Silverplate. It is a justly popular part of a distinguished line • For Christmas, consider gifts of International Silverplate. . . . They simplify your shopping. You'll find them well-displayed in good shops where you can make unhurried selections. . . . They are certain to please and impress your friends. There is a rich variety of pieces, from compotes to complete coffee services; a generous choice of patterns—English, French, Early American, Modern. In every case, the International trade-mark assures beauty, long life and reasonable price. . . . Write for free booklet, HW-142, "The Rediscovery of Silverplate." Address Dept. E, International Silver Company, Meriden, Connecticut.

INTERNATIONAL SILVER CO.

The Cannon matched ensemble contains two of the new, reversible bath towels, two reversible turkish face towels, two wash cloths and a bath mat, all in the same pattern and harmonizing shades of the same color. There are six new pastel colors: Rose, Jade, Peach, Orchid, Maize and Turquoise. The double set contains twice the quantity of each item.



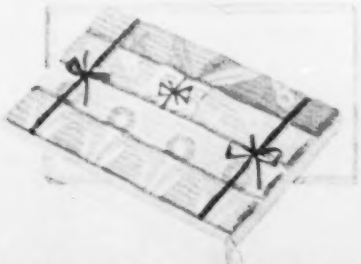
An enchanting gift . . . you would love it yourself . . .
A Cannon matched set in the new colors and modern designs



Interior decorators recommend the new Cannon towels, wash cloths and bath mats in matched sets. For harmony of color and design in the bathroom is today as essential to style as it is in your own costumes.

The prices of the new Cannon ensembles, which contain two bath towels, two face towels, two wash cloths and a bath mat, range from $4.50 to $6.50 for the single sets; $9 to $13 for the double sets.

CANNON towels, in beautiful, colorful ensembles, are one of the most appropriate and appreciated of gifts. They possess the qualities every woman cherishes—beauty, loveliness, usefulness. The years of enjoyable, distinguished service that they render are continuing reminders of the discernment and thoughtfulness of the giver. Cannon towels, bath mats and wash cloths are sold by the leading dry goods and department stores throughout the country. Cannon Mills, Inc., 70 Worth Street, New York City.



There are other new Cannon towels in reversible designs, with all-over colors and patterns and terry hems, at prices from 30 cents upward. The towels, wash cloths and bath mats shown in the ensembles may be obtained singly, or in any quantity you desire.

"Modern Ideas About Towels"—*Free*

You will find many suggestions for making your bathroom smarter, more comfortable and more sanitary in this handsomely illustrated booklet just published. A copy is yours for the asking. Fill out the coupon below.

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CANNON MILLS, Inc., 70 Worth Street, New York City

Kindly send me your new booklet, "Modern Ideas About Towels." This request places me under no obligation whatever.

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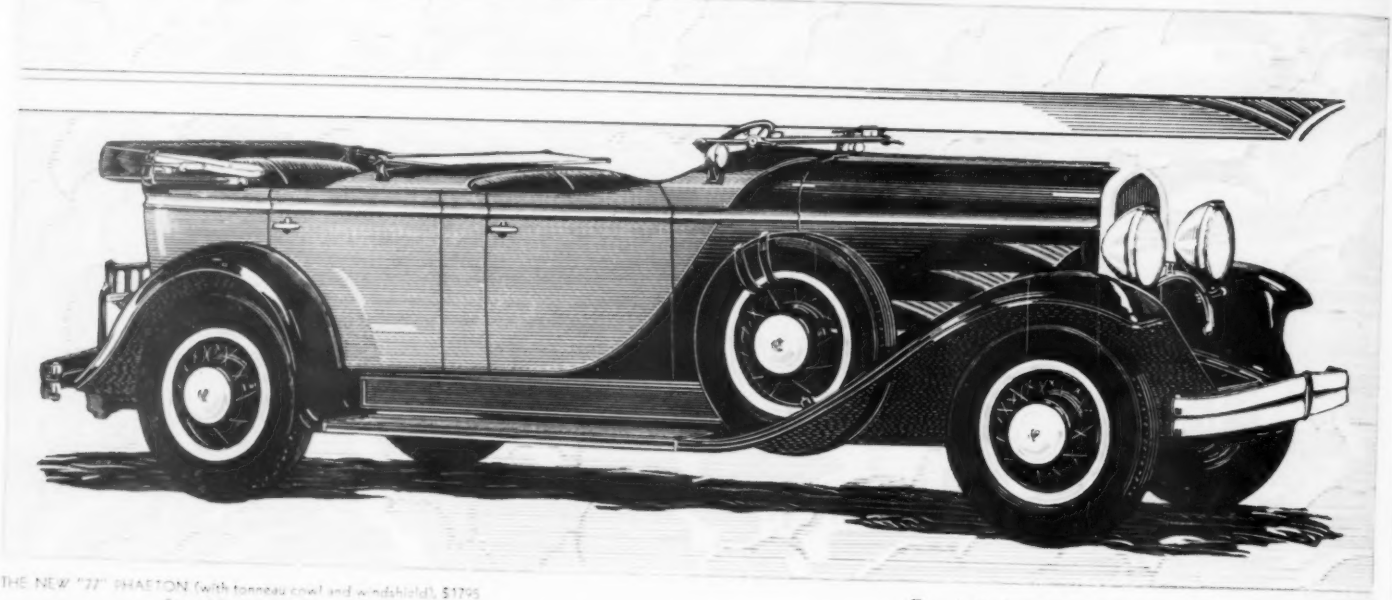
CANNON TOWELS

THE NEW "77" AND "70"

© 1929 Chrysler Corporation



THE NEW "77" PHAETON (with tonneau cowl and windshield), $1795
Special Equipment Extra

A NEW "FIRST" FOR THRILL COLLECTORS

Each one of us has his own private collection of "firsts"; a collection that is not arrayed in the library but stands on the shelves of memory.

Moonlight on the Bay of Naples; an aperitif on the terrace at Shepheard's; the breathless flight of a St. Moritz toboggan; the hush beneath St. Peter's vast and awful dome; the polyglot gabble in the bazaars of Rangoon.

All these were emotional crises—thrills incomparable. Unfortunately, unlike Browning's wise thrush, we cannot recapture that first fine, careless rapture.

But there is a new experience awaiting the motor-tired. That drive from office to home—the same old hills, the same old curves and the same old never-ending stream of traffic—THAT drive is transformed from a dull duty into a stirring pleasure by the new Chrysler "77", "70" and Imperial.

The hills bow before you. The curves straighten out to "attention," in salute to their master. Your sluggard roadmates that once were obstacles barring the highway, now become stationary blobs by the roadside.

To flick the control lever of the Multi-Range Gear Shift into the Acceleration Range and feel your Chrysler "77", "70" or Imperial leap forward at 60 miles an hour taking advantage of a break in the line ahead, and then to slip easily and noiselessly into the floating Speed Range is a new "first" for thrill collectors.

No matter how long you have driven, or in what cars, you'll never know the exciting gratification that motoring can mean until you have guided a new Chrysler "77", "70" or Imperial along buoyant roads unwinding fresh delights.

-:- -:- -:-

New Chrysler Imperial—Nine Models priced from $2895 to $3855.

New Chrysler "77"—Nine Models priced from $1595 to $1795.

New Chrysler "70"—Six Models priced from $1245 to $1395.

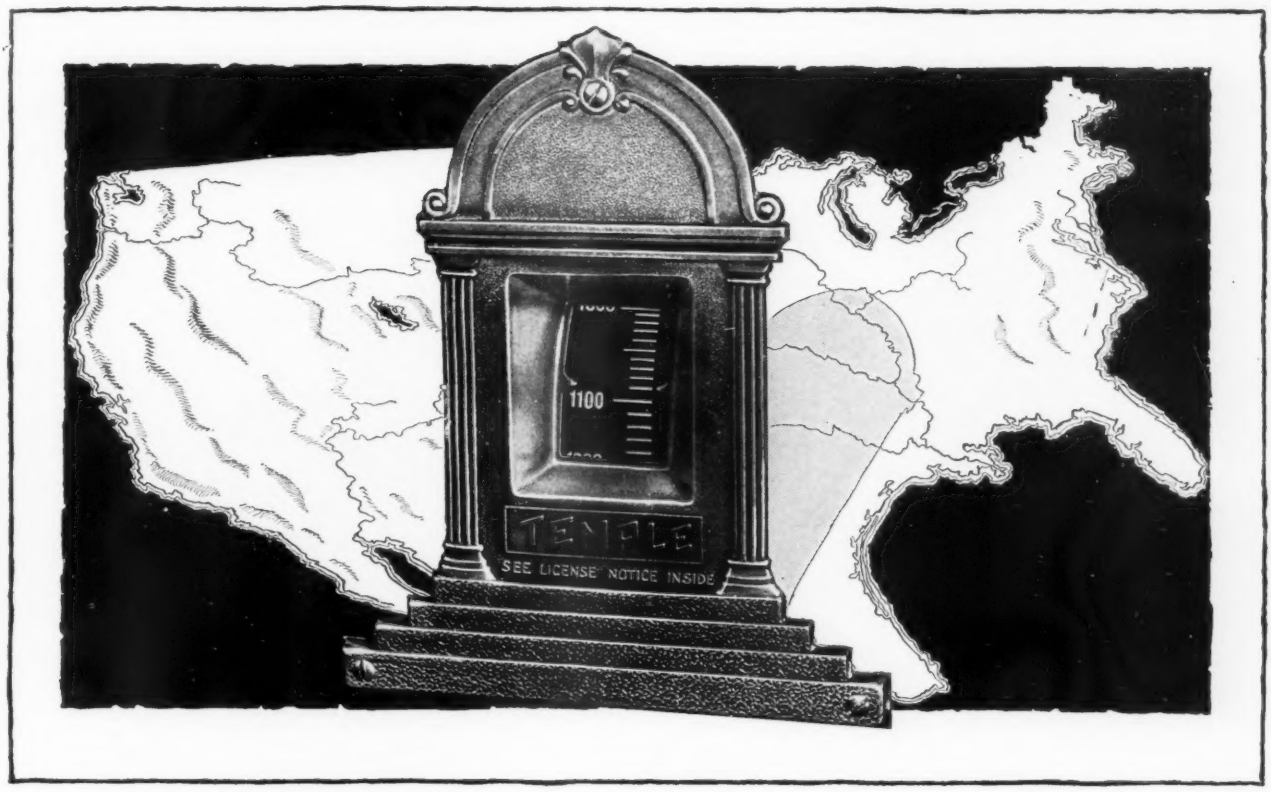
New Chrysler "66"—Six Models priced from $985 to $1065.

All Prices F.O.B. Factory. Special Equipment Extra.

CHRYSLER

CHRYSLER MOTORS PRODUCT

the SWITCHBOARD of a NATION



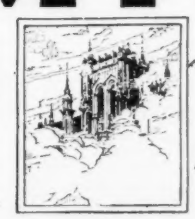
FLICK the switch and dial the number . . . Temple is the switchboard that will link you with a wonder-world of words and music . . . It is too magnificently powered to be blanketed . . . so uncannily selective it impales each station on a needle point. It is consoled in beauty as admirable in any setting as a curly maple highboy in an old New England homestead. It is tonally superb in its mellow, natural clarity. Temple never says "Excuse it please", but always, "There's your party". And Temple says it with a voice that will thrill your senses. Temple should be your set.

Temple is all-electric. The standard chassis has six 227 tubes—push-pull amplification in last audio stage, using two new 245 power tubes—full-wave rectification. A power supply oversized in every respect, in combination with the Temple electro-dynamic Speaker, assures matchless tone for Temple Receivers. Consoled, ready for use. The Temple 8-60 Console . . . $149; the Temple 8-80 Grand Console . . . $169; the Temple Combination . . . $269. All prices less tubes. Slightly higher on the Pacific slope. Licensed by R. C. A. and associated companies.

TEMPLE CORPORATION, CHICAGO, U. S. A.

TEMPLE

TEMPLETONE



Radio

TEMPLE NIGHTS

Every Thursday Night at 10 Eastern Time — Over Columbia Network

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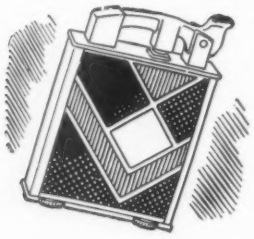
"THE SWITCHBOARD OF A NATION"

MEN OFTEN WONDER WHY WOMEN DON'T THINK OF GIFTS SUCH AS THESE

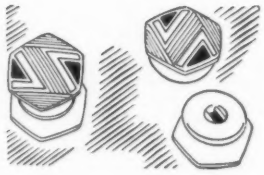


If he wants rapid fire

A man with a Carlton Automatic Lighter never fights for fire. Just "snap the lever—there's your light," without fuss or two or three tries . . . a Carlton is sure-fire. And because a Carlton is the thinnest lighter made you're barely conscious of carrying it. Extra slimness makes it popular with men and women. Priced at $5 and up.

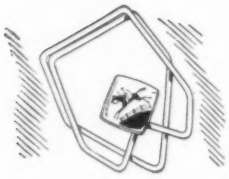
If his wrists are worried

Kum-a-part Cuff Buttons make comfortable, clean-cut cuffs. They hold the softest cuffs neatly and trimly in place. Just slip them in and — *snap!* When you want them open — *snip!* Kum-a-parts will snip-snap for a lifetime. That's a guarantee! Reasonably priced up to $25.



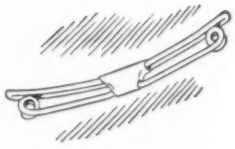
If he's bothered with bills

Money Klip keeps folded bills compact and orderly in the pocket. It presses the bills thin enough to prevent an uncomfortable bulge. Plain, or ornamented with a choice of colorful sporting decorations. From $1 to $15. A smart and convenient article of jewelry that any man will appreciate.



If he wants collar control

Swank keeps collar points smartly in place (even the long unruly ones), adding trimness to a man's neckwear. Just slip it on and slip it off. Swank looks like a pin, but isn't. No points to puncture a man's neck or make his collars unsightly with holes. Swank costs from 50 cents to $5.



Kum-a-part Products

Sold at jewelers' and men's shops

BAER & WILDE CO., Attleboro, Mass.

A Vision of Don Juan

(Continued from page 75)

most touching of all comments upon Don Juan, and one which is greater for the woman by whom it was spoken?

The porter assigned to me an ancient nun as a guide, a bent and trembling old woman whose face, etched in a thousand wrinkles, was half-hidden by her white coif. She held a rosary in her knotted hands, and as we walked slowly through the dim corridors, murmured almost inaudible prayers, of which I heard only an occasional *Ave* or a *Gratia plena* from under the white coif.

Slowly I followed her through corridors, rooms and refectory halls that smelled faintly of crude oil. She led me to the second floor where, in a room which serves as a kind of museum, articles of furniture and other objects which belonged to the founder of the Hospital are preserved.

There I saw the sword that had dripped with the blood of more than one of his rivals. There I saw the spurs whose crisp clatter on the pavement kept many a woman awake of nights. There was the application, signed by Don Juan, requesting membership in the brotherhood; and there, finally, was his death mask, taken when he died in 1679, at the age of fifty-three. It is a face that seems still young—fine, admirably molded, the forehead narrow and firm, the eyes deep-set under wide brows, the nose aquiline. I looked at him for a long time, I could not look away from him. These lips, now mute forever—what vows of love they had made, what flames of passion they had lighted in hearts fainting for joy! These eyes closed in death—what fire they had held when they rested on a woman! Here there was nothing vulgar, nothing gross; his were not carnal delights. A noble and passionate man, burning with inner life, was before me. I no longer wondered why Maurice Barrès had written that this death mask reminded him of Pascal's.

The nun, all this while, was silent; only that incessant trembling and the soft fumbling of her fingers among the beads of her rosary reminded me that she was still there. Was she merely looking once more upon the pallid features of a notorious man, or was she praying silently for the sinner's eternal rest? I thought that her fingers moved a little more swiftly upon the rosary while I stood watching that dead, impassive face. Presently, murmuring her incessant prayers, she led me to the chapel; but, haunted by what I had seen, I could fix my attention upon nothing else, and contemplated with an abstracted eye the celebrated paintings by Murillo which adorn its walls.

I asked where Don Juan was buried. The nun showed me the spot, to the right of the altar, that marked his resting-place—an inconspicuous memorial, for he would not permit any monument to be raised to himself in this church which he had founded; he himself had chosen this modest space in the shadow of the altar and had written his own epitaph. The nun lifted a corner of the ugly modern carpet which covers the altar, and disclosed the tomb. . . . As she bent over it, it seemed almost as if she were lowering her head in homage to the remains of Don Juan.

I began to read aloud the famous epitaph:

Here lies the worst man in the world. . . .

What fault of inflection was mine as I spoke these words? What unfortunate intonation did the old woman wrongly believe that I gave them? For she interrupted me brusquely, and said in a clear voice, with an accent of reproval: "And the humblest."

She had raised her head, and for the first time her poor eyes, sunk in a mass of tiny wrinkles, were fixed upon mine; a little flame of anger dwelt in them. Then she was silent—and again I saw nothing but the white coif, shaking, trembling with a slight, incessant motion.

Eternal miracle of love . . . that, three centuries after the death of Don Juan, a nun bowed with the weight of years consecrated to God, should stand once more erect to defend the memory of a man who never sought happiness save in the possesion of women!

Business Men and the Theatre

(Continued from page 61)

he pathetically added that he was telling me this for my own good: otherwise he wouldn't have bothered about it!

He has three or four theatres: he has degraded the taste of London in all matters theatrical: he has been bankrupt, poor fellow—whether once or twice I am not sure. But all this would not matter very much, if he did not think himself an artist.

Now what you have to do is to undeceive this man and others like him —for I think there is no doubt about it since I have received this letter, that they all of them look upon themselves as artists and feel as my correspondent felt. These gentlemen might make fairly good impressarios; but, you see, unfortunately these showmen do nothing but show themselves. They don't show a great artist and his work because they like getting little snippets which they can buy up and then call their own work. This type of man is more dangerous to the Theatre than is the more blatant kind which opens its theatre and says, "Look here, this is no theatre; this is only a brothel, and that's all I ever meant it to be." Such a man as that is far less dangerous, for he is not masquerading; he is right out in the open. But these other fellows, curiously enough, have his capacity and his vice and the whole thing is skillfully veneered under the name "Artistic Productions."

You have got to clear these people out before you can have a really fine Theatre; but when they are cleared out, I give you my word, that we artists will give you a Theatre that will be worth every dollar of the Public's money and even worth the careful consideration of serious—really serious—business men.

Powered by Lycoming

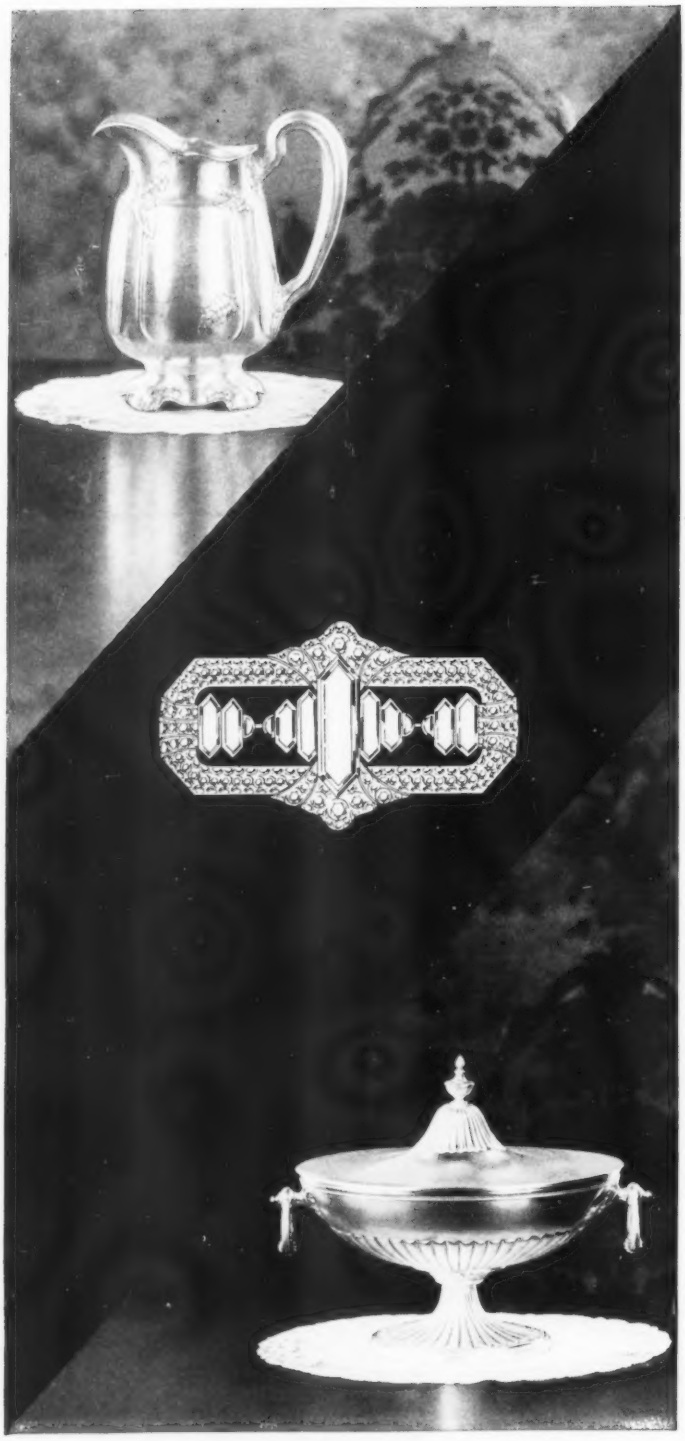
The Cord car creates a place for itself no other car has ever occupied.

CORD FRONT DRIVE

SEDAN $3095 · *BROUGHAM* $3095 · *CABRIOLET* $3295 · *PHAETON* $3295

Prices: F. O. B. Auburn, Indiana. *Equipment other than standard extra*

AUBURN AUTOMOBILE COMPANY · AUBURN, INDIANA



In Silverware and in Fine Jewelry the merger of three of America's leading Jewelry Houses makes possible a greater and more comprehensive service to our clientele

SPAULDING-GORHAM, INC.
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Michigan Boulevard CHICAGO | Orrington Avenue EVANSTON | Rue de la Paix PARIS

Associated with BLACK STARR & FROST—GORHAM INC., *New York*

How to Mix a Planter's Punch

(Continued from page 96)

buoyant that you might be floating in air, staring underwater at a school of Martian fish, striped grotesquely in orange and black and blue. Perhaps you will weave in and out among the Berry Isles, thrilling anew at each succeeding mirage of seven or twenty cocoanut palms grasping suddenly out of the sea toward a retreating sky. Perhaps you will drop down the islands to Inagua, gathering the native folk-songs for their high-hearted melodies and the rich, careless legends that they tell. Perhaps you will cross to Bimini, where the anything-but-hypothetical Fountain of Youth is kept busy day and night supplying the thirsty tonsils of Florida and Florida's customers, and where a small group of loyal citizens labor mightily with speed-boats and airplanes and underground pipes, performing their modest share in America's colossal campaign to make the world safe for hypocrisy.

Just one more Planter's Punch, steward. One more Punch, and then you will get up and go over and speak to her. What are you going to say? "I wondered if you were all alone." That wouldn't be very bright. Something bright. Something like "Didn't we meet on the steamer?" or "Have you heard the latest one about the Scotchman with a bump on his head?" or "Are these your galoshes?" Well, let that take care of itself. Thank you, steward. Maybe something bright will come. Plenty of time.

Where were you? Bimini. It would be nice to be in Bimini again, where Van Campen Heilner, famed authority on bone-fishing in the Bahamas, rules in solitary glory as the King of Paradise Point. Nice to go bone-fishing with Van again. Maybe this bright blue blonde doesn't care for bone-fishing. To hell with her. You and Van would go anyway, sailing across the bay with Benjy chewing up the chum in the stern of the dinghy. Quiet! Let down the anchor as softly as possible; Benjy's eye has caught a flash of blue shadow fifty feet ahead. He heaves out the chum and waits; you rig your tackle nervously. All right. You cast out a whirring line toward the spot where the chum has settled. You tense. Your line is dragged slowly out, an infinitely slow strike, three or four measured clicks on your reel; then suddenly the reel bursts into a demoniac shriek as the bone-fish suddenly hooked, rips off a hundred, two hundred feet of line and majestically plunges across the bay with the bit in his teeth. . . .

Well. You drain your glass and set it down with finality. Now or never. You rise and lurch unsteadily toward her table, tossed a bit by a sudden squall that seems to have sprung up from nowhere and whipped the Terrace into veritable whitecaps; and then you halt. Her chair is there, pushed back; her empty glass rests in a little ring of moisture, and the crumpled straw leans unconcernedly against the side. A silver coin lingers dutifully for the steward in the center of the deserted table.

You sit down heavily in the chair where she sat; and then, because there is something about the climate of Nassau that makes for fatalism, you push the coin casually toward the steward as he approaches and order another Planter's Punch.

No. It is not the mixture of lime and sugar and rum that is the secret of it. Those things we can assemble as well at home. It is not the thoroughness of the shaking you give, nor even the dash of red pepper if desired. Our formula goes deeper than that. For a Planter's Punch requires blue water, the catholic sun that blesses Nassau daily, the soft stir of life murmuring and smiling carelessly beneath the palms in the lazy, languorous climate of the Bahamas.

And therefore, for those venturous connoisseurs who wish to experience a Planter's Punch as it should be tasted, I offer the following revised recipe: PLANTER'S PUNCH: Use tall suitcase. Toss in one pair of white flannels, two clean shirts, a toothbrush, and one ticket to Nassau. Dash aboard the *S. S. Munargo* the following Friday, shake well for sixty hours, land and proceed directly to the Terrace of the New Colonial; and, if an attractive blonde happens to be seated at a nearby table, order your Planter's Punch served with two straws.

"The United States of Europe"

(Continued from page 60)

Asiatic power, and that Russia is not merely European. But France is an African and an Asiatic power as well. Holland is an Asiatic power. Belgium is an African power. Just how "Europe" is to draw a common frontier at the eastern boundary of Poland, at Greece, and at the English Channel I cannot for the life of me conceive. Nothing, it seems to me, could be more certain than that a European federation must take into account Britain and Russia.

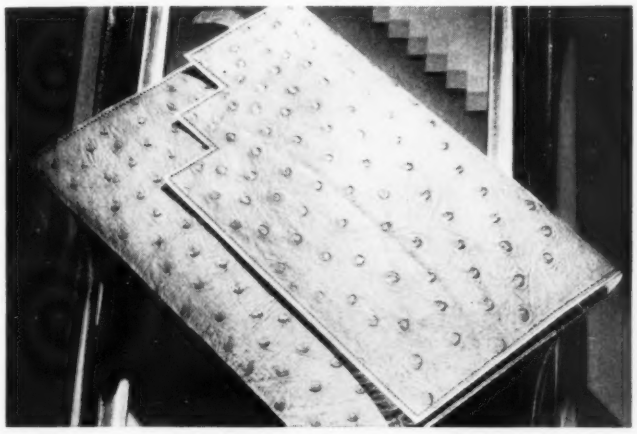
Once it does that it takes into account practically the whole wide world, and the notion that it might be organized against America disappears. For when Britain is heard in Europe, it means that Canada and Australia are also heard. We need have no fear then that our interests can be overlooked or specially menaced. If and when Pan-Europe has adjusted itself to the British Empire and to Soviet Russia it will by the same token have adjusted itself to us. In all of these matters the interests of Britain and America run parallel, and the British have a direct interest in the same things in which our interest is indirect.

There is not the slightest occasion, then, for hostility to the idea which M. Briand has submitted to the European governments. The dangers, if they existed, are remote and speculative; for the calculable future the idea implies the making of agreements for freer trade and greater political stability. These are greatly to the interest of America. In fact, Americans, including the eminent Secretary of the Treasury, have repeatedly preached most eloquently to Europe on the desirability of these very things.

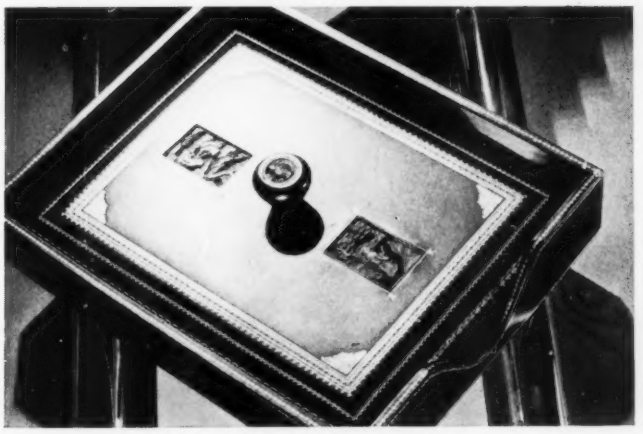
Your gift is a reflection of your own good taste

TRADE R MARK

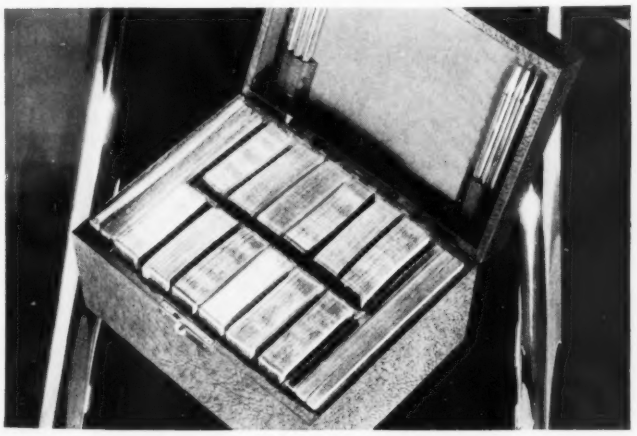
WHETHER it is costly or not, matters little . . . the thought is the thing that counts. You want your gift to reveal, as words might not, your real regard and affection. But a gift is more than that . . . it is a true reflection of the one who sends it. . . . A great many people of taste and judgment have formed the custom at Christmas of giving articles of fine leather. And in making their selection, they have been governed for generations by the presence of the tiny golden keystone R, the house insignia of C. F. Rumpp & Sons, Inc., makers of the finest leather goods. . . . It is not an easy matter, even for one who judges as an expert, to appreciate all the care and skill that have gone into these gifts. Materials are the best obtainable. Workmanship is of a master-craftsman order. And the beauty of each gift is at once so delicate and enduring that it could only have had its origin in a noble tradition. . . . C. F. Rumpp & Sons, Inc., manufacture fine leather articles of every description, excepting luggage. At the better leather goods stores, department stores, jewelers, and at stationers.



The restrained simplicity of this smart underarm bag adds much to its charm. Of ostrich skin, the bag also contains a purse and mirror of the same material. A convenient zipper arrangement across the full width of the bag permits easy access. You may also select the same design in black and brown goatskin.



Whether private papers rest in it, or one protects weighty business documents in its roomy depths, the letter-box is always a necessity. This very beautiful piece from the hand of the leather-worker is in mottled calfskin, with gold tooling and cinnabar trimmings. The box may also be had in calf with jade trimmings, and in cowhide with gold tooling.



A very beautiful card box of fine leather with an inset on the top of red cinnabar or jade. The box contains six gold pencils, twelve packs of cards, and six score pads. There are many other lovely designs with eight or six packs included.

This attractive bill-fold has been designed to accommodate the new currency; there is, as well, a pass compartment and a section for cards. A slide fold permits the carrying of any quantity of money without buckling. Other wallets may be had to hold bills of either size.

C. F. RUMPP & SONS, INC.

PHILADELPHIA . . . ESTABLISHED, 1850

By Invitation to Member

GLYCINE
THE WATCH OF PERFECTION
Glycine is the aristocrat of watches. Each model is an exquisitely-rendered interpretation of the supremely and distinctively smart. Three-quarters of a century of precision craftsmanship have gone into the creation of this Watch of Perfection. The models illustrated are the last word in smart design for women and for men. See the newest Glycine models at your jeweler's. Write for the Glycine Book of Styles in Fine Watches. Address GLYCINE WATCHES, 15 Maiden Lane, N. Y.
GA—Masculine 14 K white gold filled Wadsworth case, 15 jewels, luminous dial . . . $45
GC—Lovely 18 K solid white gold and platinum case, set with 4 emeralds and 12 diamonds, 15 jewels $200
GD—Charming 18 K solid white gold case, 15 jewel movement . . $70
GB—Dignified 18K solid white gold case, 17 jewels, solid gold raised figures, detachable strap and solid gold buckle $110
GE—Beautiful 18 K solid white gold case, 15 jewels $70

The Passing of the Lights of Love

(Continued from page 64)

under Francis I, as Brantôme observes, that courtesans began to be seen at Court. Thereafter the Renaissance carried on the Greek tradition. The Duchesse d'Etampes began a long line of great courtesans. The stage was set for Gabrielle d'Estrées, Marion Delorme, Ninon de Lenclos, *Mme.* de Montespan, *Mme.* de Fontanges, Pompadour, Du Barry—ladies unequal in birth, but equal in success, who carried on a tradition of refinement, brilliance, and power.

If we have spoken at some length on the historic origins of the courtesan, it is only to show that her position depends wholly on the existence of an *élite* class in society. She must shine in the first rank, must freely employ all her advantages, must answer intrigue with guile, baffle direct attacks with her wit, impose herself with her charms, maintain her power by her attractiveness. Is she described in plays? Is her profession made the subject of ridicule? Then she must attend the performance—and she is always there.

Grimm in his correspondence tells us that when Palissot presented *The Courtesan, or The School for Morals,* these ladies—that is to say, the celebrated courtesans of the time, such as *Mmes.* Duthé, Arnould, Rancourt, etc.—came to applaud the play. And less than a hundred years later, in December, 1887, the Théâtre des Bouffes Parisiens having presented a rather dull comedy called *A Voyage Round the Underworld,* Barbey d'Aurévilly wrote in his column, "The theatre was crowded with the subject of the play. *Mlle.* Cora Pearl sat *auburning* in her box with that macabre face of hers, which in my estimation is very inferior to Dürer's *Death.*" But the invectives of the journalist contributed—more to her fame than they detracted from it. For *Mlle.* Cora Pearl, like la Païva, was one of the queens of the Second Empire.

The nineteenth century necessitated a further development of the courtesan. A favourite under the absolute monarchy, she had become the mistress of a salon or the inspiration of a sovereign, but the French Revolution forced her to find other protectors. Under the Directory, she profited by the rise and fall of money, the fickleness of wealth, and rose to a position of power which she did not long maintain: this uncertain power soon was seized by a leader who gave no scope to the intrigue of the senses. In the days of Napoleon, fortune smiled on men. The Restoration was hardly more favourable to gallant ladies, and even the Countess du Cayla, who became the mistress of Louis XVIII, could scarcely be called a courtesan. The Court, under Louis XVIII, was thoroughly bourgeois; the adventuress was gradually ceasing to be welcomed. At this juncture she flung herself upon society, seeking a new success among the wealthy or the powerful. Although Balzac's *Esther Gobseck* is the daughter of a street woman, she typifies this evolution of the courtesan, now exiled from the Court and determinedly forging her way in society.

What methods would she not employ? The intelligent courtesan of humble birth, cultured and daring, came to ally herself with the great political world as the agent of a government. Such, during the Second Empire, was the position of la Païva, who entertained grandly in her mansion in the *Champs-Elysées,* and gathered from every one the information which she later conveyed to the nation she represented. She became the hireling of Prussian diplomacy, and camouflaged her undertakings with her extravagance, her personal charm, and the diversity of her acquaintanceships. She knew the last word on everything; she entertained artists; she received with unheard-of magnificence. She displayed the wit and charm of a society woman, but with an additional freedom and provocativeness which the latter could not permit herself.

The Republic completed this "democratization" of the courtesan. No longer possessing a court where she could reign, she created a *milieu* of her own, upon which she acted. The courtesan cultivated the society of painters and men of letters, and often sought the help of a marriage to efface her past. Romanticism had paved her way. The Hugo of 1830 had painted the depth of her passion in *Marion Delorme,* and Dumas *fils* the delicacy of her feelings in *La Dame aux Camélias.* Why shouldn't one marry a woman who had atoned for her early mistakes by the goodness of her heart? Might she not become the best of wives? And a wife she became. . . . So it was that Dumas *fils* himself, in a princely mansion, met a young woman who was to end her life loaded with titles and honours—a young woman he had known years before as a dancer at Mabille's. Having become the fairy godmother of a prince, she proclaimed the highest principles.

"A dramatist should always uphold the traditions of religion and the family," she remarked to Dumas *fils* at a very formal dinner to which she had invited him.

Thereupon, having dropped his napkin, the dramatist bent over toward his hostess and murmured insolently: "You"—not the formal *vous,* but the familiar *tu* that one employs with street girls—"you don't say."

His remark was repeated, but it did not interfere with her social career. During the twilight of the last century, by an irony of fate, this lady came to preside over one of the most flourishing of the conservative salons. Not all courtesans, however, became such pillars of society. In France, during the forty-four years that passed between the two wars, many were content to remain as they were and to uphold a tradition to which the Second Empire had contributed a new brilliance. The fashionable courtesan lived in great luxury, had her private mansion (with studio) near the Parc Monceau, entertained the popular writers, had her entries at Auteuil, and at her table (the best in the world) entertained all the gilded youth of France. *Mlle.* de Marcy's *casaque* had a long period of fame, while another young lady of sensitive mind and undeniable charm served as model both for the *Gladys Harvey* of M. Paul Bourget and for the *Odette* (later Mme.

(Continued on page 146)

Les Bourgeons (The Buds)

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(Pronounced Ee-Bree)

Les Fleurs d'Ybry
(The Flowers of Ybry)

Desir du Coeur
(Desire of the Heart)

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ABOVE, *a generous bottle of Yardley's Old English Lavender. Its fragrance seems to hold the delightful freshness of an English morning. The price is $5.*

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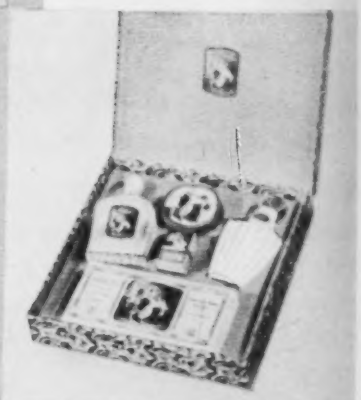

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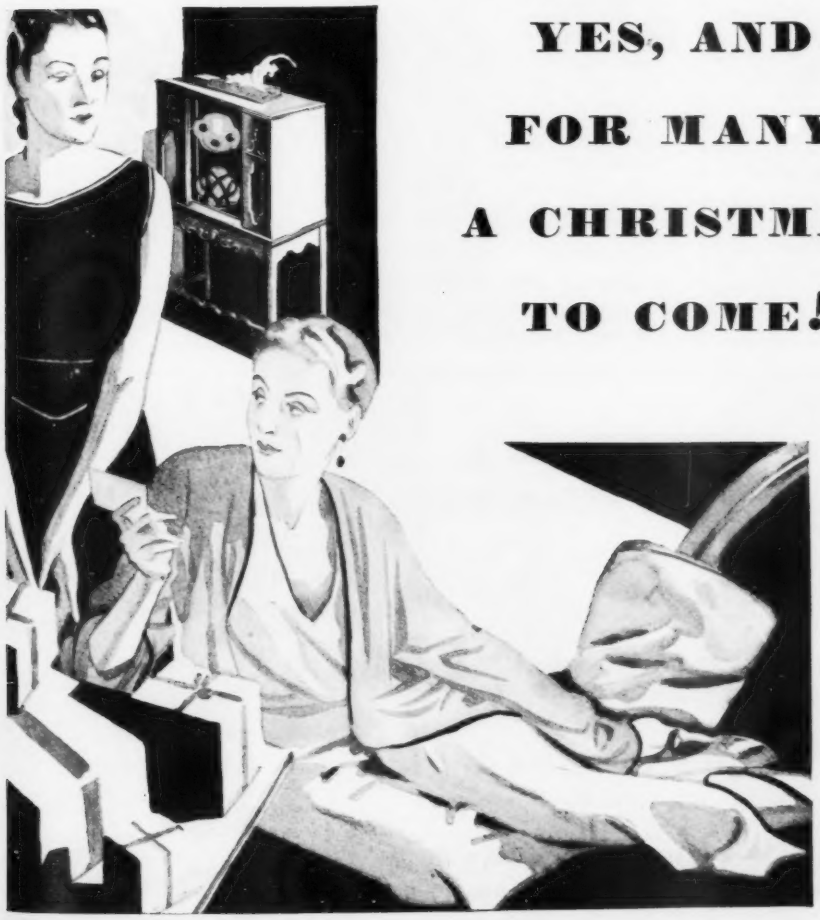

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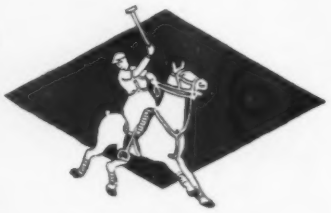

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The Philosophy of Everything

(Continued from page 94)

impossible. "Sex", as it is called, is nothing more nor less than a mild form of rickets; its frequent manifestations are merely a part of the great submerged desire of the human race to pedal a bicycle, a universal instinct which has come down to us from the old cradle-days of Mankind when our forefathers lived on the tops of high-wheeled "bikes", and the reaction which the sight of a feminine ankle awakens today is only the age-old jungle impulse to see if she is wearing her bicycle-clips. This conclusion, as well as others, was derived by me from a life-long study of ants.

In the first place, as Fabre has pointed out, a man may gain a great deal of knowledge and profit from the study of ants. He may learn diligence, and trustworthiness, and honesty. He may learn the tireless industry of these tiny creatures, and observe the infinite patience and skill with which they burrow their homes, move untold obstacles, secrete their eggs, hatch their young, and drag lumps of food many times their weight for incredible distances. What's more, after watching all these interesting things, a man may stand up and light a cigarette and walk away; but the ant has to stick around and *do* them. This is why more men are not ants.

On the other hand, a man who sets out to learn about Sex from ants, as I did, will experience considerable difficulty, owing principally to the fact that it is almost impossible for a man to tell the difference between a male ant and a female ant. This has bothered everyone for ages, except ants. After spending several months in an ant-heap, disguised in a red necktie as a neuter ant, or "drone", I came to the conclusion that one ant was like another, as far as I was concerned, and the whole experiment was pretty darned silly. As far as I can see, there is no Sex among ants.

Not for me, anyway.

CHAPTER V

MARRIAGE AND DIVORCE

According to science the female praying mantis (*Phasmomantis carolina*) has a unique habit during the mating season of reaching around and eating her prospective husband. You would think that the males would get onto this in time; but no.

A curious feature of this form of hypocrisy (for anyone who has seen a female mantis at her prayers, her front legs crossed piously and her mandibles pursed in a sanctimonious smile, could scarcely suspect her of this voracious appetite) is the fact that it does not seem to discourage the males; and often a young mantis will lose his head over a female and in his efforts to be a good husband allow himself to be completely devoured before he realizes his predicament. As a result, the female mantis is the only creature known to science who can be a widow before she is a bride.

I was only getting around to saying that with human beings, of course, this is quite impossible.

CHAPTER VI

FUR SEALSKINS TAKEN AT PRIBILOW ISLANDS

Fur sealskins taken at the Pribilow Islands during the summer season of 1929 totaled 39,253.

● PART IV.

CIVILIZATION: A SYMPOSIUM

CHARACTERS OF THE DIALOGUE

Friedrich Nietzsche
Coolidge
Alice Foote MacDougall
François Marie Arouet de Voltaire
Walter Winchell
Inspector Burns of Scotland Yard
Karl Marx
William Makepeace Thackeray
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Frank Sullivan
Buddha
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The Dolly Sisters
Zip (by himself)
Will Durant
Charles Louis de Secondat, Baron de Montesquieu

(Continued on page 131)

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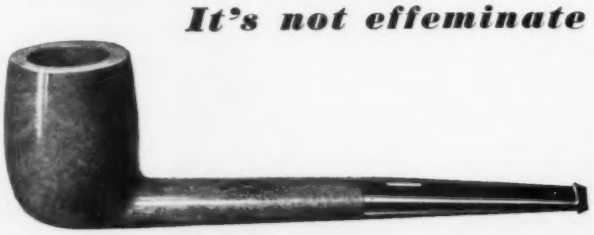

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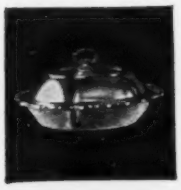

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Three-in-one $9

Both in fine quality silver plate

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The Philosophy of Everything

(Continued from page 130)

Russell Crouse
William Cullen Bryant
Dr. Fu Manchu
Simon
Schuster
The Narrator

Peasants, Soldiers, Sixteen Tiller Girls, Sparrows, and Hautboys with Torches

The scene is a backroom in the Mansion of Philosophy. A single candle sputters on the table. In the wavering light the dim figures seated about the board seem ghost-like and unreal, as if they were shades from another world. Quietly we draw near and seat ourselves at the table in silence, lest we should break some magic charm.

At length a gloomy figure with a long beard stirs and speaks in a hollow voice.

ANATOLE FRANCE—I can't open.
WILL DURANT (glancing sadly at his hand)—Neither can I.
JOHN RIDDELL—I'll open for fifty cents.

● PART V.

RELIGION

CHAPTER VIII

WHAT IS RELIGION?

The Bible contains 3,586,486 letters and 773,693 words; 31,173 verses and 1189 chapters beside 66 books. The books were written by 40 men during a period of 1600 years. The word "and" is found in the Bible 46,278 times, and the word "reverend" but once. The 19th Chapter of II Kings and the 37th Chapter of Isaiah are alike. The middle verse of the Bible is Psalm xcii: 8.

● PART VI.

THE QUEST OF HAPPINESS

CHAPTER IX

RAMOS FIZZ

Pour in a shaker one portion of dry gin, juice of half a lemon, white of one egg, one teaspoonful of powdered sugar, a few dashes of orange bitters. Fill with ice and mix thoroughly to combine ingredients. Serve in a tall tumbler with sodawater.

● PART VII.

WHITHER ARE WE DRIFTING?

CHAPTER X

PROGRESS

Trains leave Brooklyn or the Battery, as designated, to the Jerome Avenue Branch, the West Farms Branch or the Pelham Bay Park Branch, Bronx. To reach a point on the West Side subway, transfer to shuttle train at Grand Central Station, and retransfer at Times Square for local to Mott Avenue and 149th Street.

CHAPTER XI

ARTIFICIAL RESPIRATION

In case of drowning, place the patient flat upon the ground, face downward, and straddle the hips as illustrated (figure 13). Lay your hands on his lower ribs, one hand upon each side of the back-bone. Lean forward so that your body weight falls gradually on your hands, snap the hands off quickly after three seconds, rest for two seconds, then repeat the forward pressure movement, to the count of one two three four five.

CHAPTER XII

THE WORLD WE LIVE IN

1. BUTTER MADE FROM MILK OF EBUS

Butter can be made from milk of ebus.

2. AN INTERESTING FACT

American exports and imports in July attained the greatest volume since 1920, exports amounting to $401,000,000, as against $378,984,000 in 1928, according to Department of Commerce figures.

(Continued on page 152)

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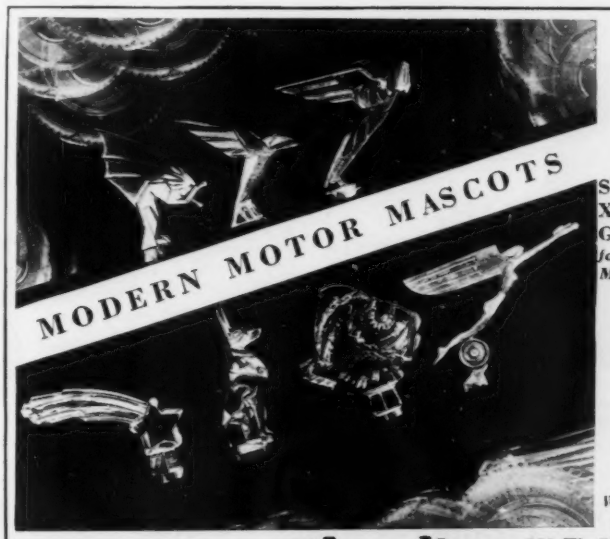

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The Shops of Vanity Fair

James Joyce's What-Is-It?

(Continued from page 67)

history? And it is not going very far to say that that history will be intimately conditioned by the intention out of which it was written. Men have written books before, and always in one of two minds: either they have wanted to say something to themselves and for themselves for the pure sake of articulation, or they have addressed themselves to the interests and comprehensions of one or ten or a hundred or a million men, Montaigne being perhaps an example of the first and Christ of the second. Now in the nineteenth and twentieth centuries we get something new, the peculiarly narcissistic abomination, the bastard of vanity and fatuity, the creed that is familiar enough to us under the name of Art-for-Art's-Sake. The delusion of the devotees of this religion is that they have their eye intently on the absolute, the infinite, pure beauty, as they work. But the fact is that, wherever one eye is, the other is invariably in the employ of snobbery, emulation and self-canonisation, and is acutely sensitive to the current fashions in pure art. Since this art is avowedly not in terms of what its audience wants, it is not unfair to say that its artists do not wish an audience. The ultimate testing-vat of "literature" is exceedingly impatient of humbug, a primary insincerity and false posturing. The world remains hard-boiled. The ages don't have to impress anybody, they can read what they like. And the evidence of the past coincides with the probabilities of the future: that men will continue to read only what has something to say to them. "Experiments in English prose" of themselves cast no shadow whatever, and one of Joyce's American defenders damns him as absolutely as possible when he writes: "What Joyce is saying is a literary thing." If one could be absolutely certain that Joyce is saying no more than "a literary thing," these remarks need go no further. The dead might be left, for all anyone cared, to bury their own dead.

But if he is using the materials of literature: words, in a valid and ponderable way, to say a little of what he is unquestionably competent to say, that is another matter. Joyce, they say, is attempting to restore to words their pristine virility, to lop the banal fungi of authorized usage from them, and to perfect a medium as rich in power, chiaroscuro and suggestiveness (can this really be so?) as Elizabethan English. Here is a great man, a genius, who is not satisfied with the medium in which he has shown himself unequivocally a genius. He wants not only to choose and arrange the words, but to invent the words. More and more he *wants*, he conceives himself to be a Prometheus Bound. He turns from the challenge that the limitations of a traditional language delivers to him, as it does to such other great contemporary word-users as Robinson Jeffers, George Moore and D. H. Lawrence, and leaps masterfully into a scrupulously arranged chaos. But the chaos of his language, be it noted, would have no value whatever, were it not for the order of English usage of which it is a free perversion. And the obvious, almost the necessary, reaction of the reader in going through *Work in Progress* is to cultivate mental nimbleness, to catch from each word the most superficial possible intention—to delay, to reflect, is fatal—and to make a legible total of cursory impressions. This is inevitably the way *Work in Progress* will be read. One is inclined to think that Mr. Joyce, rather than muscularizing his language, has brought it to the final enfeeblement of decay. Words with the Elizabethans were still young, they were used in the consciousness of their roots, their brief and lusty history, and for that reason they had an immense force as simple and upright symbols for *things*. One must in vain ask Mr. Joyce what knowledgeable integer, what *thing*, a single word of his stands for. Consider this for example: "O them doddhunters and allanights, aabs and baas for agnomes, yees and zees for incognits, bate him up jerrybly! Show that the

(Continued on page 148)

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TECS

CHIC NEW JACKETS FOR SHOES

The Letter That Was Never Mailed

(Continued from page 69)

mutual love, they clasped hands on it; they were at once exalted and profoundly miserable. It never occurred to either of them to give Vava herself a chance to choose between them, for that is the way of rich and titled gentlemen when the lady in question has only God to thank for her standing; such a battle of three is always fought by two. But what, they asked themselves and each other, was to be done about it?

They talked it over frankly. No sly, secret maneuvers should dim the fairness of their loyalty. They were comrades, brothers . . . they would face this thing together.

The Baron insisted that his friend, having seen Vava first, should have first advantage in approaching her. He himself, said the Baron, would take his chances. And when, after he had protested valiantly, the Vicomte was finally prevailed upon to agree, it turned out to be a very good thing indeed. For, on the following day, he received a telegram saying that his aged mother, having contracted a disease of the throat while spending a fortnight in Venice, had hurried back to her home in the south of France, and was even then lying at death's door. He planned to leave at once, and his few remaining hours in Berlin were devoted equally to anxiety for his mother and to a last desperate effort to solve the twin problems of his friendship and his love.

The Baron, longing to ease his friend's distress, swore that he would take not the faintest step toward winning Vava during his absence. The Vicomte, for his part, vowed to spend every hour of his journey in a constant effort to forget Vava for his friend's sake. As the train pulled out of the station, the Vicomte leaned far out of the window, and said:

"Do nothing, I beg of you my dear friend, until you hear from me. If I write you, it will mean that I have conquered my own heart for your sake—that I have succeeded in forgetting her. If, on the other hand, you do not hear from me within two weeks, you must forget her. And I think," he added, his eyes clouding, "that you will receive that letter."

Once in the South, the Vicomte fretted and fumed. He loved his mother and dutifully held her hand, glad to see her improving; but inwardly, he raged at the prolonged separation from Vava. As the days passed, he was further troubled by a sense of guilt, of disloyalty to his friendship for the Baron—for the two weeks had come to an end, and he had not sent the letter . . . that magic word that was to mean love and happiness, life itself, to his friend. How base he was, how utterly unworthy! Tortured, he pictured the Baron waiting, stoic and incorruptible, at the gates of Paradise, proof against temptation until he should hear from his friend.

Why could he not bring himself to write that letter? Half a dozen times in the past two weeks he had tried, had taken up his pen to write: "She is yours, my dear Baron. . . . I give her to you." But each time, he had faltered and failed. He could not write the letter, he simply could not. He would not give her up. After fifty years of friendship, he had become a miser denying his dearest friend that which meant everything to him. . . . What sort of man was he? he asked himself savagely. Why could he not be happy in the happiness of those two? He had promised to try, he had almost promised to succeed—and now, he could not.

As the hour approached when he was to return to Berlin, his despair mounted to such tragedy that, desperately, he bethought himself af a plan, a subterfuge. Would a little lie matter now, at the eleventh hour, if it was to save his friend? So many people lied like that, writing swift letters of pursuit after the phantoms of all the letters they should have written, and did not. "My dear!" they cried, in incredulous flourishes of the pen, "do you mean to say you never *got* the letter I wrote you a month ago? Why, I *wrote*. . . ." It was a white lie, a pale, martyred imitation of a lie. Why should he not make use of it now, mailing the letter of inquiry so that it would reach the Baron on the morning of the day when he himself would arrive in Berlin?

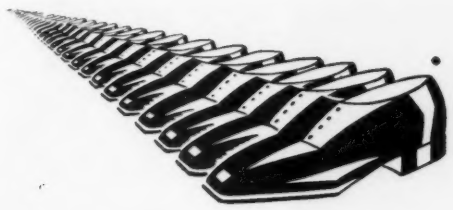
Hurriedly he wrote: "My dear friend, is it possible that you have never received my letter . . ." and added, "I arrive in Berlin the evening of the twenty-fourth. You must come and see me without delay." He sealed it with a heavy seal and mailed it, feeling happy for the first time.

He arrived in Berlin in a flutter of excitement. His friend would be waiting for him at his flat, waiting before the fire; and then, by the proper application of melancholy, by a subtly placed sigh of regret, a tragic gesture of renunciation, he would so affect the Baron that that emotional creature would surely, he felt, agree—nay, would insist upon giving up Vava once more, upon thrusting her back into the arms of his friend the Vicomte. And the Vicomte would be doubly blessed, since, having gone through all the motions of sacrifice, he would not suffer the loss of any prestige in the eyes of his friend. It was a subtle plan, magnificent in its simplicity.

He shook the snow off his collar as he ran up the steps of his flat. Breathlessly he inquired if the Baron had called. No, he was told, no one had called. He went into the salon where they had last talked together, poured himself a brandy and soda and looked at his watch. It was still early—probably the Baron would not arrive before half past ten. There was even, he reflected, time to call on Vava . . . but no. There should be no flaw in his final gesture. He would see his friend first.

He picked up his mail—bills, a letter from his tailor about a fitting . . . then he saw a letter, addressed in the Baron's handwriting and with a postmark four days old. Trembling and afraid, he tore it open.

"Has man ever been blessed with so noble, so generous a friend!" wrote the Baron. "Of course I received your letter—it came a week ago, just as you said. You are a sportsman, a hero, a gentleman . . . and Vava and I both embrace you!"



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Tecs fit snugly—Protect shoes—Keep clothes clean

ONE short year ago Tecs were unknown. Today thousands of seasoned travellers wax eloquent when Tecs are mentioned.

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CALIFORNIA'S MOST-DELICIOUS

FIGS-APRICOTS DATES-PRUNES

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Packed in smart looking octagon gift boxes of yellow, magenta, green or orange Chinese paper.

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We also pack our fruits in many gorgeous fancy containers, for bon voyage gifts, Xmas gifts, etc., that are delightfully different from others.

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Begin the day *right*...
..Sunshine, pure water, wholesome food...
Drink POLAND WATER morning, noon and night... *for health*

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PHOTO BY KNOX MONTGOMERY

when the festive cork pops ceilingward

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Kindly state your grocer's name here_____

For the friends of discriminating people, or the clients of clever business executives . . . the delight of a new Christmas idea

A FEW of our friends here in California came to us last Christmas to suggest that we pack for them 1-lb. or 2-lb. boxes of this new and unique California confection, placing on the boxes instead of our usual label, *special* labels, with the sender's individual Christmas greetings.

The idea has "caught on."

It appeals particularly to people who have a rather long list of "friends to be remembered" and to business executives who have stockholders or clients to keep in mind at Christmas.

For the small price of $1.75 (1 lb.) or $3.50 (2 lb.) we will send, post-paid in U. S., to any list you furnish, a carefully packed redwood box, celophane wrapped and bearing on the lid your individual Christmas greeting. (Individual labels cost but a few cents each.) Inside the box, a unique California confection, new and surprising. "Chewey" sun-ripened fruit wraps, surrounding fragrant bits of orange peel, spicy ginger, luscious walnuts or other titbits and all encased in a coating of creamy fondant and finest chocolate.

In standard boxes, or unique carved redwood chests, with individual Christmas labels. This candy may be obtained at high class department stores, fancy grocers, leading drug stores, hotels, clubs, etc., or direct. Or write for sample Christmas greeting labels and a more complete description of "Aunt Jo's Prune Delights".

AUNT JO, *Incorporated*
"In the Valley of Heart's Delight"
SAN JOSE ▾ CALIFORNIA

WHAT FINER GIFT FOR A MAN*?

NEW style Toilet Kit by Hamley ...without any of the fussy loops and gadgets which make packing a nuisance. With plenty of room to carry all a man's "pet" toilet articles. Made of genuine solid leather, so thick that it needs no other interlining to help it hold its shape. Fashioned by leather craftsmen who have spent years making beautiful saddles for western cowboys—the hardest-to-please customers in the world. There's a gift to please a man!

The Hamley Kit has all the novelty and unusualness of a made-to-order gift. As a matter of fact, the first one was made by us for a friend, from his own specifications, because the man had never been able to find such a toilet case in the stores. Others saw his kit . . . the news spread . . . and before long we were sending these little solid-leather boxes by mail all over the United States. Only within the last few months have Hamley Kits been available through stores.

It's not an easy matter to get the choice, thick solid leather which Hamley Kit users praise so highly. But our experience in making the famous Hamley Cowboy Saddles has proved that nothing short of this supreme quality will stand up under constant use and hold its shape without *denting* or *crushing in* . . . and that Hamley leather grows even more beautiful with passing years. To make it easy for you to know that you are getting this extra quality leather, we have stamped all Hamley Kits on the bottom with our saddle trademark. Look for this stamp on the kit you buy!

MAIL ORDERS FILLED DIRECT IF YOUR DEALER HASN'T HAMLEY KITS

You will find Hamley Kits at the smartest shops. However, should you have difficulty locating them we will be glad to fill your order direct, mailing the kits postpaid. Hamley & Company, Saddle Makers, 235 Court Street, Pendleton, Ore.

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Medium	8⅝x3⅞x1⅞	$6.00
Large	9½x4½x2¼	7.50
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Name or initials embossed on lid, 25c extra

*The only complaint we have had is from married men whose wives appropriate their Hamley Kits for their own toilet articles, or for sewing boxes, jewelry cases, stationery boxes, and the like.

HAMLEY KIT

MADE OF GENUINE SOLID LEATHER LIKE A FINE COWBOY SADDLE

The Unpsychological Age

(Continued from page 93)

are not only fleeing from boredom, but are acutely suffering from it. It is no longer a question of A Good Time Coming; for The Good Times have gone with the arrival of A Good Time All the Time. Mr. Huxley is no romanticist or sentimentalist, or what some call "medievalist"; he is, if ever there was one, a realist. But he confessed that he sought out the rude and secluded villages where there are still what our fathers called Feasts. That is, there are still festive celebrations of particular dates and events, which people feel as exceptions and enjoy as exceptions. But men cannot even enjoy riot when the riot is the rule. The world of which I speak has come, by this time, to boasting of being lawless; but there is no fun in it, because lawlessness is the law. I happen to be a person who has no tendency at all to tedium; I can truly say that I have hardly ever been bored in my life. I have often amused myself by thinking how amusing it might be to be in a howling wilderness or on a desert island. The only glimpse I ever got in my life of the hell of unbearable monotony, of something I felt I would rather die than endure, was in some of those films describing the fast and fashionable life of New York. Then for one instant I understood what is meant by the agony of being satisfied, or, as we used to say, sated; and I can imagine how Mr. Huxley, whom I suspect of more natural suicidal genius than my own, must have felt about it.

Another and analogous example is the psychological fact that a man can only concentrate on one thing at a time. He cannot get all that is to be got out of listening to a poem while he is also solving a crossword puzzle. Some will advise him to lay aside the puzzle, others to hurl away the poem; most of us would probably say it depends on whose poem. But, anyhow, all of us might be expected to see that fact easily and plainly enough. To judge by the fashionable facts of the hour, none of us can see it at all. Friends ask each other to dinner for a quiet little chat in restaurants where they have to howl at each other through the noise of a jazz band; and cannot utter the lightest jest or the most delicate compliment without making certain that it is louder than the big bassoon. They will not listen to the music and they cannot listen to the conversation. If these people are pleasure-seekers, they are certainly the prize idiots of all human history in their manner of seeking it. For an idiot surely deserves a prize for idiocy when he manages to destroy two pleasures by one action; and kill two singing-birds with one stone.

Now the fashionable world around us is full of such idiocy. It may be said that youth was always thoughtless; The Age of Psychology is the first in which a visitor from outside might suppose it to be brainless. In the old days the village squire went hunting and enjoyed the hunt. He did not have the village organist to carry the church organ behind him on horseback all the way, that the squire might listen to the tune of *Onward Christian Soldiers*, at the same time as he was crying "Tally ho!". Common sense, that extinct branch of Psychology, told him that he was not likely to enjoy both emotions to the full at the same moment. Hector drove his chariot and enjoyed the chariot race, and doubtless regarded himself as a very fine fellow and worthy of being commemorated by Homer. But Hector did not expect Homer to run behind his chariot all the time with a large lyre, reciting the *Iliad* lest a single moment of literary appreciation should be lost. Human reason, to which the men of antiquity attached a strong importance, illuminated his mind with two truths; first that driving horses to win a race is not the best occasion for enjoying a recitation; and second that the poet running behind might be rather too much out of breath to recite well. But inconsistencies and inconveniences quite as ludicrous as that throng around us in the contemporary hustle and hunt for pleasure. I conclude, therefore, that whatever else the hustlers know about, it is not the thing that they talk about; and that their chief mark is a quite unprecedented ignorance of Psychology.

There are a great many other ways of stating the weakness; there are a great many other and more serious problems in which it is displayed. I had thought of concluding on some of these graver cares of confusion and lack of logic. There are the half-witted antics of the fashionable wedding as a prelude to the fashionable divorce. A man demands a church service in which he does not believe and then violates it by confessing a sin he has not committed. There is the newspaper nonsense which glorifies Private Enterprise and also the Trusts which forbid Private Enterprise. There is the folly of supposing you can have compulsory education in everything without having partisan coercion about anything. But all these are only graver manifestations of the weakness of the man who goes to a noisy tavern for a quiet dinner, or takes a friend to whom he cannot talk to a concert to which he cannot listen. And that weakness, in a somewhat less complimentary sense of the common phrase, is Absence of Mind.

It marks the strange generation which claims to study the mind without using it.

The
ONE BLADE
Safety

ROLLS RAZOR

THERE is only one thing lacking in this picture! Father has not been presented with his Rolls Razor as yet, but undoubtedly he, as well as many other fathers, sons, brothers and sweethearts, will get a real kick out of Christmas this year when they receive a lifetime of perfect shaves all wrapped up in a Rolls Razor.

This famous English importation has been accepted by the men of America as the ultimate in Safety Razors.

A Rolls Razor is simplicity itself. Unlike others, it has only one safety blade—and its handle—in a compact case containing the strop and hone.

The one blade—hollow ground, the same as a barber's razor, is of the finest Sheffield steel, and perfectly tempered.

Automatically stropped in its case before shaving, and honed in its case when necessary, this blade, kept ever keen, shaves flat to the face, not at right angles. It cuts the hairs—does not hoe them out. Properly cared for it will give a lifetime of perfect shaves, and entirely eliminate the necessity for the purchase of many packages of good, bad or indifferent blades.

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Now, on the coldest days you can drive with the same steady, friendly warmth in your car that you enjoy in your home or club, thanks to

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The Original Fan-Equipped
Hot Water Automobile Heater

It gives uniform, clean heat, circulated throughout the car by an electric fan. *You simply* TURN THE SWITCH *on the instrument board.*

Tropic-Aire is installed back of the instrument board, where you can just catch a glimpse of its graceful outlines and chromium finish.

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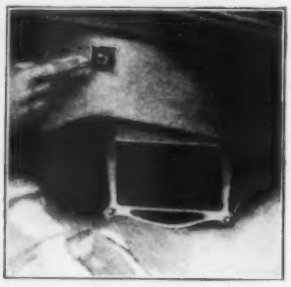
Patent Nos., 1581761, 1668491, RE 17131. Others Pending



Simply Turn The Switch

A Journey Into Egypt

(Continued from page 87)

Some of the Royal Princes, however, keenly enjoyed gaiety and pleasure. When the moonlight nights of May come it is not unusual for a number of the Princes to drive out, late at night, to the Pyramids. Beyond them in the desert a great tent is pitched. A supper is prepared, dancers and musicians from Cairo are engaged, and in the great solitude until nearly dawn there are feasting and merriment.

Late one night last May, I was out on my terrace at Mena House. There was no moon. The night was dark, but I could see the form of the Great Pyramid relieved in blackness against the dim starlight. Presently I saw a solitary gleam at the base of the Pyramid. It moved. It travelled slowly, waveringly, upward, at the angle formed by the Pyramid beyond the house of the King. It mounted, mounted, and eventually it shone, like a star, on the summit. Then it began to descend. Presently it gleamed once more at the base of the Pyramid.

I left my terrace and went downstairs into the deserted hall of the hotel. A smart and very well known Bey, pouring with perspiration, was just coming into the hall. I know him slightly. When he saw me he came up and shook hands.

"I've just won a bet!" he exclaimed. "I made a bet that I'd climb to the top of the Great Pyramid at night, and I've done it."

"I can vouch for that," I said. "I've been watching your torch."

"Have you? Good! Now for a bath and a drink!"

He hurried away. A moment afterwards several young Egyptians, escorting lovely ladies, followed him. They supped out-of-doors on the terrace, and made merry until the dawn.

But gaiety, like everything else in this baffling country, comes high. And if you are going to Egypt, you had better go with your pockets full of money. Even so, you are likely to leave astonishingly poorer than you were when you first set foot there. The charges in Egypt are very high. I think them too high. The policy there seems to be, "Come if you are rich. We don't want you if you are people of only moderate means."

One night at Luxor I walked out from the garden of the Luxor hotel to look at the Nile. In front of the Luxor temple I stood still. Almost immediately I became aware that I was being watched. I glanced round and saw quite near me two rascally looking Egyptian boys of the lowest class. One of them, catching my eye, came up to me smiling and, laying an almost black hand on my arm, and pointing with his other hand towards his attentive friend, said,

"You give him money!"

Did I obey his behest? Perhaps—perhaps not! Anyhow I was delighted with his impertinence and his new way of applying for bakshîsh. What chance is there of practising economy in a country like that? What can one do but love it—love it and pay? When once the expensive waters of the Nile have mingled with the blood in one's veins, there is no escape. "To eat the lotus of the Nile" has long been a popular yearning; and like many others I shall probably go back to Egypt, and back again, till I have spent my last halfpenny in an effort to satisfy the desire for bakshîsh which prevails on the banks of the Nile.

Dead Pictures on the Walls

(Continued from page 108)

with books. In the old days there was no public for literature, except the cultivated class. The great reading public came into being with the lending library. And the great picture-loving public would come into being with the lending "pictuary." The public *wants* pictures hard enough. But it simply can't get them.

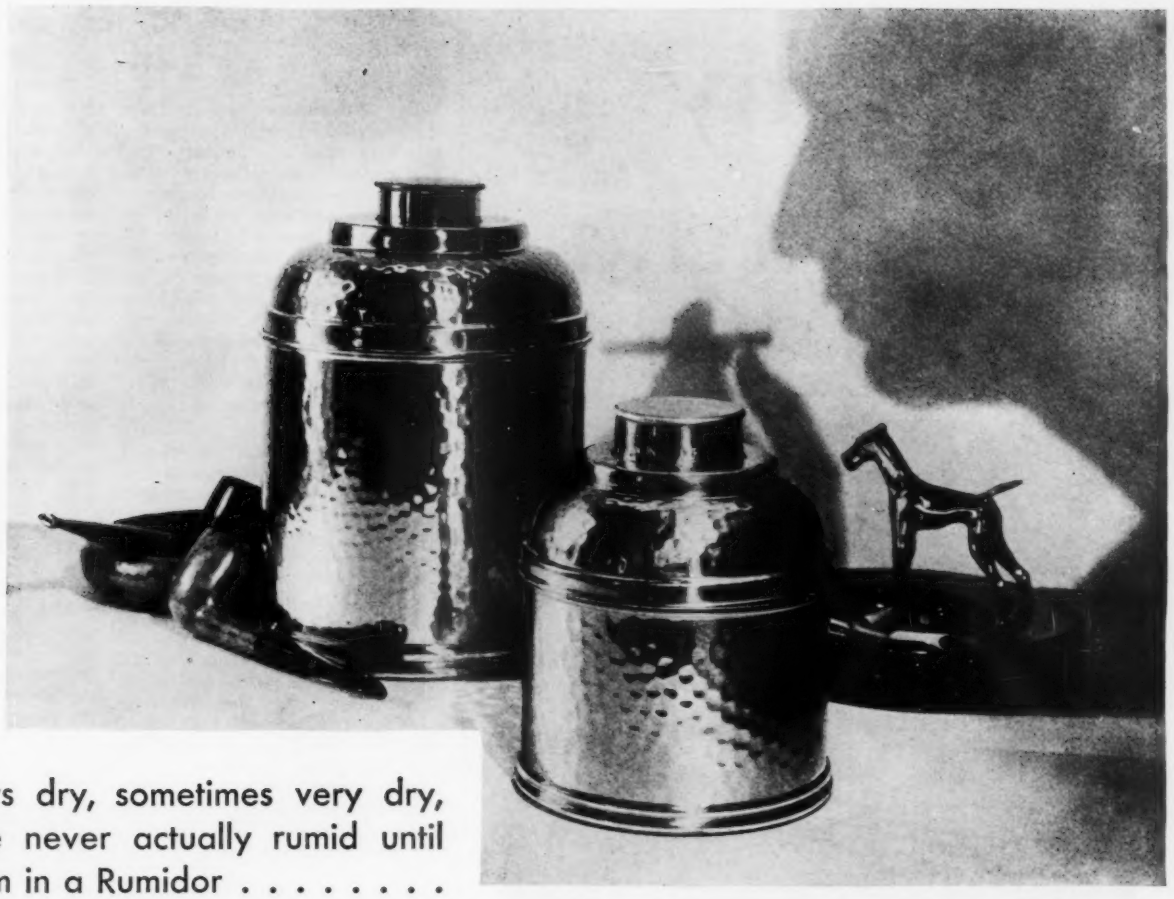
And this will continue so long as a picture is regarded as a piece of property, and not as a source of aesthetic emotion, of sheer pleasure, as a flower is. The great public was utterly deprived of books until books ceased to be looked on as lumps of real estate and came to be regarded as something belonging to the mind and consciousness, a spiritual instead of a gross material property. Today, if I say: "Doughty's *Arabia Deserta* is a favourite book of mine," then the man I say it to won't reply: "Yes, I own a copy,"—he will say: "Yes, I have read it." In the Eighteenth Century he would probably have replied: "I have a fine example, *in folio*, in my library," and the sense of "property" would have overwhelmed any sense of literary delight.

The cheapening of books freed them from the gross property valuation and released their true spiritual value. Something of the same must happen for pictures. The public wants and needs badly all the real aesthetic stimulus it can get. And it knows it.

There are thousands of quite lovely pictures, not masterpieces, of course, but with real beauty, *which belong to today*, and which remain, stacked dustily and hopelessly in corners of artists' studios, going stale. It is a great shame. The public wants them, but it never sees them; and if it does see an occasional few, it daren't buy, especially as "art" is high-priced, for it feels incompetent to judge. At the same time, the unhappy, work-glutted artists of today want above all things to let the public have their works. It is necessary that adults should *know* them, as they know modern books. It is necessary that children should be familiar with them, in the constant stream of creation. Our aesthetic education is become immensely important, since it is so immensely neglected.

And there we are—the pictures going to dust, for they don't keep their freshness, any more than books or flowers or silks; yet their freshness means hours of delight. And the public is pining for the pictures, but daren't buy, because of the money-property complex. And the artist is pining to let the public have them, but daren't make himself cheap. And so the thing is an *impasse*, a simple state of frustration.

Now is the opportunity for the department stores and their lending library—or "pictuary"—of modern works of art. Or, better still, an Artists' Co-operative Society, to supply pictures on loan to the great public.



Nearly always dry, sometimes very dry, cigarettes are never actually rumid until you keep them in a Rumidor . . . . . .

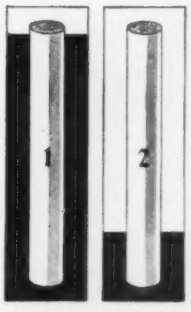
Why don't cigarettes always taste the same?

When your favorite brand is friendly today, but bites and burns tomorrow, the second package was probably dryer than the first. Dry cigarettes are not a pleasant smoke. They must be rumid to be smooth and enjoyable.

Rum is used to condition choice tobaccos before they are packaged. That's why a really fresh smoke is so much better than one that is dry and has lost its smooth flavor. There is no practical way to keep cigarettes rumid before you buy them, but after you've bought them, it's easy—with a Rumidor.

The Rumidor is a handsome humidor—but here is the amazing feature that makes the Rumidor so popular. Solidified rum in the cover freshens your tobacco and revives its flavor. Every cigarette from a Rumidor is in perfect condition for smoking. You'll know it as soon as you light one.

There are four sizes of Rumidor, accommodating cigarettes, pipe tobacco and cigars. Handsome metals, beautiful leathers. $3.50 to $100. If dealer cannot supply you, mail coupon.



1—A cigarette from the Rumidor is fresh, mellow and full of flavor . . . it is rumid . . . 100% moist and in perfect condition for smoking.

2—This represents the average of twelve cigarettes, purchased at random. They are NOT in condition for smoking. Only 15% moist . . . not rumid at all.

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Fatigued by the irritating action of tobacco, your stomach troubles you.

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This natural alkaline mineral water possesses rare curative properties. Recommended by physicians for table use. Served by clubs, hotels and restaurants. Sold by your grocer and druggist.

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27th Street and Hudson River, New York
General Distributors for the United States

—And Speaking of Love

(Continued from page 91)

The Frenchman noticed your clothes, admired them intelligently, even went with you to buy them. You have acquired that final *chic* which no woman achieves until she happens to love a man who loves her as though she were a picture to be framed. No woman is smartly dressed until a little of her life has gone into her clothes.

It is well that our boat sailed when it did. It was difficult to leave him. You are sad. Of course you are sad. . . . Forgive me, my child, if I smile a little—to be melancholy in dahlia velvet is extremely becoming to you!

8 It is a month since we returned from Paris. You are now in love with a man, desirable in every way, but, alas—married. You must not see him again. Why? Because it is wrong, sinister, unethical. And besides, married men always tell their wives—in one way or another.

You have almost committed yourself. How will you extricate yourself?

Tell him that you cannot keep the appointment you made last night. When he says: "But don't you trust me?" your answer will be, "Yes, I do, it is myself I dare not trust." He will love you for that, always.

Married men teach you nothing you need to know, my child.

(How attractive I seem to make them when I tell you that!)

9 You believe that life is entirely rhythm—you think that one should never deny or interrupt the metre of it. You have learned that Art is the only thing that matters—music especially. You are surprised that I should have guesssed you are in love with a musician—it was remarkable of me, wasn't it?

He plays Chopin to you—then falls on his knees before you. It is all "terribly" beautiful. He thinks that business men are impossible. He says that they fail utterly to understand women, art, rhythm, life.

Divine creature! He understands life and women so well.

He is, you tell me, a really free person. He is teaching you to be one? He would not insult you by asking you to marry him. . . . Marriage involves such rigid, stupid codes. My child, there is a difference as wide as the world between deciding, of your own accord, not to marry for your own good, and having a man decide it—for the same reason.

It is an experience that comes to every attractive woman—once.

10 You have discovered—and you are a little pale about it—that your musician plays Brahms to someone else when he is not playing Chopin to you. But my dear, if he is to encourage the rhythm of life, must he not carry on the banner of Art whether or not you are there?

You are fortunate . . . he might play *Chopin* to her.

You are jealous; it is good for you. Jealousy is a painful experience—but no charming girl of your age should be so advanced as to be free from it.

11 Lately you have been bored. Men love you easily, as men always love a woman who has the look and habit of love about her. On the other hand, you yourself are finding that you love less readily than you did at first—which is as I should wish it to be. You loved the boy, that first charming boy, so much too easily, so much too earnestly. Do you remember?

There is now another man—attractive, interesting, successful. You are not in love with him but neither are you, at the moment, in love with anyone else. He is attracted by you, too. It is not a thing that will last but it could be a very charming interlude. You've asked yourself why you do not take it for what it is worth? Other women have. . . . You say some of your friends do.

For some it might be a difficult problem—for you there is but one answer; you may give or take unharmed only when you are protected by the illusion of love.

Men, perhaps (I have never been sure), can take the physical experiences of life without the illusion of love, and remain unhurt—but women, never.

The repeated gesture of love does what true love will never do; it hardens the look behind a woman's eyes, for that look depends a great deal on whether she loves love, or loves her lover.

If you have learned that, my child, you have learned much.

12 You are twenty-five, now—or are you twenty-six? So old?

You are, in a way, the product of your loves: charming, assured, poised, generous.

You know that no man can make life an untroubled, beautiful, ecstatic thing for you. Life being what it is—no man could.

You have learned that a woman who loves must always reclaim herself, take herself back—if only to be able to give herself again . . . because no man is great enough to endure being loved *all* of the time.

You have learned the most important lesson of all . . . that you will go on learning.

13 You have just returned from a dinner, and you are still wearing that lovely white and silver dress you brought from Paris. You have been a success. Your eyes are as bright as the silver on your dress—but softer.

There was a man at your dinner. You have known him for some time. In many ways you like him better than any man you have ever known.

You have attained the perfection of friendship with him. Only a woman who is no longer curious about love is capable of friendship with a man. There are no walls of coquetry between you. You are completely yourself with him. His life is important to you. His work is important to you. You care enormously what happens to him. You enjoy being with him, talking to him, more than anyone you have ever known.

Some day—not night, mind you, for nights are made for love, not for decisions—some day when the sun is high, and the illusion of life a frail thing, and reality strong, you will find that you are in love with this man whose friendship has meant more to

(Continued on page 146)

MR. FEZZIWIG'S BALL

Illustration from Dickens' Christmas Carol

"HILLI-HO! Clear away!" Mr. Fezziwig's Ball was on! There was great excitement! The young folks skipped about with wonderful agility. The floor was swept and watered; the room was bright and snug and warm! The hours danced lightly by . . . ¶ The excitement this Christmas, of course, will be over the presentation of these three beautiful Hamiltons—one for father, one for mother or sister, and one for the very proud son! Although the hours dance by only too quickly on *that* day, the rest of the year they will want to know the *exact* time many times a day. A Hamilton will tell them—*accurately!* Hamilton Watch Co., American manufacturers of high-grade watches, Lancaster, Pennsylvania.

Above—The "PORTIA." In 14k white gold, engraved, with platinum top, and set with eight diamonds, $225.

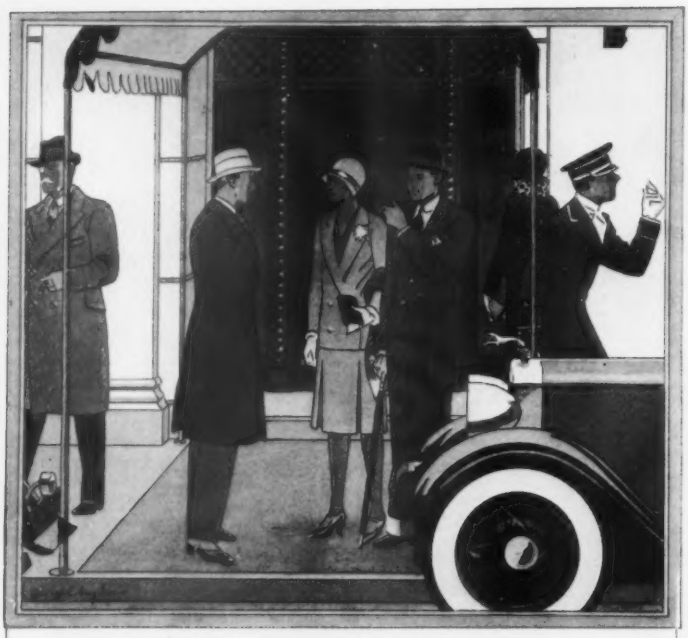
Center—The "PIPING ROCK." A 19-jewel Hamilton. The numerals are part of the case—not of the dial. In 14k yellow or white gold, $125.

Below—The "MASTERPIECE"—Model C. In extra-heavy 18k white or green gold, 23 jewels and dial of sterling silver, $250.

Other Hamilton watches are priced from $50 to $685

Hamilton

The Watch of Railroad Accuracy



gypsy baron

the season's hat for the correctly turned out man

Gypsy Baron, the new Flanul Felt, illustrated above, is the season's sensation. In the short space of a month it has found its way to the wardrobe of practically every well-dressed man in the Metropolitan district. The crown is almost square. The brim is wider with a pronounced roll. The band is wide and is a shade lighter in color than the hat. The binding is thin and graceful and matches the band. Gypsy Baron is a sophisticated hat with a distinctive continental flair that will grace smartly the head of any well-dressed man.

seybrooke
$7.50—$10.00

Seybrooke has taken the place of Piccadilly Circus which held full sway in the field of fashion for over eighteen months. Seybrooke's crown is a little fuller and its brim is a little wider. It can be worn with brim down or up. A correct hat for either town or country wear.

camel's hair
$8.50—$10.00

The Flanul Felt Camel's Hair is a rich, soft-textured hat for sport wear. Fashioned in a bevy of beautiful textures—Silver-mix, Cherry-mix, Oxford-mix, and Tan-mix.

No longer does one have to simulate a member of the Latin Quarter when he wishes to don a black soft hat for evening wear. Gone are the tremendous brims and shapeless crowns. Flanul Felts have come to the rescue of the Bon Vivant with a black soft hat smartly styled in the Gypsy Baron manner. The new hat is the Gypsy Baron Supper Club. The lining and sweat band are snow white to contrast sharply with the black exterior. Correct and impeccable for wear with a dinner jacket.

supper club
$15

Flanul Felt is made of fine quality hatter's fur. $7.50 to $20. Hodshon-Berg, Inc., Fifth Avenue and 57th Street, New York. Factories in Norwalk and Danbury, Conn. Manufacturers of Flanul Felts, Hodshon Hats, Berg Hats.

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How Many Birthdays Has Your Waistcoat Had?

Fashion is fickle. This season the dictates of style may make a back number of last season's dress waistcoat. In a waistcoat there is no compromise with correctness.

Ask the man who outfits you to show you the newest styles in evening waistcoats.

And—when you order a new one be sure it is made of a Catoir Vesting—the acknowledged peer of all waistcoat fabrics—in style, in quality and in distinction of design.

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The influence of Chickering—America's oldest piano builder, and world famous for the glorious Chickering tone—is clearly evidenced in the golden voice of this new Ampico grand.

Marshall & Wendell—founded in 1836, today achieving new fame in the designing of pianos for small rooms and the creating of beautiful period models—have contributed the early American case design which makes this new Ampico so distinguished a furniture-piece.

And from the makers of the Ampico, comes that wonderful invention which, in 2500 brilliant selections, preserves for all time the playing of great concert pianists, exactly re-creating even the most delicate pianistic shading.

Indeed this new Ampico offers you immeasurably greater value, immeasurably greater enjoyment than any other equivalent purchase might bring.

Can you think of a finer Christmas gift for yourself and your family? There isn't any!

$995 *This dainty baby grand, the most extraordinary value in the piano world today, with the Ampico, $995. Without the Ampico, $595. The convenient terms upon which this new Ampico can be bought are equivalent to no more than the weekly rental of a piano without an Ampico.*

THE development of the new Ampico, the finest musical instrument in the world—available in 25 different models—is typical of the many important contributions to music made by the American Piano Company.

The resources of the American Piano Company, the discoveries made during its 21 years of laboratory research, the skill and science of its piano-craft, the ideals of its workmen, are unique and matchless and proceed from its long association with the builders of the Mason & Hamlin, acknowledged the finest of all pianos; the Knabe, official piano of the Metropolitan Opera Company; the Chickering, America's oldest piano; the J. & C. Fischer, eagerly sought by musically discriminating people here and abroad; the Marshall & Wendell, noted for its beautiful period styles; the Haines Bros., chosen by 150 conservatories.

No matter what price you prefer, an instrument of the American Piano Company will bring you far richer tone and greater outward beauty than will any other make at the same price.

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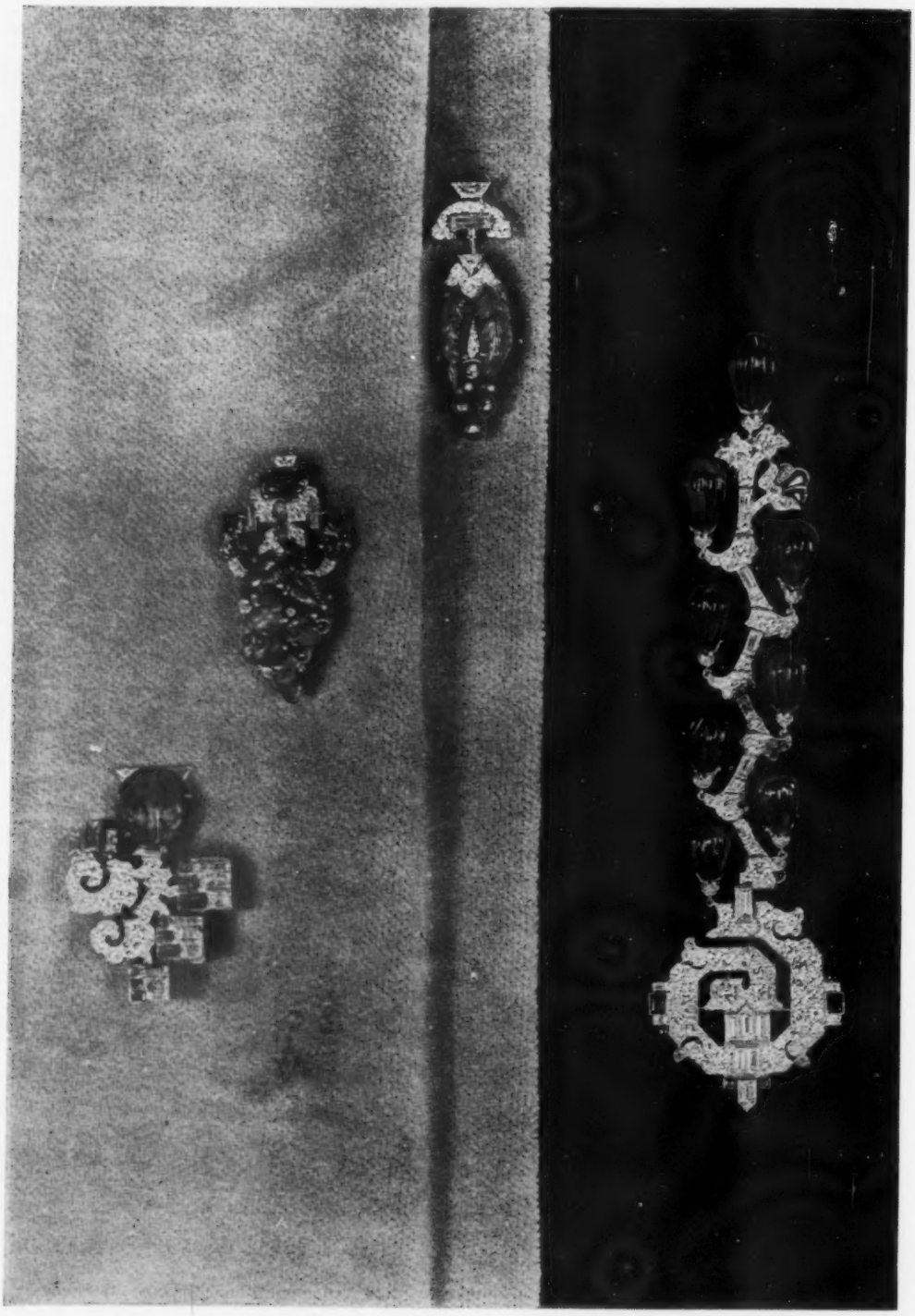
J. & C. FISCHER MARSHALL & WENDELL HAINES BROS. THE AMPICO

MAUBOUSSIN



This Shoulder ornament shows a graceful combination of carved emeralds and diamonds - No hat is complete without a precious ornament in the spirit of these three brooches.

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These Handsome French Silk Cravats are very Choice Selections of most Luxurious Quality

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COWAN GIFTS

THESE new examples of Cowan Pottery will grace any smoker's table and yield a daily need of beauty and soul satisfaction. The exquisites will have them, of course, but they are the right of every man and woman.

You may purchase them singly or as a set. Upper 900-D Tray, $2.50; middle, 716 Cigarette Holder, $1.50; lower, 925 Tray, $1.00. The Set, $5.

The Cowan dealer can supply you. Write for his name if you do not know him. Or if you are in haste, write us direct and we will see that you are supplied.

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COWAN POTTERY

Windsor Castle, ancestral country home of English sovereigns since the days of William the Conqueror, very happily lends its name to this new stately UNIVERSAL Urn Set. Non-tarnishing Chromium Plate, $81.50. Others $18.60 up.

The WINDSOR Pattern

WITH a UNIVERSAL Percolating Urn Set on the table before you, your reputation for making perfect coffee is assured. As guests pay tribute to the exquisite beauty of the set, you can answer with smiling serenity, knowing that they will have equally kind words for the delectable beverage about to be poured.

Within the lovely form of every UNIVERSAL Urn is the famous UNIVERSAL Patented Pump and Spreader Plate which circulates 6 to 10 times more water than others and extracts from the berry all the delicious volatile oils and aroma before liquid comes to a boil, insuring a rich, full flavored stimulating beverage without exception. The UNIVERSAL Coffee-making Process has been imitated many times, but is still unequalled.

Let your nearest UNIVERSAL Dealer show you some of these Urn Sets. In the splendid variety he has to offer, you are certain to find the style to please your taste, the size to meet your needs and the price to fit your purse. Think, too, what a happy Christmas gift a UNIVERSAL Urn Set would make for some dear friend—a gift you would delight in presenting as well as receiving—the finest of its kind money can buy.

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Illustrating UNIVERSAL Electric Ware Beautiful—the most distinctive group of Electric Coffee Urn Sets, Percolators, Waffle Irons and Toasters ever assembled. A valuable brochure for your reference file, filled with correct answers to many difficult gift problems. Address Dept. V.

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Master Metalsmiths for over three-quarters of a century

THE TRADE MARK KNOWN IN EVERY HOME

UNIVERSAL

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The Passing of the Lights of Love

(Continued from page 126)

Swann) of Marcel Proust. A few old heirlooms of the Second Empire, ensconced in their brocaded salons, their feet on foot-stools, would indulge in reminiscences. They would describe Hortense Schneider's acting in the operettas of Offenbach; they would quote from *Charivari* or *L'Estafette*; they would mention the suppers of the "Big Five" at the Maison d'Or, the monocle of Aurélien Scholl, and the then slightly acid beauty of Mlle. Blanche d'Antigny, which had guided *M.* Arthur Meyer's first steps through Parisian life. Journalists set down these confessions and gave them tone. Jean Lorrain, the foremost columnist of his time, quick to grasp the tenderness and absurdity of what he himself called the "Old Guard," mingled with these time-worn stories romantic pictures of the leading *cocottes* in the rising generation.

But cosmopolitanism was already stealing its way among these purely Parisian elements. Germany, Austria, and Russia sent us their courtesans. They came to buy clothes in Paris; they remained. The German installed herself for diplomatic reasons; she organized pilgrimages to Bayreuth and celebrated the music of the future. The Viennese spent three months of the year in the *Orient Express*, while the Russian camped in a hotel on the *Rue de Rivoli*, mingled her lovemaking with Tolstoyan declamations, and seasoned her Slavic charm with a strong literary flavour.

Nevertheless, a few years before the war, the tradition of the socially prominent courtesan was slowly waning. The columnist also was disappearing, and no longer dared cast his flickering light upon ladies whose social position was held in general disapprobation. About the year 1905, there was a puritan reaction in France against the dilettantism of the nineties, and the middle class promptly imposed its moral attitude on many phases of society. The novel became academic and moralistic, the newspapers developed into journals of information or politics, and the courtesan crept off into obscurity. Even the leading actresses found that their fame was decreasing. Finally the rich, with bad grace, resigned themselves to the unaided support of those luxurious ladies whom aristocrats had formerly subsidized through habit, as if maintaining courtesans were one of the obligations of their caste.

The war suddenly overturned all values, flung foreigners back into their own lands, created and destroyed enormous fortunes. By the year 1920, many millionaires had ceased to recognize the need of possessing—either for themselves or as joint stockholders—a clever and well-known lady. On the other hand, the war had destroyed the leisure class. Men no longer had time to enjoy an all-inclusive hospitality, or to appreciate a salon where the seductiveness of a woman could bring together a number of masculine celebrities, a few famous actresses, and some interesting young people. . . .

The intelligent woman who, in the past, quite naturally resorted to gallantry—the other careers being closed to her—has become emancipated, and turns toward other ways of employing her talents. By applying her mind, her will, and her taste to new careers, she has met with a rapid success. Today, the woman who occupies the public attention and captivates authors or the few remaining princes is no longer a courtesan; instead she is a dress designer or an actress. Her supremacy is opening every door to her. Of late years Phryne no longer takes off her robe; instead, she launches new styles and sells them most profitably to the four corners of the earth.

—And Speaking of Love

(Continued from page 142)

you than any love you have ever known. You will find without surprise that this is the love for which life has been preparing you.

The boy, that dear, clumsy boy, loved you far more than you loved him, though he completely recovered from it, do you remember? You will probably find, however, that you love this man more deeply than he loves you. That, for marriage, is necessary.

For lesser relationships, the man must love more . . . failing which, it is not worth the woman's while.

For marriage, it is the woman who must love more—or it is not worth the man's while. Moreover you would so soon be bored if he loved you more than you loved him.

One's own emotions, even beyond another's response to them, are always uniquely beautiful.

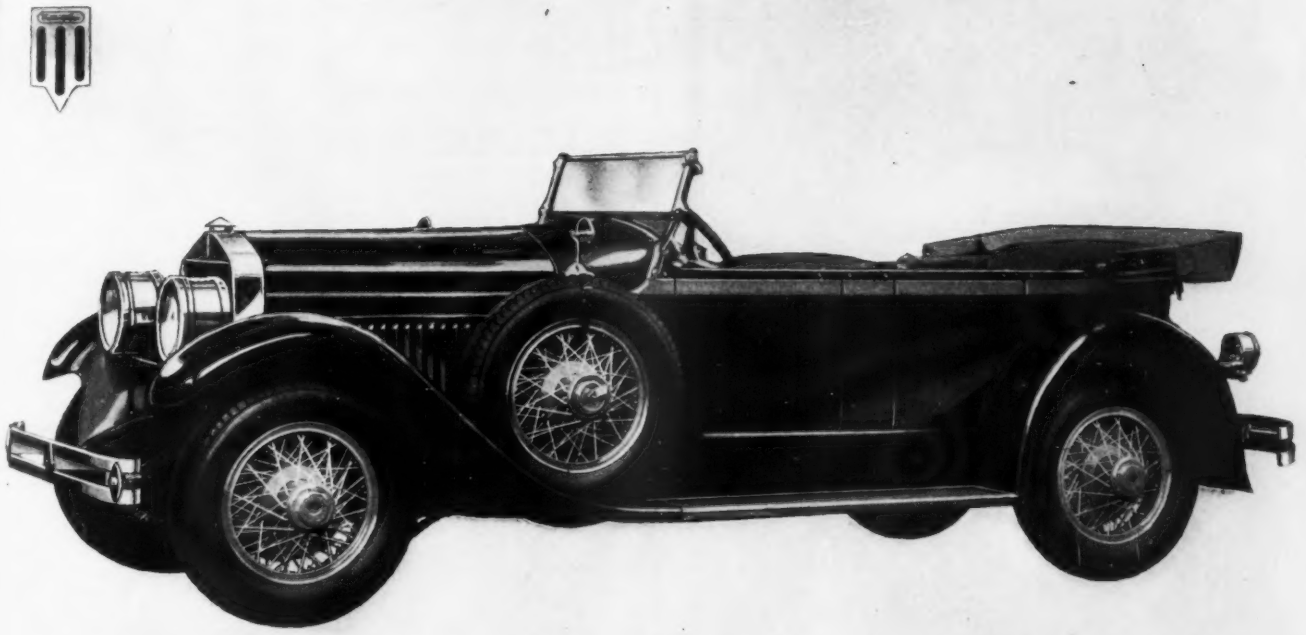
The emotions of another person, beyond one's own response to them, are mere stupidity.

You will, of course, not let him guess that you love him more than he loves you: I need not tell you that.

14 You think I may have been right in advising you, and you want to see this man to-morrow afternoon in the clear light of day, "while the sun is still high". But I thought that that other man, the first boy of all, was coming to tea with you to-morrow. You have maintained a neutral friendship with him, but he, somehow, bores you and you are glad you didn't marry him? I think that I, too, am glad. I wonder why?

You wish I would again give him a cup of tea when he comes, and tell him that you are sorry you had forgotten this other engagement? How old is the boy now? . . . So old? Yes I think I might rather enjoy giving him tea.

I shall wear my black tea-gown—the new one, with the train like petals falling from a flower. You think I look younger in the green? But I don't want to look too young, my child. At his age, men find women of my age attractive, and at my age, women—but I only said, my dear child, that he was too young for *you!*



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James Joyce's What-is-it?

(Continued from page 132)

medium, hce che ech, interecting at royde angles the parilegs of a given obtuse one biscuts both the arcs that are in curveachord behind. Brick-baths." Or: "But asawfulas he had caught his base semenoyous sarchnaktiers to combuccinate upon the silipses of his aspillouts and the acheporeoozers of his haggyown pneumax to synerethetise with the breadchestviousness of his sweeatovular ducose sofarfully the loggerthuds of his sakellaries were fond at variance with the synodals of his somepooliom and his babskissed nepogreasymost got the hoof from his philioquus." Or: "The siss of the whisp of the sigh of the softzing at the stir of the ver grose O arundo of a long one in midias reeds: and shades began to glidder along the banks, greepsing, greepsing, duusk unto duusk, and it was as glooming as gloaming could be in the waste of all peacable worlds."

It is possible to detect, as in the last example, away beneath the surface, Mr. Joyce's method of playing with the immediate, unconsidered reaction that a particular cliché starts in the reader's mind.

He has refined this technic to an almost unimaginable degree, but at its base it seems to be this. And this is the identical technic used by such American comedians as S. J. Perelman, Jimmy Durante and the Four Marx Brothers. Naturally they use it in an entirely different way and for utterly other ends, but the flippant, glancing use of cliché is the same. Some diligence in reading fails to reveal in *Work in Progress*, apart from this cliché business, any word—joking aside—which I feel has enriched my vocabulary and which I am likely to add to my conversational weapons. For all this stupendous effort of Mr. Joyce's, I have gotten nothing, no word, no picture, no music, no knowledge, no wisdom, nothing.

Indeed it is only in such an era as the present one that *Work in Progress* could occasion anything but ribald dismay. The cult of snobbism and the intellectual climbers have brought about a state where no one can be quite sure of himself. Not one irascible and eccentric duchess survives to hurl the thing incontinently out the window. I am as uneasy as anyone in the uncertain waters of this enterprise. Everyone remembers too well the instances of obscure conceit ridiculing dawning genius, I too should like to align myself with what will eventually be the winners, and it is with the greatest embarrassment that I fish up what I really think I think about Mr. Joyce's experiments in prose.

Mr. Joyce, in fact, as the author of *Ulysses*, is in an excellent strategic situation. That too was called gibberish, but a little inspection and mental adaptability showed it to be perfectly understandable. The original hullabaloo sounds now in retrospect awfully silly, as it sounded then stupid, for *Ulysses* offered a consecutive and absolutely intelligible story, made difficult for only the most rudimentary minds by a few logical tricks of punctuation and a gay but very literate sporting with syntax. *Ulysses* is neatly and beautifully the instance *par exemple* of the airplane in literature: a Joyce's Folly to match a Wright Brothers' Folly, and the wise ones were those who bought in on the ground floor. Mr. Joyce was right once on the short end of the odds, and he may be right again. The critical world is human: once bitten, twice shy, all very natural. But it makes things very hard for an ordinary reader who is and has always been a violent admirer of Mr. Joyce in all his moments up to now. One is willing to go to an incredible amount of trouble to find something to like in this latest work.

One can, for example, read it as pure sound, without any conscious attempt to appraise the sense. It becomes then apparent that with few exceptions this prose is made up of a series of banal, monotonous rhythms, and dull disagreeable sound. Such genius as is employed in *Ulysses* is rarely called into play here in the subtle and overlapping use of the suggestiveness of English words, of sonorous and delicate sound. The sentences are overlong, the clauses bump down or up from level to level. Where there are curves at all, they are the regular lifting and falling of a macadam road.

We have spoken our piece about the theory that Mr. Joyce proposes to "open up" the English language, to initiate a reaction against the traditionalizing and narrowing of the use of English words. But it is possible to describe this intention in another way, that is to say, that he is trying to achieve a perfect communication. Language has of course fearful limitations; it is proper to make the generality that words cannot possibly

(Continued on page 150)

A Domestic Mystery

(Continued from page 70)

breathe it to anyone—tell me!"

"Well, you know Martha—the head *vendeuse* at Jacqueline Langoulevant? I went there again this afternoon. I thought this costume was unbecoming—I was not pleased with it. I complained to Martha—and do you know what she said to me? She said: 'Madame, I'd rather give it up. The high waist-line will never be becoming to you!'"

"*Never?*"

"Never! You can imagine how that made me feel! *Every* woman is wearing the high waist-line this year—one can't wear anything else. And then—then—to have it said to your face that it will never be becoming to you! She might as well have said—oh, I don't know *what*—she might as well have said: 'Oh, go naked!' Or: 'You're deformed!' Or—"

"Of course, darling—of course! But why didn't you explain to your husband?"

Lucienne lifted her eyes to the ceiling—those eyes that were as pure and as sad as an angel's, and replied, simply:

"But he is a man. He would not have understood."

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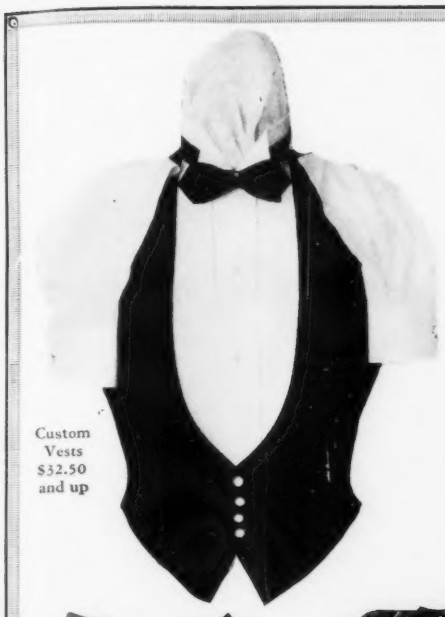

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James Joyce's What-Is-It?

(Continued from page 148)

convey spiritual states with exactness from one consciousness to another. The aeon-old attempt to diminish the margin of misunderstanding has until now taken the form of using words in an increasingly precise meaning, but even so, no matter how precise the definition, the overtones of association in a single word must inevitably vary from person to person. Now (perhaps) Mr. Joyce has turned from that traditional effort —which intended at best only to diminish by half the distance to perfect correspondence and again by half and again, thus mathematically approaching infinity—and proposes to address perfectly a few (by definition very few, since the imaginative equipment of very few will correspond exactly with his) auditors. He proposes (so we say) to do this by an abandonment of all order and authority, all reason and good sense, by disdaining any longer to beg the patronage of the conscious mind, so rigid and "civilized". Instead, by playing loosely on an unlimited keyboard of associational sounds, he hopes to evoke from the subconscious mind of his elect reader, somehow mystically controlled, something closely approximating the sum of all he himself thought in writing it and with which he charged it. If all this is so —and I have no way of being certain of it—Mr. Joyce wishes to perfect what might be called a metaphysical prose, summoning up the super-sanity of madness or of dream; he wishes to master the vocabulary in which are couched the terrible and inaudible mutterings behind the curtain of the mind.

But if this is what he is trying to do, he here does it uncommonly badly. His communication with me in, for example, the passage entitled *The Ondt and The Gracehoper* is far less perfect than that of Aesop telling the same fable. There is of course a vast difference in colouring: with Aesop it is simply a motto in an orderly and moral world; with Joyce it is a vast and jeering, crocodile-teary joke, besmudged with such puns as that in the title. Still the latter too tells a story, the same story, though what he adds to it, so far as pure Content goes, I cannot tell, unless it be a rain of distorted clichés and an amplifying of two types of morality.

So it is with all three pieces. From away beneath the jagged surface glimmers of something intelligible and good come slanting up, but one continues to feel the initial error that vitiates it all. One would be absurd to deny the magnificence of the effort or to ignore the compliment that it pays the world of readers. Nor is there a total lack of critics willing to accept the compliment. Indeed twelve gentlemen including Marcel Brion, Stuart Gilbert, Eugene Jolas, and William Carlos Williams, have gotten up a thick book titled *Our Exagmination Round His Factification For Incamination of Work in Progress* and published almost simultaneously with *Shem and Shaun*, in which they elaborately accept the compliment. Yes indeedy, they understand every word of it and they go to some pains to register their illuminated delight. They interpret and they defend, they act in a mass going-out-and-spreading-of-the-Word (there are twelve of them—plus a minority opinion of two). Hardly any of them are fools, and much that they write is consistent and plausible, but it is all an elaboration of a false conception. The Picassos, Antheils and Gershwins (they say) have brought to painting and music new vocabularies and methods—why cannot the same be done for literature? They observe that the break with tradition has been healthy for the two former arts, and ask its offices for the latter. In music, however, and to a lesser degree in painting, pure art is possible: sound and colour and line are sensuous things, making a direct sensory impression. In literature, on the other hand, the medium is the word (an artificial event, a human invention), the word must be understood, enjoyment is conditioned by the necessity for understanding. The primary terms of music and painting (sound, colour, line) have an absolute integrity of their own. The experts in these arts can proceed in their development without any check from the public at large. But literature can never be pure art in the sense that music and painting can be art; it must lamentably make sense, must be able to pass through the comprehensions of the people. To this degree its advancement is governed by the body of educated readers, beyond whom the experts cannot go too far and whom they can never utterly leave. It would seem that they have taken home their toys when they stop using words with meanings, in the same way that that would be true of a composer who stopped writing in sound and took up the art of smells. If we slur over this eternal imperative, this binding (and frightfully banal) so-far-and-no-further, everything adumbrated by the lyric gentlemen who interpret Mr. Joyce so splendidly is perfectly sound. They can continue to dance with complete security on air, supported by their flawless columns (though invisible to us) of unanswerable logic.

They remain invisible to us because we cancel (deliberately) any *intention* of Mr. Joyce's and refer solely to the event of *Work in Progress*, its unaffected impact on one lay mind, and from these clues its *usefulness* and its probable history among the odds and ends that this generation will bequeath to posterity.

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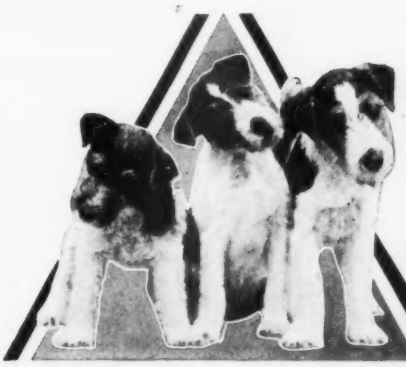

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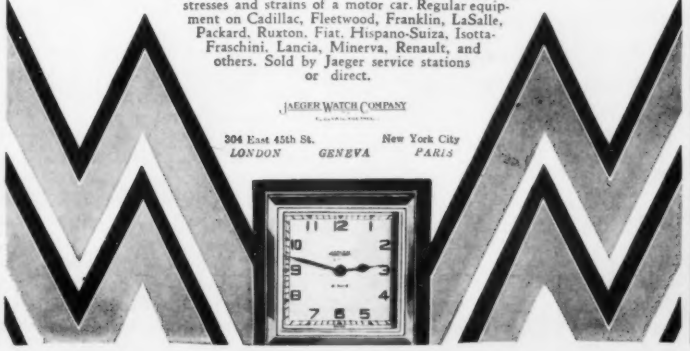

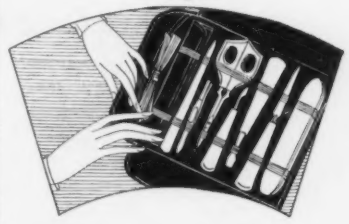

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The Philosophy of Everything

(Continued from page 131)

3. HERRINGS

There are more herrings eaten than any other kind of fish.

● **PART VIII.**

ENVOI

CHAPTER XIII

LIFE: A SYMPOSIUM

CHARACTERS OF THE DIALOGUE

Will Durant John Riddell
(Anatole France has gone home)

The scene is the same backroom of the Mansion of Philosophy. It is getting late, and a charwoman, Fate, is mopping the floor. Will Durant looks up wearily.

WILL DURANT—I can't open.
JOHN RIDDELL—Neither can I.
(They get up and go out.)

● **PART IX.**

BIBLIOGRAPHY

The Story of Philosophy, by Will Durant *(Simon and Schuster)*. The Mansions of Philosophy, by Will Durant *(ibid)*. Philosophy and the Social Problem, by Will Durant *(ibid)*. The Story of Civilization, by Will Durant *(to be written)*. The World Almanack. The Boy Scout Handbook. The New International Encyclopedia. Elbert Hubbard's Scrap Book, Dr. Cadman's Counsel, and a suitable selection of Christmas greeting cards.

Balancing The Books

Random Reviews of Other Recent Volumes

● The books which I have read this month that have impressed me most are Hemingway's *A Farewell to Arms* (Scribner's), *The Man Within* by Graham Greene (Doubleday, Doran), *The Sound and the Fury* by William Faulkner (Cape and Smith), *July '14* by Emil Ludwig (Putnam), *Idols Behind Altars* by Anita Brenner (Payson and Clarke), *Animals Looking at You* by Paul Eipper (Viking), *A Variety of People* by Don Marquis (Doubleday, Doran), *White Africans and Black* by Singer and Baldridge (Norton), and *Temperance—or Prohibition*, edited by Francis Tietsort and published by the Hearst Temperance Contest Committee.

A Farewell to Arms is a pretty gorgeous piece of work. Of course it is superior to anything else Hemingway has ever done; Heywood Broun has even called it "the best novel by any living American", and I am shocked to find that I can discover no candidate with which to challenge this dogmatic statement. Technically, Hemingway's famous style has at last come into its own; it no longer smacks of dictaphone-reporting, it is no longer eccentric enough to startle the reader out of a proper belief in the story, it is, in this novel, the idiom of the crowd lifted up and translated into a Rhapsody in Blue that harmonizes subtly, beautifully, with Hemingway's stoic, bitter, young philosophy. And you realize as never before Hemingway's genius for making ordinary people come alive; his delineation of the relationship between Catherine and Henry, the gradual change in her feelings from the state of a mistress to that of a wife, the last scene that is almost the most beautiful statement of utter despair I have ever read—these are the achievements of great writing. There is no doubt that Hemingway is the supreme voice of his generation; the only question is whether that generation is yet articulate enough to express itself in a permanent novel. When that time comes, if it comes, Hemingway will be the one to whom we first should turn.

The Sound and the Fury by William Faulkner comes to hand tardily to challenge the superlatives for Hemingway. Faulkner has been going along for some years in an impressive but tentative way; now he gives us the works. His book, in four parts, giving three stream-of-consciousness renderings and a final objective passage, should be read last part first. Otherwise the early runs make pretty hard going. But the book is magnificently created in the large, a violent and irresistible maelstrom of life in a degenerate family of Southern gentility. It is a terrific, though not very happy, book to read, and it immediately marks Faulkner publicly as what he has quietly been in the course of becoming for a long while: one of the first living men in American letters.

Others? Don Marquis, of course; no one will be silly enough to miss a book like *A Variety of People*, which contains some more classic examples of that grand humour which has made Mr. Marquis the most beloved writer in America. *Animals Looking at You* offers some of the most astounding photographs I have ever seen; it only bears out my pet theory that every human being looks like one species of animal or another, and if my Great-Aunt Harriet's picture is not there over the caption "Baboon", I have never seen her. And speaking of handsome books, *White Africans and Black* contains some superb pencil-sketches by C. Leroy Baldridge that I have not seen equalled elsewhere.

Still others? *An Arctic Rodeo* by Dan Streeter chuckles with good fun from cover to cover; he must have had such a swell time writing it that it is inevitable you will have a swell time reading it. *Temperance—or Prohibition* is a collection of recent public utterances on Mr. Hoover's Noble Experiment to make the world safe for hypocrisy, which I hope will sell as many copies in this country as *Uncle Tom's Cabin*. And last, and least, is Walter Pitkin's *Psychology of Happiness*, which had the ironic effect of making me supremely unhappy. Maybe I shouldn't read books like that.

And in addition to the above-mentioned volumes, there were just 3572 other books published this Autumn, all of which I shall read and report upon in full next month. One thing you can say for this department: it is conscientious to a fault.

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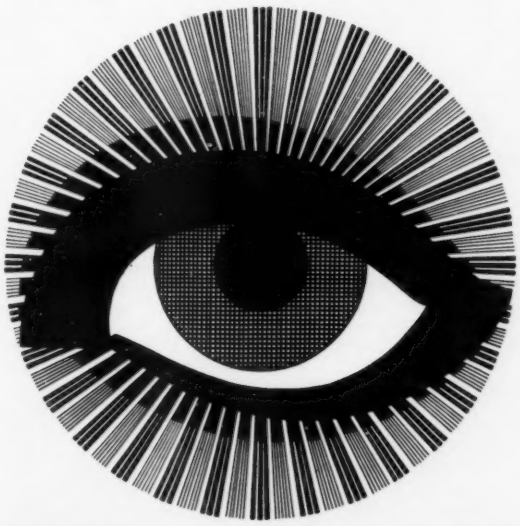

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A Look at Old Quebec

Investigating Certain Spots in Canada's Most Picturesque and Ancient City

By CHARLES G. SHAW

FROM New York's Forty-second Street to Quebec's *rue St. Jean* is but a matter of seventeen hours. Yet what a difference in scene! At least, we should estimate, a couple of centuries; perhaps more. For, strangely enough, the fingers of modernity have failed, it would appear, to leave so much as a solitary smudge.

Above its narrow, sloping pavements no forty-story office building flaunts its crest. Beneath its crooked, high-necked houses no subway tears its way at dizzy speed. Throngs, jostling, panting, surging onward, do not fill its sidewalks. Indeed, its busiest hour would seem as Sunday compared to Gotham's most famed crosstown highway. Casually a passerby pauses to inspect the window of a wine shop. Now and then a horse and sleigh swish past. Solemnly the chimes of the English Cathedral toll the hour.

But let us, for the moment, turn southward and, passing into the winding *rue de la Fabrique*, make our ascent to the *Place des Armes*, which at one time served as a camping ground for the Huron Indians. Before us looms the pride of the Canadian Pacific, the *Château Frontenac*, rising high above its rock embankment. Through a stone-vaulted arch is its entrance, flanked by side-arched passages that give upon a rambling courtyard. Its Tower, of coarse Scotch fire-brick, is the *Frontenac's* dominating feature, from whose summit it is possible on a clear day to glimpse the distant hill-tops of Vermont. The lounge overlooks the river and, in addition, there are three dining rooms, a paneled grill (or *taverne*), and no end of nooks wherein to while away the fleeting moments. Like Quebec itself, the *Frontenac* has grown ever so slowly and, viewed from a distance, with its jumble of spires and turrets, looks like nothing so much as a vast mediæval castle. Throughout is carried the Norman motif, its walls are of incredible thickness, each of its rooms is of a different shape (though possessing all the modern comforts), while its maids are the easiest it has ever been our lot to gaze upon.

In the shadow of the *Château*, to the east, lies Dufferin Terrace, named for Lord Dufferin, and extending along the edge of Cape Diamond (so-called because of the quartz crystals of its rock) for more than a quarter of a mile. A toboggan slide and skating rink fill a portion of it, and at intervals there are kiosks in honour of Plessis, Frontenac, Lorne and Louise, Dufferin, and Victoria. Above is Citadel Hill and two hundred feet beneath glitter the icy waters of the St. Lawrence. The city of Lévis, with its two old forts, is directly opposite and below lies the Island of Orléans, once known as the Isle of Bacchus—because of its crops of wild grapes, as well as *L'Isle des Sorciers*, so called from an ancient yarn of evil spirits infesting it. On the north shore are the little villages of *Ste. Anne, Château Richer, l'Ange-Gardien*, and *Montmorency*—with its falls, while through a purple haze beyond, floats the silhouette of the Laurentian mountains. Immediately outside the St. Louis Gate the Parliament House and Departmental Buildings are located, forming a perfect square, the façade of the former flaunting a somewhat odd array of statuary.

Below the *Château* lies Lower Town, which may be reached by *ascenseur* for the insignificant sum of ten cents. Little Champlain Street is at the foot, around whose corner stands the diminutive church of *Notre Dame des Victoires* (the oldest in Quebec) which was built after the failure of Sir William Phipp's attack. The houses of Lower Town are nearly all narrow with pointed roofs and stolid exteriors. No two are at all alike. As a result, the effect is distinctly Seventeenth Century. Most of the shops have an English look; most of the restaurants, a French one. Through the streets trudge black-robed priests, a few soldiers in khaki, a scattering of green-sashed students from the *Séminaire*, and an occasional trapper, who has blown in from the north to let off steam. More than three-fourths of Quebec's population is of Latin descent and in Lower Town French is the only language spoken.

Food, on the whole, is not cheap. The best public eating houses are the Kerhulu and Bertani's—the former on *de la Fabrique* Street; the latter on *St. Jean*. At Bertani's, which is supervised by the obsequious Bertani himself, we recommend the *spaghettis, raviolis*, and onion soup; at the Kerhulu, whose outer view suggests a nondescript pastry shop, we would particularly note the *poulet cocotte*—an arrangement of broiled chicken, *petits pois à la Française*, asparagus, mushrooms, potatoes and peppers drenched with the most succulent of gravies. From four till six in the afternoon at the Kerhulu there are music and general dancing. As to other restaurants, we name the Golden Dog and New World.

The Black Cat is the town's main night rendezvous, a three flights' climb above a motion-picture hall near the *Porte St-Jean*. Charley Gastonguay, Jr., is its "originator" and Saturday is its Big Night. Though the serving of alcoholic beverage be contrary to the rules of the *maison*, its menu boasts a proud array of pork pies, hothouse tomatoes, welsh rarebits, oyster stews, and "lobster patties". Admission is fifty cents, a four-piece band and radio serve the syncopation, at one end gleams an open kitchen hung with blazing pots and pans, and its high white walls are sprinkled with sable tabbies. *Le Chat* makes no attempt at pretentiousness and evening clothes are far from obligatory. Its curfew tolls no later than 1 A. M.

As for winter sports, Quebec offers them all, from curling to ski-joring races. A Carnival is held annually, during which every branch of brumal

(Continued on page 156)

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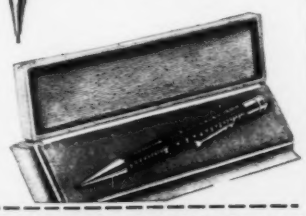

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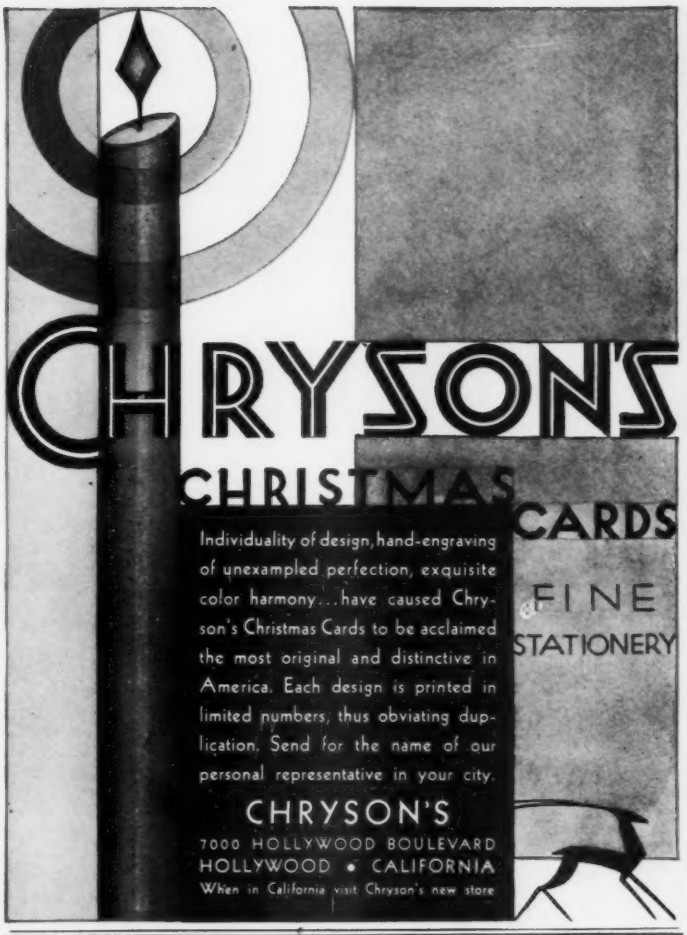
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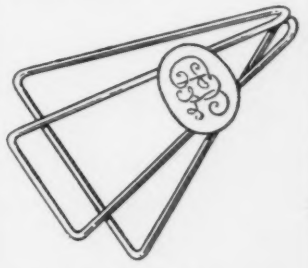

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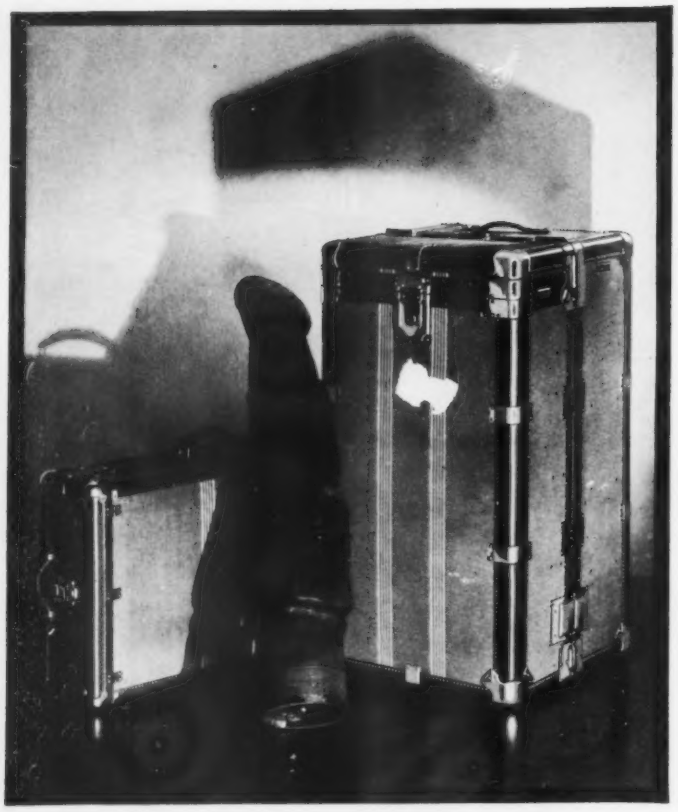

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The Smartest Way to Travel

A Look at Old Quebec

(Continued from page 154)

athletic event is displayed, including hockey, ski jumping, snow-shoe contests, and dog derbies. Participants come from far and wide and statues carved from solid ice are set up to celebrate the occasion.

The question of Prohibition in Quebec is managed, to our way of thinking, most shrewdly. Wines and beers are procurable anywhere—and in any amount—during the hours from 9 A.M. to 10 P.M. save Sunday, which is a day of abstinence. Spirits, however, may be had only at the Liquor Commission and according to the laws but one bottle at a time. The selection, on the other hand, is a wide one, ranging all the way from Gordon's Piccadilly cocktails to Mukweilu, which is a Chinese liqueur and fetches $3.10 for a twenty-three-ounce bottle. What is more, the laws regarding drinking are obeyed to the letter. Closing time means closing time and with the exception of a casual tourist, drunkenness is as rare in Quebec as sobriety is in Tia Juana.

Of the city's four newspapers only one — *The Chronicle-Telegraph* — is published in English, sleighs (which are called *carrioles*) boast four lap-robes and cost three dollars an hour, Turrets are the most advertised cigarettes, the Diamond Cab Company controls the majority of taxis, and the busiest traffic cop is stationed at the intersection of *St. Jean* Street and the angular *Côte du Palais*. From late November till April the town and environs lie under a thick blanket of snow, and icicles six feet long, drooping from the eaves of houses, may be frequently noted. Everyone is well bundled up and furs are the order of the day. Poilu-shaped astrakhan caps are worn by the town's best dressed men and for sport wear, woolen togs of the gayest hues. The young women are muffled correspondingly, the latest thing in Canadian ladies' blouses working on the zipper principle. Often the thermometer will sink many degrees below zero, yet so dry is the climate of Quebec that even zero weather does not seem nearly as bitter as a humid day elsewhere of much higher temperature.

In olden times the fashionable street was the *rue St. Louis*, still the residence of a number of the city's leading citizens. Here stands the old Officers' Quarters (where Montcalm is said to have died), which mansion the unscrupulous Bigot presented to his mistress, *Madame* de Péan, wife of his chief assistant. To the rear rises Mount Carmel, which blooms each spring with clusters of lilac trees, and at the corner of Garden Street is the little brown *Maison Montcalm* (now a souvenir shop), which is erroneously labeled the town's most ancient house. Beyond the walls the *rue St. Louis* changes its name to *Grande Allée*, leading past the Plains of Abraham, named after the first King's pilot on the St. Lawrence and scene of General Wolfe's victory over the *Marquis* de Montcalm. Further on is Spencer Wood, where the Lieutenant-Governors of the Province of Quebec own country residences, and the Sillery Convent called the Convent of *Jésus Marie*. *Cap Rouge* lies beyond buried so deep in snow at times that only the upper windows and roofs of the pink and yellow houses remain visible, which little village antedates Quebec by several years, having been founded by the sea captain Jacques Cartier as early as 1541 under the title of *Charlesburg-Royal*.

Another drive is out to the aforementioned Falls of Montmorency, which lie some nine miles to the north. Crossing Dorchester Bridge, which spans the St. Charles River, past the spiral exterior stairways of the *rue Canardière*, one reaches the straggling village of *Beauport*, which stretches practically the entire distance from the bridge to the Falls. Half way between the two stands a lunatic asylum, some of whose inmates may be seen shoveling snow or performing other menial chores, and beyond, nestled along the roadside, are the farmers' or *habitants*' homes. The Kent House crowns the summit of Montmorency Falls but is closed during the winter months and, should one wish something warm after the cold drive out, the golf house across the road, alone remains open, where one may—or may not—be served. For further exploration there are Wolfe's Cove and *Sainte Anne-de-Beaupré*, the chief pilgrimages to which take place during July, with its masterpiece of panoramic art—the Cyclorama of Jerusalem—painted on a canvas that measures more than sixteen thousand square feet.

In the peaceful St. Charles valley rests Indian *Lorette*, settled in 1697, where the sole existing remnants of the Hurons are to be found, passing their days in the manufacture of moccasins and snowshoes, and beyond Montmorency, is *Château Richer* with its falls, known as *Sault à la Puce*. Finally we would point to the Quebec Bridge, which crosses the St. Lawrence at its narrowest point. This is regarded as the world's last word in engineering, boasting the longest known suspended span and extending three-fifths of a mile in length, at a cost of twenty-four million dollars.

A city steeped in history, Quebec teems, too, with romance. From its earliest foundation, in 1608, till long after its conquest by the British, it has undergone much. War, pillage and sorrow—all have gripped it, each leaving its indelible mark. And as twilight slips into the black of night, from the old town's ramparts, it is not hard to conjure up the ghosts of such as Champlain, its founder; Louis Herbert, its first seignuer; Laval, its bishop; Jacques Cartier; *Madame* de la Peltrie; La Salle; Frontenac; Martin, Brébœuf; Viel; Talon . . . names whose very whispers blaze an Old World glamour.

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Statement of the ownership, management, etc., required by the Act of Congress of August 24, 1912, of Vanity Fair, published monthly at Greenwich, Conn., for October 1st, 1929. State of Connecticut, County of Fairfield: Before me, a notary public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared Francis L. Wurzburg, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Managing Director of Vanity Fair and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management, etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 411, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit: 1—That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are: Publisher, Condé Nast, Graybar Bldg., New York, N. Y.; Editor, Frank Crowninshield, Graybar Bldg, New York, N. Y.; Managing Editor, Donald Freeman, Graybar Bldg., New York, N. Y.; Business Manager and General Manager, F. L. Wurzburg, Graybar Bldg., New York, N. Y. 2—That the Owners are: Owner, The Condé Nast Publications, Inc., Greenwich, Conn. Stockholders: Condé Nast, Graybar Bldg., New York, N. Y.; Francis L. Wurzburg, Graybar Bldg., New York, N. Y.; Macdonald DeWitt, Trustee, Graybar Bldg, New York, N. Y.; Edna Woolman Newton, Graybar Bldg., New York, N. Y.; Max Rosett, The Condé Nast Publications, Greenwich, Conn.; The Vogue Company, 15 Exchange Place, Jersey City, N. J.; Westover Trading Corp., Stillwater Ave., Stamford, Conn.; Goldman, Sachs & Co., 30 Pine Street, New York, N. Y.; Halle & Steiglitz, 25 Broad Street, New York, N. Y. 3—That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amounts of bonds, mortgages, or other securities, are: American Bond & Mortgage Co., 345 Madison Ave., New York, N. Y. 4—That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders, and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company, but also in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the condition under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner, and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds or other securities than as so stated by him. Francis L. Wurzburg, Managing Director. Sworn to and subscribed before me this 28th day of September, 1929.

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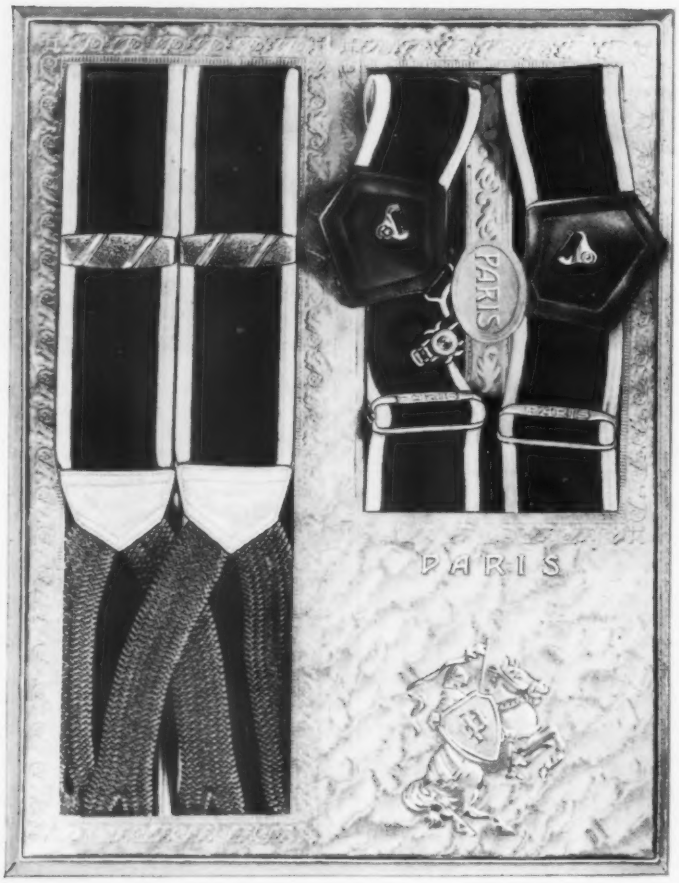

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CHICAGO NEW YORK LOS ANGELES TORONTO

This Community Business

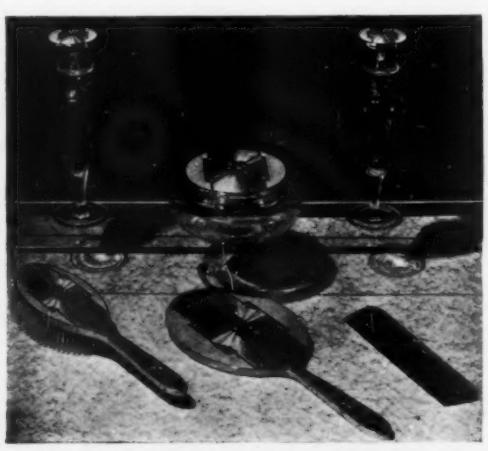
(*Continued from page 62*)

soling and uplifting virtues, men have transformed the iron laws of the machine into ideals of service and work for work's sake. But under the verbal tinsel the iron is always iron. There is even (pathetic and touching humanity!) a tendency to exult in slavery to the machine. "Through the community," says M. Séché, "the individual tastes power. . . . He disdains a liberty which left the individual impotent in his isolation." And our author goes on to affirm that "the honour of the individual consists in the very fact of his slavery. His honour is in the sacrifice which he makes to the community—a sacrifice imposed by the machine, degrading in so far as the individual seeks to rebel (his defeat reducing him to the state of a conquered foe), but glorious if it is accepted, the individual abdicating his egoism for the benefit of the community."

Social service, as we have seen, is the title of nobility bestowed on our forced submission to the machine and its anti-individualist ethic. The machine demands that we shall sacrifice our individualities; we obey, because we must, but save our face by pretending to do so voluntarily and as a point of honour. And, obviously, what we choose to call our honour *is* our honour. But the fact that, at a given moment, a certain action is defined as honourable does not guarantee us against that action being, in an absolute sense, harmful. In obeying the ethic of the machine, we are acting, according to our modern lights, honourably. But are we not at the same time acting suicidally to ourselves as human beings? My own opinion (and it is one which many people share) is that we are. Human nature is not indefinitely plastic. The evolution of man took place in a world in which there were no machines; in most of the more important activities of life men have always been free, even under the, politically, most tyrannous régimes, to act as purposive, creative individuals. The invention of this machine has suddenly changed all this. Under the new dispensation men are called upon to make a sacrifice of their creative individualities; and the more perfect becomes the organization of mechanized society, the more complete will be the sacrifice demanded. Making a virtue of our necessities, we may cheerfully immolate our creative faculties, our sense of purposive effort, our idiosyncrasies, our right of aesthetic choice; we may do this and call the process an act of honour. But honour, as *Falstaff* so justly remarked, cannot set a broken leg and has no skill in surgery. Men have evolved for thousands of generations in a world in which it was not necessary to make such sacrifices as those now demanded by the machine. Our nature is adapted to this unmechanized world. Can we exist under the new conditions without in the long run becoming either imbecile, or else criminally or suicidally insane?

"Everything that serves the individual," pronounces *M.* Séché, "that raises the level of the human type, that contributes to the permanence of the species, is moral; everything that harms the individual, lowers the level of the human type and threatens the duration of the species, is immoral." An excellent definition, which I accept without qualification. But when *M.* Séché goes on to affirm that the ethic of the machine is moral, as morality is thus defined, I cannot possibly agree. Is monotonous slavery to a machine of service to the living individual? Is the level of the human type raised by preventing men and women from using their creative faculties, whether at work or at play? Is a species whose members are compelled to sacrifice some of their profoundest and (by all hitherto accepted standards) noblest instincts, likely to survive long? The answer to all these questions is surely an emphatic no. The ethic of the machine is a profoundly immoral, because a profoundly harmful ethic, subversive of the very foundations of human nature.

Is it possible for us to enjoy the benefits of mechanization, while preserving the advantages enjoyed by those who live in a pre-mechanical environment? I do not know; but on the answer to that question depends, it seems to me, the future of our civilization. If it can be answered in the affirmative, we are saved. If, as at present seems somewhat more likely, it can never be answered except in the negative, we are lost. One hopes for the best, but hopes without much conviction.



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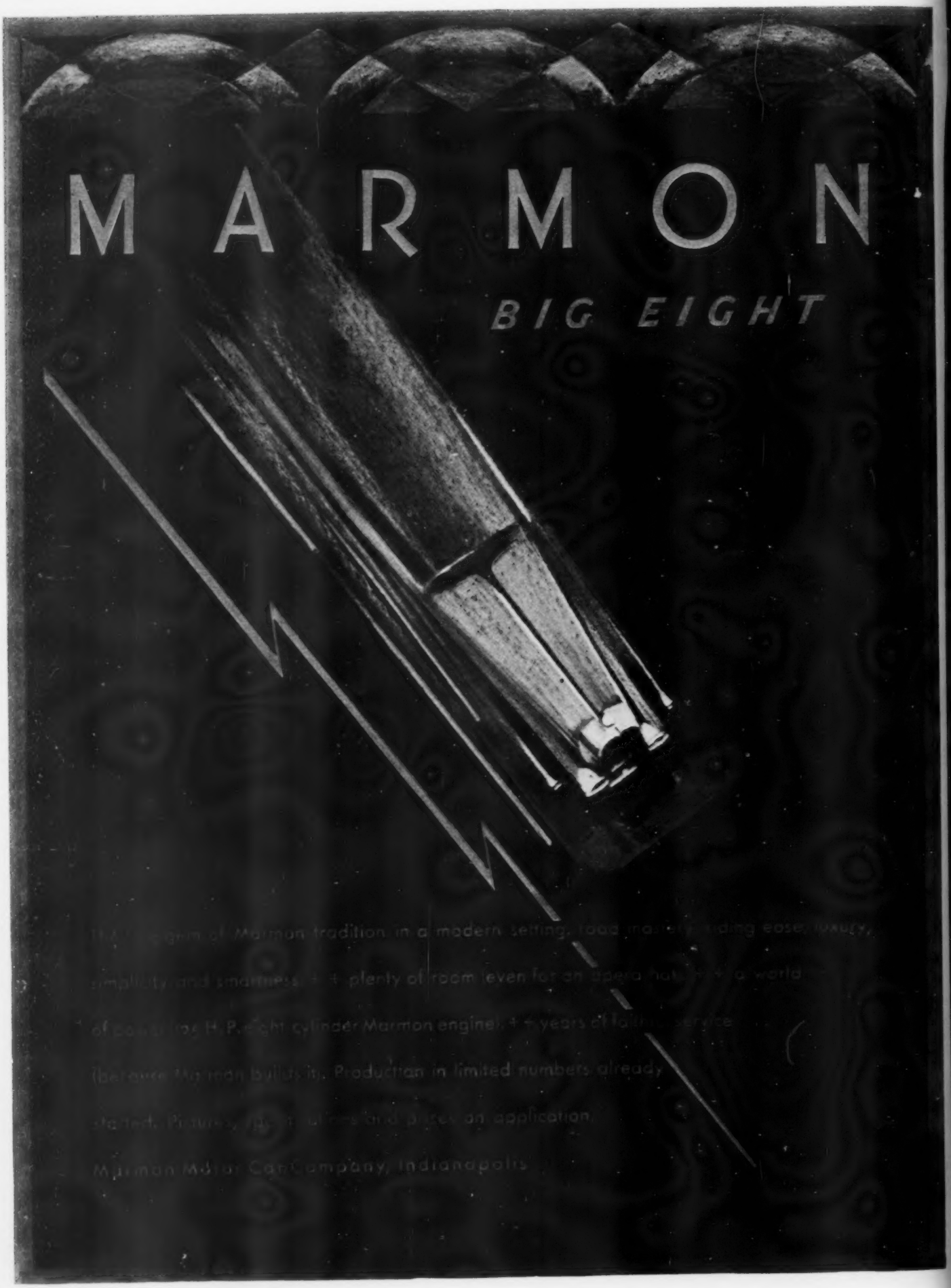
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